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"IF."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

'Twixt what thou art, and what thou wouldst be, let
No "If" arise on which to lay the blame.
Man makes a mountain of that puny word!
But like a blade of grass before the scythe
It falls and withers, when a human will
Stirred by creative force, sweeps tow'rd its aim.

Thou wilt be what thou couldst be. Circumstance
Is but the toy of genius. When a soul
Burns with a god-like purpose to achieve,
All obstacles between it and its goal
Must vanish as the dew before the sun.

"If" is the motto of the dilettant
And idle dreamer; 'tis the poor excuse
Of mediocrity. The truly great
Know not the word, or know it but to scorn;
Else had Joan of Arc a peasant died,
Uncrowned by glory and by men unsung.

Summer Days in Kashmir.

BY FRANCIS P. LEFROY.

VISITORS to Kashmir are never contented to stay long in the same place. They are holiday making, and the country is so full of rival attractions in the way of scenery, climate and occupation that people wander from place to place in the most casual way. The little bungalows which are put at their disposal in the beautiful Munshi Bagh, a short way from the native part of the town of Srinagar, are not so roomy and luxurious as to make it much of a wrench to exchange them for tents, and as the furniture consists of the camping outfit of the occupant, he is quite as well off in this regard under his own canvas.

By the middle of June the European quarter of this "Venice of the East" has quite a deserted look. It cannot be that the weather is too hot, for the thermometer in our room, with the windows wide open, has not yet gone above 76° Fahrenheit. But the flies certainly are becoming a nuisance, and people say that the superabundance of water about town is unhealthful in summer. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that we are among the last of the summer visitors left in Srinagar.

So we, too, decide to go a-wandering, and pack up our belongings for a start. Gulmarg, the "Field of Roses," is the favorite resort. Here those on social pleasure bent betake themselves. Gymkhanas and polo, dinners and dances, picnics, tennis and golf may be indulged in here to the heart's content. But there is another very tempting nook, we have been told, high up in the mountains, on the opposite side of the "Happy Valley" from Gulmarg. The name of it is Sonamarg; and after due deliberation, this valley, nearly 9,000 feet above sea level, is fixed upon for our summer home.

The start is conveniently made in boats, which is the usual mode of exit from Srinagar, so we engage two long-boats, disposing ourselves and a portion of the baggage on one, and our servants with the remainder on the other.

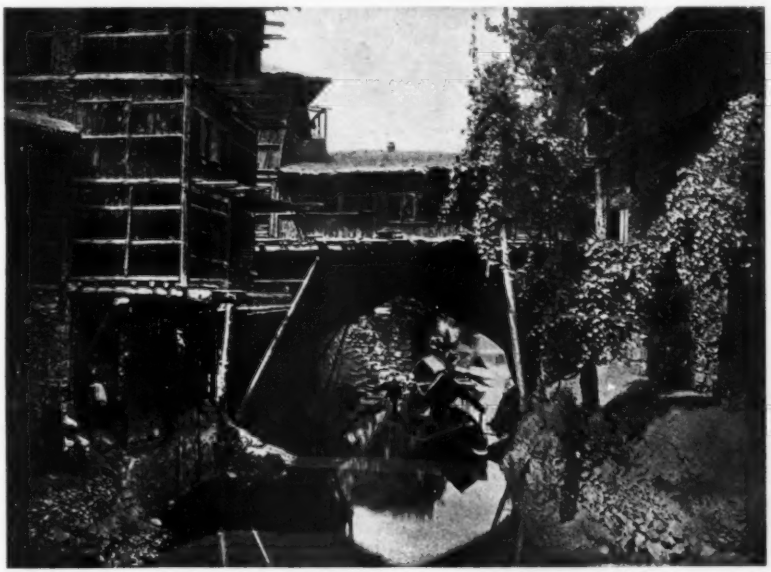
These Kashmir house-boats on which, in one form or another, a considerable number of the population of the valley lives, are long, flat-bottomed barges, a little suggestive in the distance of huge gondolas. Their two ends slope up out of the water so that they may run well on to the bank, and allow their occupants to get in or out with ease, and each boat carries a little house made of dried reeds.

A visitor's house-boat naturally pre-

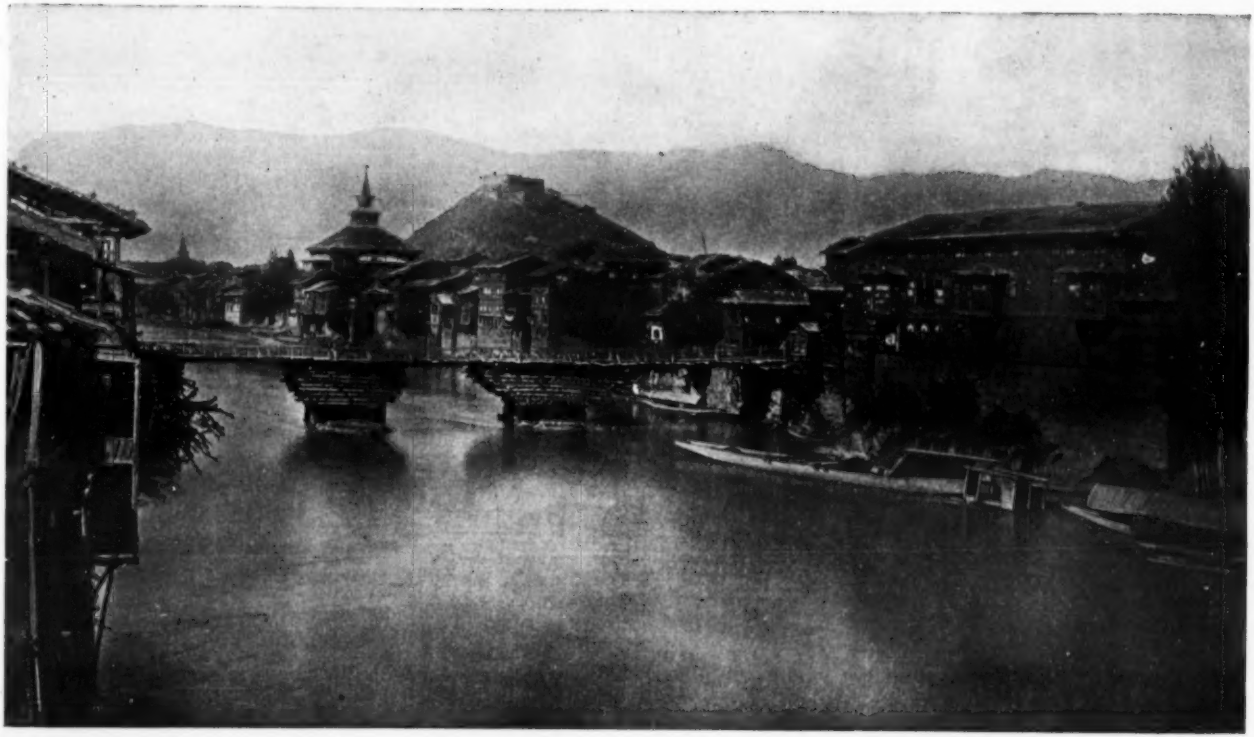
sents a much neater appearance than one let out for hire, but even this is the only home of the boatman and his family, whether in use or not. Visitors naturally prefer the boats of men who have small families, but there is always one wife or more, and at least two children on board. The wife and children, if the latter are old enough to be of the slightest use, help in the management of the boat.

The average boat is about six feet wide in the center, narrowing almost to a point at either end, and its length is between fifty and sixty feet. The boatmen pole the boat along, in places where the shore does not admit of its being towed, walking up and down the bow or stern as may be most desirable. This is the rule when going up stream; when following the current they are quite content to sit down and urge the boat forward in a desultory way with their primitive little paddles. About two-thirds of the "house," which is made of dried reeds and has a sloping roof of thick matting, is given up to the temporary occupants, and it is strange to think how comfortable one can be in so small a space. A single cot, perhaps, is put up, another bed being made as required on the floor of the boat; or if people are disposed to be luxurious, room is found for two bedsteads, a table, and a couple of chairs. The sides of the little house are made of a number of mats, each three feet wide, which hang from the roof. These roll up easily, and on the shady side of the boat we keep them tied up all day, thus securing an uninterrupted view of the beautiful green valley and its encircling wall of snow.

At night all the mats are let down; others are arranged at the end to separate our little room from that of the boatman in front, and we are left to ourselves. Between 6 and 7 o'clock next morning a voice is heard outside the matting announcing that "the little breakfast is ready for the Sahib," and a tray with tea and toast is introduced. Behind our apartment is another smaller room, also enclosed in matting, where the family of the



BRIDGE ON THE DÁL CANAL, SRINAGAR.



SRINAGAR ON THE JHELUM.

boatman generally cook and live, though the traveler can sometimes arrange to secure the room, if desirable. The servants' boat follows close behind ours, and when we require our bath, or breakfast, or other attendance, this boat is brought alongside, a square or two of matting on each is rolled up, and the servants come and go with facility from one to the other. The guard-rail of the boat is only eighteen inches above the deck floor, which is itself about on a level with the water, so there is no difficulty in stepping over.

Indian servants are numerous, and accommodate themselves easily to circumstances; and the fact of their being on board a long-boat is no excuse for carelessness, either in cooking or attendance. So we float away down the broad stream, under the seven curious bridges; past all the rickety-looking red brick houses, and the mosques with silvery domes, (they are covered with the sides of old kerosine tins) past the men and boys and babies in bathing, and out among the beautiful green meadows which are plentifully sprinkled with herds of small black and brown cattle. The latter are grazing and growing fat on the luxurious pasture, but not one must be killed within the territories of the Maharaja, under pain of imprisonment, if the sacrilege has been committed by a native, or of a heavy fine if the deed was done by an Englishman. The Royal family of Kashmir, unlike the great majority of the people, is of the Hindu race and faith, and to them the cow is a most sacred animal.

When tired of sitting still, we go ashore. Much of the ground along the river banks was covered with iris plants a month or six weeks ago, and must have been exceedingly beautiful. Every shade of iris, from snow white to deep blue and purple abounds in Kashmir, and they are of all sizes, from the largest garden plants to small flowers. They grow on any land which is allowed to lie waste for awhile, and we see them in the greatest profusion in the little Mohammedan graveyards, on the outskirts of the numerous villages dotted over the valley. They are evidently encouraged to grow here, as we noticed several planted on newly-made graves.

The river Jhelum, or the Vwet, as the natives call it from the old Sanskrit name *vedasta*, takes its course through the valley as though it loved to linger in it, and put off as long as possible its hurry-skurry down the mountains. If a landscape gardener had been trying to make the most of a small and precious stream, he could not have led it along more numerous and graceful curves than this broad river has chosen to indulge in. Its winding course affords fine opportunities for admiring the beauties in every direction as we go along, and we are constantly coming across the two very curious hills between which Srinagar lies, in unexpected quarters.

A most interesting sight is that of the nullah, or valley, in the mountain range, down which the Sind River comes to join the Jhelum, and up which our road lies for Sonamarg. Looking first at one thing of beauty and then at another, the three hours of daylight, which were before us when we started, soon slip away. Then comes dinner, and when we reach the mouth of the Sind River our boats stop for the night. On the Jhelum, boats often continue their journey throughout the night, but the Sind is very swift, and besides we are in no hurry.

The next day an early start was made about four o'clock, and by the time we woke we were well on the road to Dudurhama, where we were to leave the boats. By half after nine we found ourselves walking along the river bank in search of a good place to pitch our tents. There was a splendid row of plane trees at the point from which we were to start on the following morning, and we were strongly tempted to remain here, especially as our boatmen wanted us

RUINS OF HINDOO TEMPLE AT MARTUND—A. D. 600-800.

to stay, but a little closer scrutiny showed us that the ground was damp, and that just on the other side of the great trees was an iris-covered native graveyard.

After a loud-voiced consultation between those of our retainers who had followed us ashore and those remaining in the boats, we were informed that by returning on our course as far as a certain branch of the river we had passed not long before, we could reach an island on which there was excellent camping ground. So we re-embarked, not without a tinge of regret on the part of one of us that it was not thought advisable to defer the choice of a camping ground till after breakfast.

In a short time we found ourselves in the vicinity of a bit of land, somewhat elevated, free from objectionable features of any kind and plentifully supplied with stately plane trees. Breakfast, which had been prepared on the boat as we came along, was now brought to us and placed on a camp table under the shade of a large hawthorn tree.

As we were to start early the next morning, we decided to sleep on board the boat again that night; so we had but one tent pitched for shelter during the day and to dine in. Even this tent was hardly needed, such excellent shelter did the old planes afford us. And here, let me remark, that Moore gives a very wrong impression of the shape of a chenar, or plane tree, in "Lalla Rookh," where he speaks of their "tufted heads." It would be difficult to find an expression less apt for describing the luxuriant wealth of foliage of the giant plane trees of Kashmir. They are abundantly supplied with large green leaves, and their habit more nearly resembles that of the elm or sycamore than the palm, which the "tufted head" suggests.

During our day on the island, we read and wrote awhile, and then our Munshi gave us a lesson in Hindustani. When this was over we were treated to a curious form of diversion in the rites and revelries preceding a native wedding. The ceremony occurred among the villagers living in the thatched boats, which we had noticed a little distance from us, and which lined the river bank for a hundred yards or so.

As in other more pretentious revels, noise seemed to be the chief object, but in every other respect the performance was decidedly unique. The bridegroom, richly and gaudily attired, sat in the middle of an uncovered boat surrounded by a crowd of men, who stood up and shouted while two of their number fired off guns at intervals to accent the cheers of their companions. This curious boat-load was propelled by nine or ten men, bare to the waist, who plied their paddles with remarkable vigor. The bride did not appear at all, but as this craft passed and repassed the thatched boats moored to the shore, all the women belonging to the latter ranged themselves in a line on the river bank and sang a dreadfully monotonous sort of chant, which they continued for what seemed to us an unnecessarily long time after the boat had gone on. For an hour or more the boat made wild rushes up and down the river and round the island, the bridegroom and his supporters alighting occasionally, when they were joined by important looking personages from the neighboring villages. At one time they all sat down on the ground in a ring and held a prolonged confabulation. Probably this was to arrange the terms of settlement.

Our Munshi had such a profound contempt for the whole proceedings because the people concerned in it were "very poor," that we could not induce him to add to our store of information. Besides, the Munshi's English, though a little better than our Hindustani, is not a strong point with him. He says he knows Persian and Arabic, besides Hindustani and Kashmiri; so if his English is not very fluent, as a linguist he is not to be sneered at.

A SUMMER CAMP IN KASHMIR.

Upon awaking the next morning, we found that our boat had already brought us to the place where our line of march was to begin, and the river bank presented an animated scene.

There were some dozen and a half small ponies and about an equal number of coolies standing about, while our servants were busy transferring to the shore such of our possessions as were ready for the road. The presence of the ponies was the result of a message we had sent the day before to the head man of the village, who is compelled by the authorities to furnish transport for travellers. Of course this constitutes a species of forced labor, but some such plan is absolutely necessary in a country where there are no public roads.

While we were discussing breakfast under the trees, two of the more presentable ponies were saddled, and the work of loading the others was begun. Fortunately our head servant was a most capable and energetic man, well accustomed to traveling in Kashmir, and we were speedily mounted. Two men accompanied us, one to look after the ponies and the other to carry a large luncheon basket and rug.

Our route this day led for some distance through extensive rice fields, which were beginning to be covered with bright green shoots which nearly concealed the muddy water in which the plants were growing. In the more backward fields parties of men and women were wading about nearly up to the knees in mud, apparently engaged in weeding. The rice grows at a very considerable elevation up this valley. It was not until our third day's ride that we got beyond the rice land and then we must have been more than 6,000 feet above sea level. Rice is the main product of the country, and while it is difficult to see at the low price for which it is sold, where the profit accrues, land suitable for its propagation commands a much higher price than that on which any other grain is grown. One hundred and seventy-two pounds of unhusked rice can be bought in Kashmir for a rupee (worth now between thirty and thirty-five cents). When the railway into India is built, existing conditions will naturally be changed.

"The road between the river and Sonamarg"—which, however, is not a road, but a path—"is the principal trade route between Kashmir and Central Asia." So the guide-book tells us; but if so the trade must be of the minutest dimensions, for we saw nothing of it. This route, like other much frequented ways in Kashmir, is divided into so many marches. That is to say, there are recognized stopping places at equal distances apart, or roughly approximating thereto, and the intervening distance between any two of these is called a march. The payment for ponies and coolies which is all fixed by the government, is determined by the march. There is nothing to prevent a traveler doing two marches in the day if he so desires, but people who have plenty of time at their disposal are generally contented with one. The servants, who have to go to work as soon as they get in, at unpacking, putting up tents, and preparing meals, are quite satisfied to stop at the end of one march.

The burdens carried by Kashmir coolies are often enormous. The recognized load for a coolie in India proper, is between fifty and fifty-five pounds. In Kashmir they often carry double that amount without complaining, and this at the rate of four annas a march, which sum is supposed to be equal to twelve cents, but at the present rate of exchange is worth about eight cents of our money.

Our first march, to Kangan, was eleven miles long. At one time we rested for half an hour to take a little refreshment on a pleasant grass-covered plot, shaded by large walnut trees. We seemed by this time to be quite above the plane trees, but splendid old walnuts, of which we saw a great many on this march and the

VIEW ON THE DÁL CANAL, SRINAGAR.

CHENAI BAGH, SRINAGAR—THE MAHARAJAH'S PERINDA.

next, filled their places very acceptably.

The second day's march of fourteen miles, brought us to a camping ground called Gund. The valley was now closing in around us, the mountains were covered with green of many shades, and the snow-capped peaks ahead were wonderfully beautiful. Several of the mountains are over 14,000 feet in height and one is nearly 17,000. It should be remembered that we ourselves were about 7,000 feet above sea level.

At this time of year when the snows are melting, the Sind River is very muddy and rushes down the valley with such speed that the water becomes a mass of foam on which the sunlight through the trees often flashes with great brilliancy of effect. The wildflowers were beautiful, especially the roses, of which there were great quantities growing in clusters like the favorite banksia of California. The single flowers, however, were much larger, opened wide, and were of a very pure white. There were pink roses, too, and yellow and white jasmines, and among innumerable other shrubs, the wild indigo, which grew in great profusion, and which in the distance suggested heather, but when riding through it was found to be five or six feet high. The path was very pleasantly shaded by low growths and by fine mulberry and walnut trees. Mulberries are very common throughout the valley, and form an important article of food both for the people and the fish. They are the most effective bait for small trout, and the missionary doctor in Srinagar informed me, as a proof of the real poverty of the people, that the children are always much fatter and better looking at the end of the mulberry season than at any other time.

At Gund we rested a day, and a very pretty and attractive place we found it. The commissariat had been supplied with ducks at Dudurhama and chickens at Kangan—a large crate containing these birds and tied on a coolie's back, having been brought from Srinagar for the purpose. The difficulty of obtaining supplies is the great drawback to Sonamarg. Milk

and eggs are the only provisions to be had there. At Gund, a lamb was added to the larder. Indian servants feed themselves, which simplifies matters in most ways, though it has its drawbacks, especially in warm weather, when an entire animal has to be eaten by two people. However, the Kashmir sheep are for the most part very small, and the lambs proportionately diminutive, while the prohibition to kill beef removes all difficulties in that direction.

On Monday morning, soon after six, we started from Gund for our third days' march. There were only two marches left between us and Sonamarg. These were short distances of not more than about nine miles each, and the first of them, though rather a steep ascent, led over a beautifully shaded road. We came to the end of it soon after nine o'clock in the morning, and feeling sufficiently invigorated to do a double march, we determined to push on for Sonamarg. This seemed the more expedient as the weather, which so far had been nearly perfect, looked somewhat threatening. So we breakfasted and then waited for the servants and baggage to come up. Our hardy bearer, who as usual headed the procession, approved our plan, and we instructed him to give directions to that effect. We were soon attracted by loud and excited conversation on the part of our retainers. We observed that the coolies were considerably exhausted, which was not to be wondered at considering the heavy loads they bore, and we came to the conclusion that they were protesting against going any further that day.

COLUMNS OF PORTICO OF HINDOO TEMPLE AT MARTUND. 600-800 A. D.

Knowing that it was not unusual to cover two marches in one day, that these distances were short and the weather comfortable, I resolved to harden my heart. So I called the bearer and asked him as sternly as I could what the noise was about. He replied that a bridge had given way the night before on the road between us and Sonamarg.

The situation was decidedly awkward. The river, even at our present height is wide and rushes with tremendous violence, allowing no possibility of a ford. On a little reflection, however, we decided that if things were as bad as they were represented, we should have been informed earlier. Very likely the story was improvised on the moment by the men who were unwilling to undertake a second march. If there really was a bridge down it was quite as likely to be one crossing some fordable tributary instead of over the Sind itself; so we were on the point of deciding that in any case we would go on and see for ourselves, when a rough looking old man who, from his appearance as well as that of the beast he bestrode, might have come from anywhere up in central Asia, came slowly down the path. The bearer was immediately sent to make inquiries of the new arrival. The latter said he had come through Sonamarg the same morning, and that while it was true that a bridge had given way there was another road available. The difficulty now being settled we set off at once, leaving directions for the others to follow when they should have had their necessary rest.

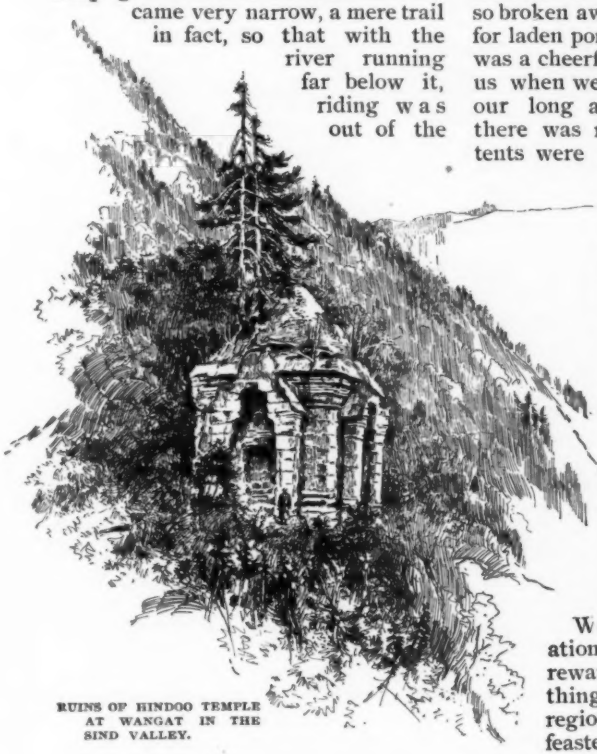
The last march before reaching Sonamarg, though not so long as some of the others, is by far the least enjoyable. The way lies through a very narrow gorge between mountains of great height, and there are many bowlders and big rocks in the path. Then there are very steep ascents and declivities to be surmounted. Often, too, the path is very narrow, and we had to make our way along a ledge from which we looked straight down to the cold, rushing Sind far below. The man who was responsible for our luncheon basket kept volunteering the information that it was a "burra krab rasta," "very bad road," and very long, but we went on as determined as ever.

On reaching the broken bridge it was apparent that if we could have crossed there, we should have escaped a wide bend of the river, which must now be followed. The pony drivers and coolies, who, with the more active of the servants had passed us on the road, evidently hoped that when we saw the condition of affairs we would command a halt, and they were all waiting about when we came up, the ponies making the most of their opportunities amid the long grass, and the men lying about in wonderful postures. They looked at us entreatingly, but we pushed on with resolution.

The first obstacle we encountered was a tributary stream too strong and deep to ford; but with considerable relief we discovered a bridge a little higher up. The bridge, if such it must be called, consisted of two long trees across which a number of posts and split rails had been thrown. Many of the latter were quite loose, some were decayed, while the two trees looked as though they might give way at any moment. It need hardly be said that we preferred to dismount and walk over this noble specimen of man's handicraft. So we turned our ponies over to our servants and were relieved when at last we found ourselves safely on the other side of the stream. By this time the baggage had come up, and it remained to be seen how the thirteen ponies, eleven of them heavily laden, would get over. It was all done in a wonderfully quick and business-like manner. As each pony reached the bridge, a halter was thrown over his head; then one man took hold of the rope and walked in front, while another, with a firm grip on the animal's tail, walked behind. In

this way, prepared for any emergencies short of the bridge coming down, (which fortunately did not occur) all the ponies were one after another safely marched over.

Soon after this our way led up a steep grass-covered hillside and became very narrow, a mere trail in fact, so that with the river running far below it, riding was out of the question for one not fortified with strong nerves. As the foremost baggage ponies were already in possession of the track, we allowed them to get well ahead and then wearily followed. We were now able to look across the river at the large and beautiful valley in which we hoped to pass the next two or three months and we could see the stream for some distance in front of us, but no bridge or village was visible.



RUINS OF HINDOO TEMPLE AT WANGAT IN THE SIND VALLEY.

A little further on our bearer was to be seen clambering along the track, which appeared even narrower and more difficult than before. He was making his way along very slowly, testing each step, and leaning against the almost perpendicular slope above him. Before long he came back and informed us that the path beyond was so broken away it would be impossible for laden ponies to pass over it. This was a cheerful piece of news to greet us when we were so near the end of our long and tiresome march, but there was no disputing it, and our tents were pitched at once by the river side. Then a messenger was dispatched to the village of Sonamarg to secure a sufficient number of coolies to carry our baggage along the precarious road, the first thing in the morning. A good night's sleep consoled us for our disappointment, and in the morning we scrambled over the difficult path as best we could. A few houses of black-looking wood and mud combined, which formed the poor little village, soon came into view.

We had reached our destination at last and were well rewarded for our toil. Anything more charming than the region upon which our eyes feasted that day can hardly be imagined. A large rolling valley lay before us, carpeted with wild flowers, picturesquely broken by fir-covered ridges, and walled in on all sides by towering mountains; while around two-thirds of it ran the river. In some places great precipitous crags rose straight and forbidding from the water for many thousands of feet. Elsewhere grassy slopes, which looked almost perpendicular, but were dotted here and there with graceful fir trees, stood high above us, and above these again great walls of limestone cut the clouds.

REGATTA ON DÁL LAKE.

In one direction were wooded hills which half shut out from view the snowy range behind them, but fully compensated by their wealth and variety of green for all the grandeur they might conceal, and on one side was all that can be imagined of magnificence in mountains and snow.

One of these mountains is a huge monster with glaciers and errant cloudlets nestling between its snowy peaks. Its lower slopes are covered with a rich, vivid green, and rise so abruptly as to seem directly above us.

And so with the great mountain hanging protectingly and lovingly over us, with the cool breezes from the ice-fields to fan our cheeks, we pass the days of our summer encampment in the valley of Sonamarg—"the field of gold."

AMONG THE PAMPAS PLUMES.

BY CLARA SPAULDING BROWN.

SOME years ago, I was visiting the home of a sea captain on the coast of Maine, and in a vase on the mantel I discovered three tall, cream-colored, feathery objects, unlike anything I had ever seen. The host explained that they were pampas plumes that the captain had brought from California, where they "grew right out-doors, the same as any other grass." They were great curiosities, and sold for one dollar each to the fortunate few who were able to possess themselves of the latest device for parlor decoration. "It is the unexpected that always happens," and shortly after making the acquaintance of "the king of grasses," I found myself in that portion of California which produces nearly if not quite all the pampas plumes known to the markets of the world. It has been interesting to trace the growth of the industry. The *Gynerium argenteum*, as pampas grass is botanically termed, is a native of the plains of Southern Brazil and of those bordering the La Plata River in South America. It derives its generic name from the fact that the plumes of

the female flowers are furnished with long hairs. It was first cultivated in England from seed obtained at Buenos Ayres in 1843. The plants were introduced in this country about 1848, and for many years thereafter were valued as much for the beauty of their long, narrow, gracefully curving leaves as for their blossoms. They could not endure severe northern winters, and the few planted in lawns during the summer were taken up and carried in tubs into the cellar with the first frosty breath of autumn. They grew from four to six feet in height and threw up forty or fifty plumes, or flower-stalks on each plant.

The honor of introducing the pampas industry to the Pacific Coast belongs to a resident of Santa Barbara, Mr. Joseph Sexton, a florist and nurseryman who planted seed in 1872, and in two years had several hundred pampas plants which bore plumes. The variations in shades and fineness were marked, for the seedling growths of pampas are as uncertain as those of peaches or apples, and many of the plants were sold to Californians for purely ornamental purposes. In 1874 it was discovered that if the plumes were not permitted to remain on the plant until they burst from their close-fitting coverings, but were cut when only a few inches of their tips had emerged (leaving the sheaths to be pulled off by hand) exposure to the sun would cause the female plumes to expand, while the male blossoms would hang heavily like oats. Until this time the difference in sex had not been observed.

Mr. Sexton saved some of the female plumes on account of their beauty, and sold them in Santa Barbara and San Francisco in the autumn of 1874. Samples were sent to Peter Henderson, the eminent florist of New York, with the result that 300 were ordered at once, and the following day instructions were received to double the order. This was the first lot of good pampas plumes sent from California to the East. There are now nearly 2,000,000 plumes harvested each year, 1,000,000 of which are raised in Santa Barbara County. Mr. Sexton has 5,000 hills of the grass, and expects to have a crop of about 250,000 plumes this year. There are several other large plantations in the county.

The plants are set ten by sixteen feet apart in good valley land which has been plowed deep and cultivated. Owing to the unreliability of seed, the grass is propagated by dividing the roots of the best female plants, choosing the younger hills or the outside roots of old hills—the center roots being nearly worthless. One hill will make six good plants. There will be a few small plumes the first year. The hills often measure sixteen feet across, and will produce from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty plumes the second and third years; afterward the number will be smaller but the quality will be as good or better. All dead portions of the plants are trimmed or burned away. In Santa Barbara, no irrigation is necessary, as water lies near the surface of the ground.

Early in September the grass which cuts like a knife unless it is carefully handled, is trimmed, so as to facilitate the gathering of the crop, and when the plumes begin to burst from their coverings it is the signal for great activity on large plantations. A laboring force sufficient to handle the plumes as they reach the required state each day is engaged, and the harvest is finished within four weeks. After the sheaths or husks have been removed, the plumes are laid upon the ground in an open, sunny spot and kept there three days and two nights. They are next packed away smoothly on wide shelves in sheds to remain from ten days to two weeks, until the stems are thoroughly dried. In preparing them for shipment, three grades are made—the best grade measuring from thirty to thirty-six inches in length. If they are to go by express, they are packed in bales of 2,000 plumes, covered with burlap and protected with wood at the cor-

ners. For freight, boxes holding about 3,000 plumes are used. When they are carefully laid, no harm results from tight packing, as the plumes can be restored to their original beauty by exposure to the sun and a gentle shaking.

In the beginning of the industry, the plumes sold for $200 a thousand. The price gradually decreased until in 1886 only thirty dollars a thousand could be obtained. In 1887, they were in demand at forty dollars, and in 1888, they were very scarce at fifty

PAMPAS GRASS IN LAWN DECORATION.

or even sixty dollars. Prices were low in 1890 and 1891, and to this circumstance is partly due the present widespread interest in pampas plumes. The chief demand has been from European countries, notably England, Germany, Russia, France, Italy, and Belgium, although many plumes have been distributed throughout the United States.

In the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino and Orange, but few pampas plants are cultivated for anything more than lawn decoration. They are commonly seen in front yards, their soft silken plumes swaying gracefully in the breezes, but no special attention is paid to the curing of the plumes. Los Angeles County now produces nearly half the crop of Southern California. The pioneer of this county in the industry was Mr. J. M. Stewart, of Los Angeles. Pampas seed was planted as an experiment by the florist, L. J. Stengel, and among the many plants which grew from them only a few were of any value. Twelve years ago Mr. Stewart secured these, which proved to be an unusually fine variety, and not only stocked four acres of his own with them, but in course of time furnished plantations for several other large growers in the county, among them Mr. S. J. Mathes and Mr. W. R. Barber. The "Los Angeles seedling" still has the best of reputations.

There are several varieties of pampas, with differences that an expert can detect. Each blossoms uniformly in quality though varying in size. A

A PAMPAS FIELD.

poor plant will always be poor, and a choice variety will not deteriorate.

Mr. Stewart's plantation has yielded to the encroachments of a rapidly growing city and is now divided into lots and covered with houses. As $2 600 were taken in one year from the four acres, and prices were not at any time poor, Mr. Stewart was well satisfied with his returns from the industry. He states that the pampas does best on a rich, sandy loam, such as the orange requires, and that wherever orange trees grow without irrigation, pampas will also thrive.

Mr. W. C. Holman, of Downey, began to experiment with pampas ten years ago, and last season harvested

SHUCKING PAMPAS PLUMES ON A RANCH AT GOLETA, CAL.

BLEACHING GROUNDS—RANCHITO DEL FUERTE.

200,000 plumes. He will have ten acres in bearing this year and says he would not exchange them for an orange orchard. Cultivation is easy, there are no pests to contend with, and the profits are usually satisfactory. His hills are ten by twenty feet apart; between the rows he raises barley for pasturage. As Downey is in the moist Los Nietos Valley, irrigation is not a necessity. Mr. Holman could not see that the plants which he irrigated thrived any better than those which received their moisture from the soil or winter rains. Apparently the pampas does not bloom so early here as at Santa Barbara, for the second year a few plumes only were produced, and the third year but half a crop. After the fifth year, Mr. Holman thinks it best to cut or burn down the plant in the fall. They will soon put forth a verdant growth, and the next spring will be of good size, (they are known to grow twenty feet tall) and will bear some blossoms. He does not allow his plumes to remain out drying over night. Fortunately the weather in Southern California is certain to be warm and clear during the pampas harvest, and at Downey one day is sufficient for them to lie on the ground.

The heat of the soil will dry the under sides of the plumes, while the sun's rays are making "fluffy" the exposed sides. At night they are gathered up and stored in a tent with the stems placed outward, where they remain until the whole crop is in—by which time the stems will be cured. They are then placed on shelves in an airy, wooden house until packed for market. Before the curing was as well understood as it is now, the plumes had an objectionable habit of shedding their creamy corollas, but that is entirely avoided by cutting them early, and not allowing them to dry too long. The husking is done by women, who work by the job; good hands can earn one dollar and fifty cents a day. Boys usually lay the plumes on the ground and gather them in.

Mr. Holman has applied for space

to make a competitive exhibit at the World's Fair. He is not afraid that the industry will be overdone, because many persons think it a hazardous undertaking to raise anything that has no utility except for decorative purposes—a "fancy" crop; and because the capabilities of pampas for decoration are only beginning to be known throughout the world. It is a non-conductor material, and samples have been sent to Mr. Edison to ascertain if it can be made useful in that direction. The leaves are of a linty nature, and ought to make a fine quality of paper. The suggestion has been made that the plumes would be good for filling beds and pillows, since exposure to the sun each day would renovate them.

One bright, beautiful day in autumn, just at the close of the harvest, I visited the five-acre pampas plantation of Kendal and Howe of Pasadena. Here was demonstrated the possibility of conducting this industry on the high ground at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, as well as in the valley. At this altitude there was

A BEAST OF BURDEN.

the advantage of almost perfect freedom from the fogs that sometimes hover over the valleys in the morning, and which, if too persistent, would turn the plumes black. The field is irrigated in May, June, July and August—once each month. Harvesting begins the first of September. Drying occupies from twelve to forty-eight hours, according to the condition of the atmosphere, and requires the greatest care; experience alone can insure perfect success. At first the proprietors thought it was necessary to turn the plumes, but they soon found that the almost unfailing breeze of afternoon would do the work for them as the plumes became puffy. The plants were three years old at the time of my visit, and the five acres yielded 40,000 plumes, which were to be disposed of at Kansas City and St. Louis.

One of the most striking instances of what a woman can do in this era of woman's emancipation is the energetic and brainy action of Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, a pampas grower near the town of Whittier, California. Through her remarkable enterprise, together with large expenditures of money in traveling about the country in the interest of the business, the pampas industry is now experiencing an impetus, the results of which will, no doubt, be felt for years to come.

Mrs. Strong has a ranch of 320 acres on the southern slope of the Puente hills, which was purchased years ago of Ex-Governor Pio Pico, who still lives at a venerable age but in remarkably good health, in the city of Los Angeles. It was a part of the Governor's Ranchito, or "little ranch," which was small only in comparison with other immense estates at that time belonging to him. The Strongs, playing fancifully upon their name, called their home the "Ranchito del Fuerte," (little ranch of the strong.) At that time a treeless mesa, it is now a lovely semi-tropical estate, covered with orange, walnut, fig, olive and other fruit trees, its cottage embowered in foliage and surrounded by choice flowers. Four years ago Mrs. Strong

PRIZE CARRIAGE—FLORAL CARNIVAL AT SANTA BARBARA.

decided to plant pampas grass between her rows of young walnut trees, and procured choice stock from Mr. Stewart, of Los Angeles. In 1890, she marketed 134,000 plumes in Philadelphia, at from thirty dollars to sixty-five dollars a thousand. Last year her crop amounted to nearly 300,000 plumes, and a harvesting force of sixty-three hands was employed for seventeen days, beginning the last of August.

From early in May until the middle of August, the plants are irrigated every fourteen days. After the keen-edged grass has been cut away by men who wear masks and gloves for protection, the plumes are removed, as fast as they show signs of maturing, to shaded places where they are shucked at the rate of 3,000 a day by experienced hands, many of whom are women. The plumes are then of a soft green color, but after lying a few hours on the smoothly rolled earth, they become white and fluffy and are carried to the curing house. Here women and girls with expert touch manipulate them in a way that develops a superior silky finish and richer tone. The process is an invention of Mrs. Strong's, and the secret of it is not imparted to the public. From first to last, the plumes are handled thirteen times.

Prices reached their lowest notch in 1891, and Mrs. Strong, having a large crop on hand, surveyed the situation with a comprehensive eye and set herself to work to improve it. She spent four months in the largest cities of the Eastern States, working up the United States market. One of her first steps was to decorate Wanamaker's great store with the plumes, thereby illustrating their effectiveness when artistically used, and attracting the attention of thousands of people to the beautiful grass. She followed up this politic movement by untiring interviews with the Republican National Committee at New York, having with her a device of her own invention for the use of Republicans in the Presidential campaign.

It consisted of three pampas plumes, one of the original creamy white, the others dyed red and blue, and all mounted in fan shape on a staff of polished wood similar to a torch stick. The National Committee finally recommended the adoption of this highly ornamental emblem by the Republican clubs throughout the country. The emblem was carried to the Minneapolis convention by the California delegates, and was used in the ratification procession by Los Angeles Republicans.

Mrs. Strong had not yet exhausted her resources. She invented an emblem for the Democratic party, using three white plumes bunched triangularly on a red staff and surmounted by a blue ribbon. Here the national colors were presented in a different but equally beautiful combination. The patriotic lady also provided the Prohibitionists with plumes enough to

decorate their convention hall at Cincinnati. Thus the graceful pampas plume will wave across the breadth of the continent—a distinctly American emblem of more than political significance. Mrs. Strong has renamed it the Columbian plume, in token of its national character and its proposed display at the forthcoming Exposition.

She has secured space at the World's Fair for a palace to be built entirely of plumes. The imitation tile roof will be of red plumes, the upper part of the walls will be white and the lower part blue. The floors will be carpeted with pampas; a flag, rugs, friezes, dados, etc., will be worked out in the same delicate material. Plumes will be on sale in this exhibit, and the proceeds will be devoted to establishing a fund for Queen Isabella Colleges maintained by the "Ladies' Business League of America." Mrs. Strong deprecates the ignorance of women on business matters, and is interesting ladies of prominence throughout the country in a scheme to educate girls in this direction. She generously gives her plumes for a first step in the good work, believing that once started, ways and means will evolve as needed.

New uses for these pampas blossoms are continually being developed, and it is expected that next year's great exhibition will serve to largely increase the future sales in all countries. Half a million plumes were sent to England last season, where it was a fad to use them in simulation of Prince Albert's coat-of-arms.

There are many ways of grouping them effectively, and special designs may be made for such occasions as weddings, balls and receptions at private houses, or entertainments of a public nature. They are an unexcelled wall decoration; friezes and dados of wire in elaborate designs may be covered with the pampas stripped from its stem, and tapestry hangings are a possibility from skillful hands. They can be dyed any color, and used in connection with draperies to give each apartment a tone of its own. Fringes are easily made from them for bordering mantels and shelves, and for rugs. Ceilings may be ornamented with festoons made the same as evergreen ropes, or with a feathery beading. There is almost no limit except that of expense in their use as a decoration.

PAMPAS HARVEST AT DOWNEY CAL.

California has, among other laurels, the distinction of being the only State in the Union which cultivates pampas grass on a large scale; and of creating through one of her intelligent residents a new and extremely graceful emblem for the nation.

LOST RACES OF ARIZONA

BY R. E. L. ROBINSON.

AMONG the interesting features of Arizona, the vast field it offers for archæological study and research is of paramount importance. During the last few years the scientific world has devoted much more attention to this branch than formerly, and everything in any way calculated to throw light on the identity of the Pre-Columbians has been examined and discussed. Every evidence of what history once erroneously called "The Moundbuilders," the ancient burial places scattered throughout the Eastern States, and the prehistoric development of the copper mines in the region of the Great Lakes has been subjected to the closest scrutiny of science, and many theories have been advanced respecting this people and the probable extent of their civilization. Few, however, who were scientifically qualified to pass an opinion upon such a deep and weighty subject, have investigated the innumerable evidences of this race which abound throughout Arizona. While the scientist, and especially the antiquarian, usually stops at nothing that would be an impediment to block other investigation, it is true that the inaccessibility of the country and the many dangers to be met and conquered after reaching it, have so operated that as yet its many archæological wonders are comparatively unknown to those qualified to investigate them.

That the valleys of the Salt and Gila Rivers were once the center of a population and civilization that extended over all the Pacific Coast, and to which the Eastern States were a frontier, is beyond question with those who are at all acquainted with the apparent facts.

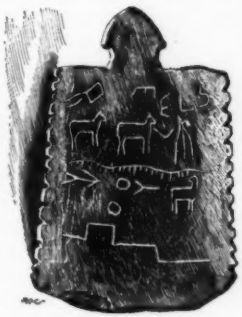
Both hills and valleys are covered with the crumbling ruins of towns and cities, many of them immense in proportion, and all the level lands are crossed and recrossed by a network of canals, the remaining evidences of which show the system to have been much more perfect, and in the ratio of five to one, more extensive than that of the present day. As it is impossible in any reasonable space to give even a meager description of the many relics unearthed by the spade of the antiquarian, much less the plausible theories that attach to each, I will confine myself in the main to the system of canals by which the valleys were irrigated, many of which, during the course of my investigation, I have re-surveyed and mapped. After

all I am of the opinion that in them we have the strongest clew to the age of this habitation, and the scope of civilization, unless it be in the system of hieroglyphic writings found on the cliffs, in the mountains and on slates in ruined buildings.

The largest, and likewise the best preserved of these waterways was taken out of the Salt River on the south side, near the mouth of the Verde, and is a marvel of engineering skill. For three and one-half miles it passes through an artificial gorge in the Superstition Mountains, cut out of the solid rock to a depth of one hundred feet. After the mountains are passed it divides into four branches, the longest of which measures more than forty miles, while all four aggregate a length of 120 miles, independent of the smaller ditches by which water was distributed over the soil. Except in rare instances, these smaller ditches have been filled, and in that portion of the desert are obscured by the sandstorms that prevail; but the larger one is perfectly distinct, and measures sixty-four feet in width with an average depth of twelve feet. Through this way the water for the support of the cities between the Salt and Gila Rivers was conveyed, and 1,600 square miles of country, now destitute of all vegetation except the *Sahuara* and an occasional *palo verde*, was irrigated by it.

This canal reached to within a short distance of the Gila River, and the water was taken from the river Salt, for the apparent reason that at this point the north bank of the Gila was so high that they were unable to reach the current with a canal, and they evidently knew of no way to raise the water to the level of the surrounding country. This part of the desert is covered with ruins, and must have been at one time the residence of a teeming population.

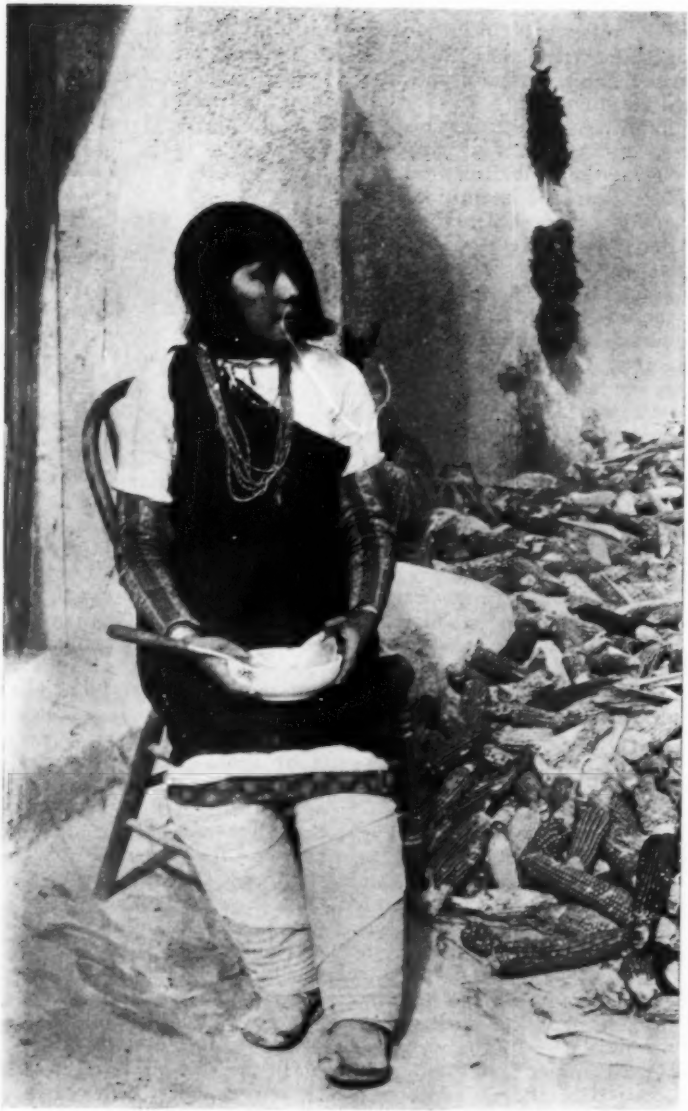
Immediately south of this region several large canals were taken out of the Gila, and they extend quite a distance into the valley, one of them supplying the city which contained the Casa Grande—the largest, best preserved and most noted prehistoric ruin in the United States. It was first discovered by Cabeza de Vaca in 1538; Coranado thoroughly explored it on his way to the Zuñi pueblos of New Mexico, and one hundred years later, Father Kino, the founder of San Xavier, preached to the Pimas within its roofless walls. It is 420 feet in length by 260 in width, and after withstanding the suns and storms of centuries, stands to-day more than four stories in height. The walls, like those of all the valley ruins, are built of a kind of mortar, and are six feet in thickness at the base. The outside was coated with a fine white cement which is in many places still unbroken, shining as bright and perfect in the sun as it did the day it took form under the hands of the ancient masons.



PREHISTORIC SLATE.

No reasonably correct theory has ever been advanced as to the exact age in which this work was done, though some have put forth the assertion that it could not have been further back than the twelfth century; this, however, cannot be substantiated and was doubtless made without a thorough investigation, for after two years actual research I cannot believe it to have been less than 1800 years ago, while it might have been of a more ancient date.

On the other side of the Salt River there are more waterways, though they are not of such length. Here, also, was their principal city, twenty-eight miles in length by twelve in breadth. It contained many large, and what must have been handsome



INDIAN WOMAN—MODERN TYPE.

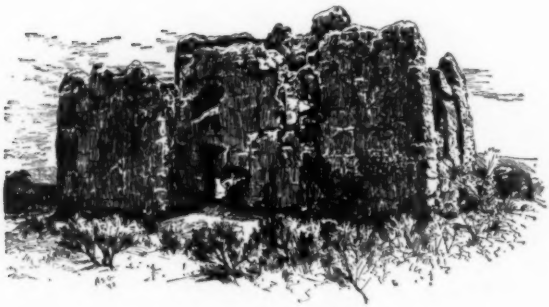
PAINTED VESSELS, WAMPUM, JEWELRY, ETC., FROM THE SALT RIVER RUINS.

buildings, though they are now little more than shapeless mounds of stone and mortar. All the wooden portions of these structures have been totally destroyed by the ravages of time, and even the joists where they were protected by the stone and mortar have decayed, leaving only the vacancies they once filled.

Near Phœnix, in one of the ruins which are evidently those of some public building, the walls and roof appear to have been crushed together with great force, forming a huge pile of debris, yet standing to a height of twenty feet. The wooden beams in the structure, some of them eight inches in diameter, were bent, broken and thrown across each other in great confusion. In this position, the broken stone and mortar settled around them, and in the course of time the mass hardened again, so that when they finally decayed, they left holes the size of the timbers, and in our recent investigation we were able to insert our crowbars to a distance of ten feet without difficulty. When we consider the fact that rain seldom falls, and that cold and dew are conditions entirely unknown in the valleys, it is apparent that ages must have elapsed while this process of decay was going on.

The grade of the canals was perfect, and the Arizona and Maricopa, two of the most extensive modern ones, run for long distances through the old excavations.

In some distant age, but more recent than the habitation of these people, the Bradshaw Mountains have been in eruption, and large quantities of lava have found their way out through the Black Cañon and the valley of the Verde, though it seems that the Salt River has acted as a barrier that stopped this flow, and none is found further south than its pres-



LA CASA GRANDE, 1892.

ent channel. At a later period in the geological history, some great deluge has swept over the McDowell Mountains—their granite sides were segregated, and a granite wash was deposited to a depth of three to five feet over the entire northern portion of the valley. To this is due the fact that many of the canals are filled up and partly obliterated, though the formation is such that their courses are still easily traced; and by digging down a few feet and breaking through the sheet lava, the searcher finds the bottom upon which a sediment of lime had formed during the years of constant use.

These deposits were made at different periods, and while it is impossible with any degree of certainty to name the time that elapsed between them, the lava was evidently thoroughly cooled when the wash was placed upon it. Every one is aware of the great length of time necessary for the cooling of a large body of lava, and as the surrounding gorges and cañons are lava wastes, and show no evidence of the action of water upon them while they were yet hot, I think I am safe in assuming that many years must have transpired between the two.

It is a settled geological fact that the now extinct craters have not been active during the last 2,000 years, and as the matter from them is found in these canals, it must be that the people lived before the last eruption and consequently the ruins are as much as 2,000 years old.

One of the errors into which writers upon this subject have fallen, is the belief that the builders of these ruins were contemporaneous with the cliff-dwellers, evidences of which are found throughout all the mountain ranges, especially in the northern part of the territory. There were undoubtedly two eras of inhabitation, that of the cliff-dwellers being the more recent of the two and perhaps as long after the valley races had become extinct as our age is after them. Many facts tend to prove this, but the most conclusive of all is found in Montezuma Well in Yavapai County. This bottomless pit—no one has ever been able to find its depth—is filled with water to within about 100 feet of the top, and from that point upward the walls are very jagged and rough. This was one of the principal craters of the volcanic era and from it came the great flow of lava that inundated and scorched the region about the Agua Fria, filling and concealing many of the canals. After the flow had ceased and the crater had cooled, the cliff-dwellers built their houses in its rugged sides, lived there until destiny worked their doom and then passed away leaving their ruined dwellings to prove to us that they existed.

As yet there has been no theory advanced by which we can so much as approximate the age of the cliff-

PUEBLO BOY—MODERN TYPE.

dwellings. Their builders were rude and more unsettled than the inhabitants of the valleys, and lived by war and the chase, as is proven by the weapons found about their abodes. On the contrary, the people of the valley lived peaceful lives, built magnificent temples, to a certain extent encouraged the fine arts, and tilled the soil with a system of irrigation equal to that of the most prosperous days of ancient Egypt.

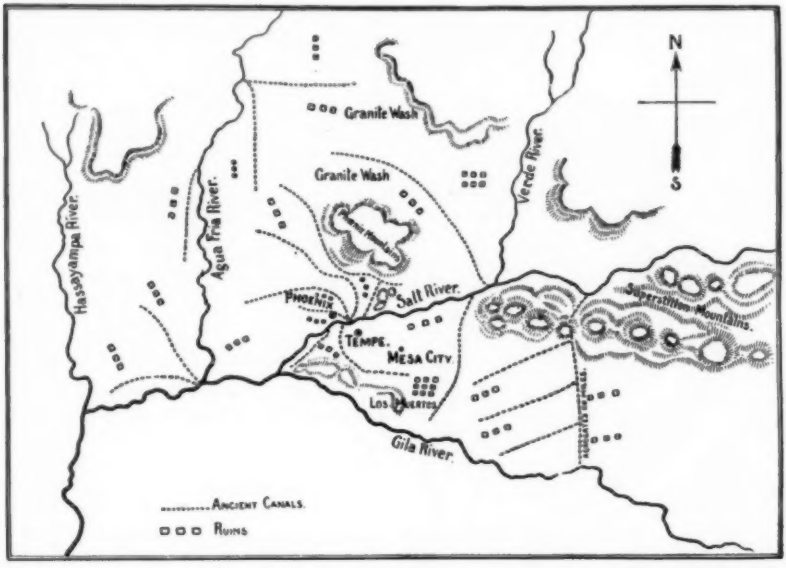
The idea that they were nomads and wanderers cannot be sustained in the light of facts. Where they had 297 miles of canals in what is now the county of Maricopa, we have only about 155; and when we consider the size of their houses and the large number of people that lived in each, it is not at all improbable that the one city before spoken of, contained a population of fully half a million. The entire county has now about 12,000.

The present surveys prove that at one time not less than 3,000,000 acres of land were capable of irrigation from the canals then in existence, while now we have only 337,000. The population must have been enormous, and in the absence of any evidence of walls as fortifications about their cities, the conclusion arises that either they had no forts or were so numerous that no other race dared attack them.

Men who have investigated the pueblos and prehistoric remains of New Mexico very wrongly associate these with them. It is not at all improbable that the builders of Acoma and the cliff-dwellers lived in the same age and they might have been the ancestors of the Zuñis and the Moquis; but the walled towns of the crag, the people of which lived by the chase and were in constant fear of extermination at the hands of stronger tribes, could certainly have had no connection with the staid, agricultural races of the valleys.

The extent of their civilization is not so much enveloped in mystery as is their origin, or the cause of their

PUEBLO INTERPRETER.



MAP OF THE GILA AND SALT RIVER VALLEYS, SHOWING SITE OF ANCIENT CANALS AND RUINS.

total destruction. Hundreds of implements used by the artisan and farmer, have been unearthed, and the vessels used for culinary purposes are symmetrically and tastily fashioned. Many of them were painted in a manner evincing a considerable knowledge of art, and the figures, though they have for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years been subjected to the chemical effects of the alkali in the soil, are yet as bright and perfect as the day they were drawn. Shell bracelets found on the arms of skeletons, and other jewels of turquois and bone, show skill and fine workmanship. Their houses were constructed on a plan adapted to ease and comfort, and the capacious hallways with their stone floors and cement walls were peculiarly fitted for this half torrid climate. Their knowledge of engineering was so perfect that our centuries of practice and discovery in the science of mathematics have not enabled us to improve upon the grade or location of their canals, and the modern builders have saved thousands of dollars by using their old surveys and excavations. Hundreds of plumb bobs used in building, and on their surveying instruments have been found, and they are as perfect as those in modern use, only they are made of stone like everything else yet discovered. No metallic substances are found in any of the ruins, and they evidently knew nothing of its use. Knowing of it, as we have since before the beginning of our written history, makes it all the more difficult for us

PAINTED OLLA.

to conceive of a civilization without such a knowledge, though such must have surely existed. Numerous caricatures on the rocks prove that they knew of and owned beasts of burden, something unknown to either the Zuñis or Moquis. That they had a language written by hieroglyphics is unquestionable, and for miles at a stretch throughout Arizona the faces of the cliffs are covered by these mysterious characters. Slates found in the ruined dwellings and temples are engraved with the images of animals, persons, and these emblematical figures, though so far no attempt has been made to decipher their meaning.

While the savants have been delving into the mysteries of Egypt, we have had and still have a country at home more mysterious, and which in all probability will unfold, under the investigation of scientists, a history as old and as replete with incident as any of which Africa or India can boast.

RUINS OF CASA GRANDE IN 1852.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

"AND you are happy in your new life, Eleanor?"

"As happy as the average married woman, I presume."

"I am sorry, very sorry. I had hoped"—

John Dean checked himself, then walked to the window and looked out upon the street, where a light mist was falling. Some note in his broken speech impressed her. She looked after him curiously. This was the first time that she had spoken with him since he had pronounced the words that had made her a wife, nearly a year before. He had no time for social calls—this young priest, whose work of reformation among the lower classes was the talk of the city. She had known him since her early childhood, and he had always been a mystery to her; diffident but stout-willed in boyhood, silent and strong in his manhood. It was said of him now that he could no more preach a sermon than any timid schoolboy, but he had been known to silence a mob with a half-dozen wise and fearless words, and no one who sought his counsel ever found him lacking in wisdom or eloquence. She remembered her husband's look of amusement when he had tripped and blundered in repeating the marriage service. His church and congregation were insignificant—a mere handful of earnest people who met in a hall in an obscure street, too obscure and far away for her to go thither, if, indeed, her husband would ever have consented. John Deane's work, so large and so far-reaching, was a labor

of week days rather than the Sabbath.

He came back from the window and stood beside her, pained and careworn, and with a contracted look about his eyes. She had seen the same look on his face once when in his boyhood he had come upon some little ruffians tormenting a bird that they had caught in a trap, but she recalled the incident without connecting it in any way with the present.

"Eleanor, does he treat you ill?"

"He does not strike me, if that is what you mean," she replied, with a little laugh. "Gentlemen do not do such things, do they? They are always polite. They torture in nice, refined ways. They would not hurt the body for worlds. They torment and harrow the soul."

"Of course you do your best," he said.

"No, I do not!" she flashed back, fierce indignation at what she was suffering flaming in her heart. "How can a woman do her best, when it is her best thoughts and most sacred purposes that are most ridiculed and condemned? If I had no interest in life beyond self gratification and pleasure; if I saw no use for money beyond spending it for pretty clothes, showy furniture and amusements, Harvey Leighton would be much better pleased with his wife."

She began bitterly, but, although her words pointed to a discord that could not be healed without apostacy to her own best nature, the gentle manner in which she spoke robbed them of their sting, and she concluded with a deprecating little smile and a conciliatory remark—a loyal wife's instinctive defence of her husband.

"He is 'a man of the world.' He sees things in a different light," she said.

She had been betrayed into this confidence to her old friend, partly because her burden was becoming too heavy for her to carry, and partly because she so needed advice and guidance. It surprised and disappointed her that he had no counsel to offer. For some moments he stood apparently wrapped in deep thought, looking into vacancy. When the silence grew insupportable, he held out his hand and took her own in a friendly clasp.

"Good-bye, Eleanor. Do your best," he said.

She watched him as he walked down the street, until he was lost to sight in the crowd. His face was still grave and overcast, and he did not appear to recognize people who greeted him in passing.

"I ought not to have told him," she said, reproaching herself. "That is always the way with him. He makes other people's troubles his own. The fact that he performed our marriage ceremony will lie heavy on his conscience."

She was glad that she had told him so little; glad that the worst indignities to which she was daily subjected were still her own secret. It was easier to bear sorrow when there was nobody else to be made unhappy by witnessing it, and in these days she thanked heaven with a dreary gratitude that her parents were dead, and that a married sister, her only living relative, dwelt in a distant town.

Although her husband had destroyed every vestige of love that she had felt for him, she still rendered him a certain tender faith, and was deaf to the hints that came to her ears, the innuendoes and veiled allusions coupling his name with that of a popular little actress.

One day she saw him going into a restaurant of infamous repute, in a cul-de-sac leading off from a public street, the actress on his arm, bending over her with a lover's devotion. She hurried home, feeling that shame had been publicly branded upon her. Her husband was late to dinner that night, and when he presented himself had little appetite, pleading a headache in justification, and toying with knife and fork.

"You're getting terribly off your

looks, Ella. You ought to touch up a little with cosmetics, like other women," he said petulantly.

"It is a pity to disappoint your eye. You are a connoisseur of woman's beauty, are you not?" she said, coldly. He gave her a quick glance of suspicion, reading discovery in her eye.

"Well, yes, I think I do know a pretty woman when I see her," he returned, blandly.

Sitting in her room that night, grappling with the problems that beset her, trying to adjust her new burden, hungering for counsel and guidance, she remembered with humiliation that John Dean had pointedly avoided her since the day on which she had made him a partial confidant of her troubles. There was but one way in which she could interpret his behavior, and she smarted under the implied rebuke. It was weak and unworthy to complain of the lot which fate had assigned her. Henceforth she resolved to meet destiny with an unflinching front. When at length she laid herself down to rest, she felt herself the loneliest being in the world, destitute of all human help or sympathy.

That night the neglected wife had a strange dream. She thought that she went to her pastor's house to ask his help in her extremity. Leaning upon his calm strength, she had been smitten with a sense of her own sefishness and the self-seeking of the multitude of others who brought their wounds to him for healing, and she had cried out:

"And you, John Dean—you, who are always so ready to help other people in their troubles—is your own life as tranquil and unclouded as it seems? Have you no burdens of your own to carry?"

She had no thought of the depths that she was probing, no faintest suspicion of the secret she was uncovering.

He turned his face away and bowed his head for one terrible moment. Then he faced her. A soul in anguish was bared to her gaze. Tumultuous joy and sorrow swept over her. She buried her face in her hands with a moaning cry, exalted by a great happiness, sorrow-born.

Then she felt his arms around her, his lips on her forehead.

"Only this once, Eleanor," he had seemed to say. "We must bear it together, my darling. God will give us strength, dear. This love, which has come unbidden into our lives; this love which is stronger than we, must never shame nor degrade us, but shall uplift us. Let us do our duty, and lean upon the memory of this moment in the troubled days to come."

They had looked long into each other's eyes, strangely happy in the moment of renunciation, and she had gone away with a heart no longer starved and fainting, but with new courage, new strength for the weary conflict she was to wage. But as she walked along the pavements that bore her from his door, the stone blocks changed into a carpeted floor, a rift of sunshine came through her bedroom window, and she awoke to the sound of the breakfast bell, and the harsh voice of her husband outside her door. Nervous and fretted after a night of dissipation, he was eager to be through the morning meal and out upon the street. When she came to the table clothed in a soft, gray morning gown, with a pearl brooch at her throat, he looked at her in open wonder, noting the pink flush on her cheeks and the light in her blue eyes.

"Ella, what has come over you? You're pretty as a picture this morning. I retract all I said about the need of cosmetics."

Was it the look of gentle appeal she gave him, the memory of his carousal of the previous night, or the subtle atmosphere of purity in which she seemed to be wrapped, that kept him from sullying her lips with the kiss he had risen to give her? He lingered a little over his breakfast, charmed by her happy face and cheerful manner. But it was only the charm of a new sensation that held him, and when he had tired of it he betook himself down

town for another day of sordid absorption in money making—another evening of gross pleasure.

To Eleanor Leighton her experience of the night before had not been a dream but reality. The veil of one of the mysteries of life had been lifted. Although she was by no means a visionary woman, she was as certain that in her sleep her soul had held converse with John Dean's soul, as that the sun shone and the flowers bloomed and all the world was beautiful. One resistless purpose possessed her. As soon as breakfast was over and her husband was gone, she would go down to the part of the city where John Dean lived and labored. He would know why she had come. Perhaps she would not betray herself at first, but in the course of conversation she would put to him the question that she had asked him in her dream, and he would understand. She would see a wonderful light come into his eyes. For one glad moment she would be folded close in his arms. For only one moment. Her starved heart pleaded for this blessed certainty, lest by and by her reason should discredit what her dream had brought. The memory of this instant would sustain her through the loveless years. They would sit together for a little time and talk over the strange, glad experience of the night, together scan the future with its clouds of perplexity and care, and then part nobly as in their dream, without a word or act that could sully the conscience of either. Life was good. God was good to give her this wonderful knowledge. But she must have a tangible assurance of its reality. This longing for each other's presence, which she knew they were both feeling, should be innocently gratified.

She was on the steps of the humble tenement where John Dean had his home. A sign of "Lodgings to Let," hung in an upper window. A weary-looking elderly woman came to the door. She was used to receiving the minister's callers, and there were many women among them, but she looked at this one in surprise. Eleanor differed from the usual type. She was handsomely dressed, and her face was aglow with happy expectation.

"Mr. Dean went out half an hour ago. A man fell from a building in X street, and was dying. They sent for him."

She saw the look of disappointment that came over the bright young face.

"Won't you come in and wait for him, ma'am? He may not be gone long," she added.

Eleanor passed through the hall, carpeted only with a single length of spotless oilcloth, and was shown into a small room with two windows, so bare of ornament and destitute of comforts that it might have been the cell of a self-denying acolyte. Left alone, she stood in the middle of the room, looking about her with eyes shining and wet, and a joyous sense of proprietorship. Here was where he lived and worked for his fellowmen. She went to the window and looked out. Here he stood every morning and looked down with love and pity upon the medley of dingy tenements and the little neglected children. Here were his few books. She stooped and read the titles of each one, that she might know his friends among authors and share them with him hereafter. Here was the chair he sat in. She laid her hand on the back with a caressing touch. She sat down in it and laid her flushed face on the desk where he wrote, and where his dear hands, consecrated to holy tasks, had worked but a half hour before, for an unfinished letter was lying there. Oh, for strength to bravely meet the glad ordeal that was coming, that it might be a source of joy in coming life, darkened by no shadow of repining or regret.

She sat there long in a happy reverie. They would never meet again in this way. After this morning's confidence their lips would be forever sealed, but she should claim the right to share his work, as far as she might. She had a little fund of her

own. It should be sacredly devoted to relieving the poor whose wants he knew. Sometimes they might meet by the beds of the dying, or in stricken households to which they brought comfort, and she would help him in his work of rescuing little children from misery and vice.

As she dwelt upon these possibilities she found that the purpose with which she had come was growing weak. Her courage was failing. A distrust of herself had come over her, a fear that to see him that morning might awaken in them both an anguish that could not be healed. She clasped her hands in supplication and wrung them in doubt and dread. It might be better to wait a little while. If he thought it right and best he would seek her. Springing to her feet she passed swiftly from the room and out through the narrow hallway. The old woman, scrubbing the front steps, looked up in surprise.

"Then you will not wait?"

"No. Not to-day."

"Won't you leave your name or some message?"

"No. It is unnecessary."

All that day and the next she waited for him. The third day she knew that he would never come. Yet her faith in the dream did not fail.

"He is doing his duty. I must do mine," she told herself.

There was a new tranquillity about her from this time; a measured sweetness of speech, a gentle patience which her husband observed but could not comprehend. The bright color that he had admired faded from her cheek and did not return; but his home was very peaceful. She never, by word or look, upbraided him for his shortcomings. Better than all, she no longer sought to influence his opinions or to convert him to her own straightlaced principles, which he abhorred. It surprised him a little when he found that she was holding to her part in various philanthropic enterprises which he had scouted and forbidden her to engage in. But he reasoned that if she left him free to gratify his own tastes he would be equally tolerant of her; and so she went her way and he went his, serving his dual fetich of money making and pleasure with unhampered zeal.

It may be that she was in error in not taxing him with his open violation of every moral obligation. A little wholesome reproach is sometimes an efficient agent in reform. It is not always well to so efface self that one's rights are ignored and sin is made easy for the one who would trample them. She might have been a better and more praiseworthy woman if she had indignantly accused him and denounced him; but there are some natures framed for endurance rather than resistance.

From time to time in these active and useful years, she met John Dean. There were periods when she was beset with the doubts and uncertainty that she had dreaded, and she was sorely tempted to slide back the bolt in memory's barred door; to ask him the question which had unsealed his lips in her dream:

"You who are ever lifting the burdens of others—have you none of your own to bear?"

Many times the words were on her lips, and she saw herself awaiting the answer in solemn expectancy; but as often as she resolved to speak them, her heart and courage failed her.

Her husband and John Dean, each busied with different duties and in different circles, rarely met.

It was in the fall, more than six years after her marriage, that they first noticed that little cough. The family doctor was the first to observe it, while attending Leighton for some light ailment, through which she was faithfully nursing him. The old physician asked her a few questions, listened to her breathing, thumped her chest and listened again, and cautioned her to take more rest and not to go out in the night air. All that winter she kept closely at home, and Leighton, to give him due credit, spent a

number of dull evenings with her, and found a certain pleasure in waiting upon her in little ways. In the spring she seemed decidedly better, and he shook off his bonds very willingly and gave himself up again to the low pleasures that he enjoyed. In the summer they went to the seaside, after their custom. He returned to the city a little earlier than she, and when she rejoined him he was startled by the change in her.

"She can't stand another winter here," said the old doctor gloomily. "Better get her off to some milder climate at once; Florida or the Pacific Coast."

"Our firm has some business out in California that needs looking after. We were just about to send out a man. I'll go in his stead," said Leighton.

Eleanor assented to this plan, as she assented to everything in those days. She even manifested a little interest in the preparation of her wardrobe, and looked over guide books and discussed the route they would take, with some animation. Her elder sister joined them on the way, to Leighton's great relief. They reached San Francisco in the warm days of early November, but the chill weather that followed fast sapped the invalid's strength.

To Leighton the constant care of a sick wife was becoming a great bore. The business he had come to transact was soon completed, and the Western city offered him many pleasurable temptations. His wife was in good hands, and he was free to follow his own will. Coming out of the hotel office late one day, he met a man who had arrived on the afternoon train to attend a national convention of charities.

"How are you, Dean? Just arrived, eh? Gay place. Lots of fun going all the time. Pity you wear the cloth."

John Dean's face was very sober.

"How is Eleanor?" he asked.

"The climate doesn't seem to be doing her much good, poor girl. Better go up and see her. She always thought a good deal of you. She can't last long. Now don't be shocked at my plain speaking, old fellow. In cases of this kind where one wastes away for so long, we get accustomed to the thought of their going, as we do to any other calamity. Of course, it's awfully hard on me. Billiards? All right. Be there in a moment."

His last words were addressed to a fashionably dressed young fellow, who stopped for a moment and then passed on.

John Dean went directly to Leighton's apartments. Eleanor's sister Diana met him at the door. She caught his hands, as one by instinct turns to old friendship in time of trouble, and he saw that her eyes were wet. She answered his mute inquiry in a whisper.

"The doctor has just gone. He says she cannot live twenty-four hours. She is very quiet and easy."

He went straight to the bed where she was lying, pale and shadowy, propped up on pillows, and he clasped the little wasted hand and looked down upon her, but he murmured no conventional word of sympathy or regret.

A long cherished purpose gathered strength in Eleanor Leighton's mind. She fixed her shining eyes upon his face, speaking in a voice so low and faint that he had to bend down to hear.

"And you, John Dean. You, who have always so nobly helped others. Do you carry—no—burden—of—your—own?"

He did not turn away and bow his head, as in her dream. He looked her full in the face—the poor, wan, faded face, with all its beauty gone. There was triumph in his voice, and in his face a radiant joy that dazzled her tired eyes.

"I have carried my burden, like other men, but I am about to lay it down," he said. "The woman I have loved for years will be my own before to-morrow night."

Still holding the little wasted hand,

he knelt beside the bed and bowed his face upon it. Seeing him in this attitude of supplication those in the room reverently withdrew. Soft footfalls passed through the corridors, and through the open windows there arose from the street below the din of many vehicles and the clamor of a multitude of voices, woven by distance into a weird harmony, but no sound or movement broke the peaceful silence of the room where Eleanor lay.

An hour passed by. Diana Kershaw lifted the curtain of the alcove where she had been sitting. John Dean had not changed his position beside the bed. The level rays of the setting sun crept through the shutters, wrapping the figure on the bed in a mellow light, rounding sharpened outlines and tinting with a semblance of life and health the still features which seemed wrapt in a slumber like that of a happy child. The sister gave a quick exclamation:

"She is better!"

John Dean arose, and the look on his face answered her. Silently he crossed the white hands over the heart whose pain had ebbed into everlasting joy.

Eleanor Leighton had entered into the fullness of life.

* * * * * *

A year and a half later, two men met on the veranda of a southern hotel. The one recognized the other with a cordial greeting:

"Why, Dean, how are you? Let me introduce you to my wife. Mrs. Leighton, this is my old friend, the Rev. John Dean. Dean and I were college mates together, but we've been in different lines since. I put in for Mammon, and he struck out for righteousness. Ha, ha, ha!"

The little blonde on his arm, whose face was as vacuous as his own, and who was clothed after the latest and loudest Parisian fashions, nodded a smiling acknowledgment of the introduction.

"Don't say anything about poor Eleanor," cautioned Leighton, in a whispered aside. "She's awfully touchy. Second wives are apt to be." Then, aloud:

"Charming little place, isn't it? But awfully slow. We've been spending our honeymoon up here. Had such a jolly good time we've prolonged it into several moons, ha, ha! Hope we'll have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Dean. Of course you've brought your wife along."

"There is no Mrs. Dean."

"Not married? By Jove! Why, I thought Diana—Mrs. Kershaw, told me, that last time we met, in San Francisco, you know, that you were going off to be married the next day, or the next week. Jove! My memory is playing me queer tricks."

"I have never thought of marriage," said John Dean.

Columbus, Vespucius and Magellan.

BY THOMAS MAGEE.

THE anniversary of the sailing of Columbus on his first voyage of discovery, 400 years ago, is an appropriate time to speak of the men who figured in that great epoch in world history—an epoch in which men's intellectual powers, geographically and otherwise, were expanded in a marked degree.

Columbus was not perhaps the most prominent figure of this period, either as a navigator or explorer. The work done by Americus Vespucius, a Florentine, and by Magellan, a Portuguese, surpassed that of Columbus in many important particulars. Nevertheless, after all the belated credit given Vespucius (until recently he was believed to be an impostor) and Magellan, it still remains true that the great Admiral was "fearless and first," in his work, and upon it the seal of sovereignty will always remain stamped. He, more than any other explorer, had fitted himself by the most diligent and protracted study, and service before the mast, to act in his own person as geographer, pilot, navigator and naturalist. That his knowledge in every one of these capacities was obscured by errors and absurdities, does not in the least lessen the importance of his work. He possessed himself of the best information attainable, of which, however, it may be said that it was in many points as mythical as the fable of the Anthropophagi, whose heads were said to grow beneath their shoulders.

To review the work of Columbus, without referring to that of Vespucius and Magellan, would leave the story of new sea and world discovery disconnected and incomplete. This will be patent when it is remembered that, though a believer in the rotundity of the earth, it was not Columbus, but Magellan, who first physically demonstrated that fact by circumnavigation. And Magellan might have failed but for the previous work of Vespucius. The latter had explored the Atlantic Coast of South America farther south than any of his predecessors, and the South Atlantic Ocean eastward to the islands of South Georgia, nearly to the parallel of Cape Horn. By this journey Vespucius demonstrated with a considerable degree of certainty that the strait which had for some years been looked for, leading to the elusive unknown sea that bounded the eastern coast of Asia, was not to be found through the new lands of the West, north of fifty-four degrees south, at all events. The mouth of the Amazon, the bays of Rio Janeiro and of the La Plata had been explored and were found to contain fresh water, so that through none of these could an entrance to the unknown sea on the further west be found.

The first voyage of Columbus even yet continues to be referred to as one made for the discovery of a new world. This is altogether erroneous. Columbus was not in search of a new continent, but of an old one, and of old trade by a new route. Two Franciscan monks had been sent by Pope Innocent IV. and St. Louis of France, one in the year 1245 and the other in 1253, on missions to Mongolia. These men were both very intelligent. They destroyed many old myths about

China—then called Cathay. They learned and proclaimed that that country fronted an eastern ocean, and was not barred in that direction by vast swamps, as Ptolemy had asserted. So far they were correct, but they were wrong in claiming that this ocean was open to the western shores of Europe. Columbus, accepting their information and much more of a delusive nature, believed that by sailing westward he could cross that ocean direct, and land on the shores of India or China. After leaving the Canaries he aimed for the coast of Cipango—that is, Japan. His calculations were based on the rotundity of the earth, a doctrine first taught by two of the ancients—Aristotle and Eratosthenes—and subsequently by Ptolemy, who partially atoned for the grossest astronomical errors by adhering to this truth. Ptolemy asserted and Columbus believed that the circumference of the earth was only about 18,000 miles at the parallel of the Canaries. The latter also found a verse in the favorite book of Esdras, which he understood to say that one-seventh of the circumference was water; he therefore estimated the distance from the Canaries westward to Cipango at about 2,500 miles. Most fortunate it was that the information within the reach of Columbus, either of his own or ancient times, fostered this error. Had he or his patrons, Ferdinand and Isabella, been aware of the truth—that is, of an intervening continent, and of the little wealth they would derive from the voyages of Columbus, it is not at all probable that they would have expended the money they did on his first equipment. Neither is it certain or probable that Columbus himself would have set out on a voyage of exploration only. The Portuguese had not yet discovered the route to the Orient by the Cape of Good Hope, but were gradually pushing further and further south along the coast of Africa. Spain was prohibited from exploration there. In the Peace of 1479, she foolishly admitted the right of Portugal to the monopoly of trade on the coast of Africa. The final circumnavigation of Africa by the Portuguese under Vasco da Gama, in 1497, resulted in their securing the trade of India and other Oriental countries. Columbus fully believed that this trade might be secured for Spain by the Western Atlantic, which he asserted was much the shortest route to Asia. This was the main prize held out to Spanish cupidity. A new world was not in Columbus' thoughts, and maritime discovery was but a subsidiary object. He not only was not looking for a new world, but was not aware up to the hour of his death that he had discovered one. This knowledge came gradually, and was not complete for more than a hundred years thereafter. There was in the case of the first voyage of Columbus, as in the crusades, religious sentiment for the extinction of heathenism, and the prospective glory of converting nations to the religion of the true church. Nevertheless, while Columbus talked of, and held out to Spain as the most stimulating prize, the wealth he believed would flow from the opening of a new route to Asiatic trade; and although he made it a strict condition that one-tenth of the profits should fall to himself, he was not, as might appear on the surface, working for wealth except as a means to an end, and that end a religious one. He was necessarily an enthusiast in many senses, but religious enthusiasm was uppermost in his nature all his life. The wealth he hoped to acquire was to be spent in military conquest in the Holy Land, in an effort to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels—a work which all of the crusades had failed to accomplish; a work in which neither Spain nor Portugal, too busy with domestic enemies, had ever taken any part.

When, therefore, Columbus on his first voyage, landed first on the Bahamas, then on Cuba, and finally on Hispaniola (Hayti), outlying the great new western world, he looked

everywhere for Asiatic people and Asian shore lines. The islands of Japan (Cipango, as they were called by Marco Polo) were the shores he expected to reach first, and when he failed on either his initial or subsequent voyages, he was at his wits' end to make any of his discoveries fit; his conclusion, however, being that he was on the coast of Asia, but at some point too far north. He never dreamed that he had opened the ocean highway to a new continent, and revealed a new world of resources and greatness far exceeding the wealth of all Asia and its outlying islands.

None of the voyages of Columbus resulted in much pecuniary gain to Spain. His discoveries were therefore finally jeered at by his enemies, particularly as colonies founded under him or others became scenes of unending quarrels. Constant annoyance to the home government resulted, for which Columbus, directly or indirectly, was always most unjustly held responsible. To these facts may be ascribed the neglect into which the great admiral finally fell, dying as he did in poverty and practical exile at Valladolid. He was on the whole the greatest explorer and the greatest man of his time. If he had a real competitor in these points, that competitor was Magellan, as we shall see. The discoveries of Columbus and the subsequent discoveries and conquests of others were made for a nation unworthy of them. They first proved dire misfortunes to, and finally resulted in the extinction of the gentle, hospitable and innocent native inhabitants.

These discoveries, therefore, were a source of weakness rather than of strength to Spain. The stamp of Spanish misgovernment still rests upon both sides of nearly all of this continent, from the northern Mexican line to the straits of Magellan, although all of that country has long thrown off its allegiance to Spain. The very policy which did so much to make a pauper of Spain at home—the slaughter or expulsion of the Moors and Jews—was announced to be the work of merit for which God had rewarded her by the discovery of new countries. When the first baptized native died, it was said that he was the first "Indian" who went to heaven. He was, however, far from being the first or last who went to hell, if slavery, torture, stripes, massacre and hunger in this world may be called going to that region. And yet God was not left in the new world without a witness, nor Spain without some noble sons—representatives of a later and better age. Las Casas was the brightest star of this small constellation. With the eye of a seer he saw, and in the words of a prophet he foretold the judgments that would fall on Spain for the horrors perpetrated on the wretched aborigines.

Columbus did more probably for the Renaissance than any other one person, Shakespeare alone excepted. And it may well be asked, I think, whether Shakespeare would have been possible without some Columbus. Columbus, in unconsciously discovering a new physical world, vastly expanded man's mental world, along the new borders of which Europe, through its best minds, had for about a century been groping. These minds then and since have found more solid wealth in the world of literature and science than the new continent or its islands have ever yielded in material treasure. Almost illimitable, too, as the new continent proved, it was pent up beside the extent of the new mental world, the limits of which no one is even yet rash enough to pretend to foretell.

While thus giving full credit to Columbus, in whom faith and perseverance were the most prominent characteristics, let us not forget his faults. The most prominent of these was the determination forced upon him to make the new world yield to his sovereigns something like the pecuniary returns he promised when he returned from his first voyage.

He had promised, because he had believed, extravagantly, and also because he well knew that the mere discovery of new countries, if there were not money in them, would not satisfy his patrons, and would put an end to

QVI RATE VELIVOLA OCCIDVOS PENETRAVIT AC IDOS
PRIMVS ET AMERICAM NOBILITAVIT HVMVM
CHRISTOPHORVS COLVMBVS LIGVR INDIARV PRIM INVEI
ASTRORVM CONSVLTI ET IPSO NOBILIS AVSV
CHRISTOPHORI TALI FRONTE COLVMBERAT

PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS, BY JEAN THÉODORE DE BRY.

any additional outlay for further explorations.

On his second voyage he was accompanied by a small army of adventurers, who were all laden with the most absurd hopes, and sailed in the most airy expectations. Nothing natural or supernatural could have been presented to their mental gaze that they did not expect to realize. They were high-born aristocrats, and bristled with a sense of national pride and their own importance. Yet from that day to this no company ever set out on an expedition doomed to more certain failure. No matter what country they had gone to, or what advantages or wealth it possessed, they could not have realized these advantages, because it was not in them to develop the wealth. Hard, personal, physical work and patience were needed to pick diamonds in Golconda, or to wash the most auriferous

earth which the California of '49 ever revealed. And these two qualities were not then found in the Spanish Hidalgo. Naturally, then, in countries of limited resources they failed painfully, and, of course, at Columbus' door the blame for this failure was laid. He was, too, a poor administrator; he was also cruel to the natives, being amongst the very first to enslave and send them to Europe for sale, as a means of profit. Columbus, in short, was of his age; when in stress and storm he rested in prayers and took refuge in vows, and this is now called superstition. But it was a superstition to which all the Christian world was then subject. The greatness of Columbus in the points which have made his name famous cannot be dimmed by the existence of these weaknesses. The greatest men of history, secular or divine, are but human. The gold of humanity has ever been mingled with, and largely preponderated by ordinary clay. The panegyrist, looking only at one side of the character, pronounces the image all gold; the yet more unjust iconoclast, looking only at faults and weaknesses, and dragging the unfortunate subject of his criticism from the shield and shade of an age of darkness and superstition into the full light of the nineteenth century, pronounces the image to be all clay. Both are nearly equally wrong. Swimming always in head seas, and always heavily weighted, the progress Columbus made and the example he set, must place him on lofty heights among the heroes of history.

And yet the continent was not named for Columbus, but for Americus Vespucius, who, for 300 years, was pronounced a charlatan discoverer and an impudent impostor. His landing on the continent itself in 1497 was denied, partly because it was confused with a second voyage made by him in 1499. His great abilities as a navigator were derided, his explorations of the coast of Brazil and in the south and east to the South Georgian Islands in 1502, was ignored. Above all he was charged with impudently fastening his name upon this continent. The best authorities, even Las Casas, the most reliable and charitable, and the noblest historian of Columbus and of the new discoveries, was indignant that America was not called Columbus. He connected Vespucius with what he reckoned this foul injustice. Nearly all historians have since added fuel to the heavy fire of this injustice and abuse—the majority of them, too, without a pretence of consultation of the authorities. The facts now show with what injustice Vespucius has been treated, and prove that he who said that he had dropped history and had gone to novels for his facts, was not wholly indulging in cynicism. Vespucius, in a letter to a Florentine friend (Soderini) spoke of being at a point on the coast of Mexico, near Tampico, which he called "Lariab." In a subsequent Latin translation of this letter, this word was transformed into "Parias." The two points were 2,400 miles apart; Parias, on the Pearl Coast, was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage, in 1498. Had the fact been kept in mind that Vespucius gave the correct latitude and longitude of Lariab, the blunder of moving it to Parias could not have been made. But Vespucius was held to all the consequences of the translator's blunder. It made his first voyage inexplicable, and, therefore, it was concluded that the whole account of it was a fabrication. Facts recorded by him in the letter referred to, however, cannot be explained unless some one made such a voyage in 1497, and his worst detractor has produced no other candidate for that wonderful exploration. Not one of his defenders, so far as the writer knows, has thought of this fact—that no reason had been or can be given why Vespucius should have lied. Had he referred to the four voyages described in his letter with the object of making a claim for pension or other reward,

or for the honor of having America called by his name, then there would be an excuse, though a base one, for his fabrications; but he evidently had neither object in view. He was simply writing, not an official or precise letter to King, Council or Board of Pilots, but a picturesque description only to a friend of his first four voyages.

Many facts brought forward by the eminent Brazilian historian, Varnhagen, have made it practically certain that the voyage of 1497 was made, and this conclusion has been further confirmed by Prof. John Fiske, from the remarkable map made for Alberto Cantino at Lisbon in the autumn of 1502, and now preserved in the Este Library at Modena. In June, 1497, Vespucius landed, not on the continent of South America, but on North America; and not on the Pearl Coast, but near Cape Honduras, exploring the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico and Florida, and thence northward to Chesapeake Bay, or some point not positively identified.

These explorations were made a year before Columbus on his third voyage first reached the mainland, and perhaps a week or two before Cabot discovered the continent on the north in the vicinity of what is now Labrador. The fact has been strongly dwelt upon, that Vespucius' name is nowhere mentioned in any national archives in connection with his first voyage; but this is due to the fact that one of the Pinzons was its commander, Vespucius being only the pilot. He was not the official commander of any of the six voyages he had made, although in most of them he was by knowledge and experience —as a calculator of latitudes and longitudes especially — their real head. On his third voyage he was made commander in the latter portion of the trip. He was among the very first of the great navigators of the time of Columbus. He made more voyages and explored more unknown seas and coasts than any other explorer or navigator whatever, Magellan alone excepted, and he, more than any one else, was the forerunner of Magellan in the dark, stormy and icy South Atlantic. He was not the first to explore the Western Ocean, and to throw physical and mental light over its Cimmerian darkness, but as second in the work he far outdid Columbus. The latter, it should be remembered, never passed the equator.

It was through crossing the equator and exploring the southern Atlantic that Vespucius, in his third voyage (May 1501, September 1502) made the discovery which seemed for the moment more remarkable than that of Columbus. Exploring the Brazilian coast as far south as the river La Plata, he revealed land of continental dimensions in an unexpected direction. No explorer had ever visited such a coast, and there was no name for it. As a matter of theory, however, the two ancient geographers most read in Vespucius' time, agreed in imagining a great unvisited continent south of the equator. These two geographers were Pomponius Mela, who wrote about A. D. 50, and Claudius Ptolemy, who wrote about a century later. In 1500 these two were regarded as the greatest authorities on all geographical questions. Ptolemy imagined that the unvisited continent was joined to Asia at Malacca, and stretched southward to the pole, enclosing the Indian Ocean. Mela thought that the unvisited continent lay to the south of Africa and Asia, with open sea between. A common name among geographers for this hypothetical unvisited continent was *Quarta Pars*, or the Fourth Part; Europe, Asia and Africa being the first three parts. When Vespucius in a letter to his friend, Lorenzo de Medici, in 1503, described this voyage, he did not put forth any theory as to what this long stretch of southern coast might be, but simply called it *Mundus Novus*, or "a New World," because it contained so many plants, coasts and wild men (to say nothing

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS.

of the strange skies) never before described.

But it was not long before this Brazilian coast was identified with the *Quarta Pars* or unvisited southern continent imagined by Ptolemy and Mela. A young man named Martin Waldseemüller, professor of geography in the college of St. Dié, in the Vosges Mountains, was preparing a new edition of Ptolemy, in which all the latest discoveries were to be incorporated. For in these days of timid, undeveloped science, it was customary thus to pour new wine into old bottles. In an introductory treatise, Waldseemüller spoke of the three known divisions of the world, Europe, Asia and Africa. "And now," said he, "another, a fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vespucius, wherefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from calling it Amerige or America, the land of Americus, after its discoverer." He, like Americus, was talking only of what we now know as Brazil; in this and in another passage he expressly declared the identity of America with Mela's hypothetical southern continent. This was in 1507. The suggestion was gradually adopted, but it was Gerard Mercator who finished the business. In 1541, he first placed upon a map the name of America across the whole Western continent. This continent was there laid down in anything but correct shape, however. With all of these events Americus had nothing whatever to do. Nor had Columbus or any one else any reason to complain of Waldseemüller, since he gave the name America only to a region which Columbus had never visited. Fernando Columbus, a natural son of the great admiral, had a copy of the letter of Vespucius to Soderini, with Waldseemüller's suggestion of the name of America. This copy with his marginal annotations, is still in existence. He found no fault with Vespucius' use of the phrase "new world," nor with Waldseemüller's idea that Ptolemy and Mela's "fourth part" should be called America. Vespucius and Columbus were the best of friends. The latter once gave Vespucius a letter to his son, Diego, in February 1505, in which Vespucius is called a thoroughly good and honorable man, and a staunch friend of the aged and dying discoverer. In this letter he tells his son that fortune had not rendered such rewards to Vespucius as his labors deserved.

If any one was definitely to blame for calling all of this continent America, it was Mercator, who first put that word on a map of the whole of it. It should be remembered, too, that Vespucius had explored more thousands than Columbus had hundreds of miles

of the mainland; that he discovered it before Columbus; that all of Columbus' voyages were made in tropical seas, while Americus was the first to experience the cold and horrors of the South Atlantic in the vicinity of Cape Horn; that he there discovered the South Georgian Islands, which Cook rediscovered 273 years afterward. That great navigator was there in midsummer, and yet even then he said of that region that it was the most wretched he had ever seen in all of his voyages. For a day and a night Vespucius' ships (he was then in full command of this, his third voyage) were driven along within sight of that dreadful coast. "The sailors, with the blood half frozen in their veins, prayed to their patron saints and made vows of pilgrimage."

Fate had apparently decided that this continent should not be called after Columbus. If the name of the great admiral was not to be bestowed on it, then the next most deserving name was undoubtedly that of America; for Americus after Columbus was then the greatest and most extensive navigator of his time—his work, too, having all related to this continent. Had Vespucius really been guilty, as he was so long charged, with trying to supersede the more worthy claims of Columbus, the world would deeply regret his base success; but Vespucius was wholly innocent of any such intention. He used the phrase "new world," not in its modern meaning, but only in the sense of new land south of the equator that had not previously been seen or described. He, however, first revealed the vast extent of the new land and prepared men's minds for the idea that they lay between Europe and Asia, and that navigators must go around them or find a strait leading through to the Indian Ocean, for as yet no one knew of the Pacific.

Vespucius died in 1512. During the last four years of his life he held the most important maritime office in the gift of Spain, that of Pilot Major. This is abundant proof of what was thought of him as an experienced astronomer, geographer, explorer and navigator. And yet, despite all of these facts, Vespucius was not entitled to rank second to Columbus. That honor belongs to Magellan. The witches' salutation to Banquo—"Thou lesser than Macbeth, yet greater"—

FERNANDO MAGELLAN.

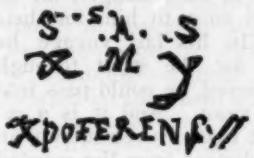
might have been made to Magellan, comparing his work with that of Columbus. The first voyage of Columbus was easy beside that of Magellan, in the latter's long exploration of the then wholly unknown Pacific. Columbus on his first voyage sailed over smooth seas all the way out, and was only thirty-three days from land to land—that is, from the last sight of the Canaries to the first sight of Salvador; while thirty-eight days were spent by Magellan in winding his way through the cold and dangerous straits of which he was the first explorer. He had just emerged from wintering at Port Julian, where he had suppressed a widespread mutiny. In the mutiny, one of the captains of his five vessels was killed; he executed another, and a third was left ashore with a rebellious priest. One of his vessels was lost during this wintering, and while in the straits which have since borne his name, another vessel stole off and put back to Spain. The passage from Spain to Port Julian consumed 191 days, much exploration being done on the voyage along the Southern Atlantic coast of South America. Mutiny hung over Magellan during all of that time. He had been warned a few days after leaving Spain of the threat made by his captains that if they had any trouble with him they would kill him. Being Spaniards, they were jealous of him as a Portuguese.

The winter at Port Julian was spent in one of the most gloomy, cold, and forbidding climates. The subsequent trip through the straits can best be illustrated by the assertions of old sea captains that, even now, with modern ships and appliances, and the guide of complete charts and directions as to winds and currents, a sailing vessel is not justified in going through these straits, even with the most competent handling—that only a steamship can make the passage in safety. The passage around the Horn has not nearly so many dangers, yet Magellan *did* go through these unknown straits, despite natural and all other obstacles. As he entered the Pacific (he was then fifteen months out from Spain) he told those who still wanted him to turn, that he would go on and reach the Spice Islands even if they all had to take to eating leather off the ship's yards; and as a matter of fact they had to do that very thing. Between starvation and scurvy, with which latter disease nearly all of his crew were afflicted, nineteen men were lost in the apparently everlasting sailing over the vast ocean, which, from its smoothness he called the Pacific. No land but two desolate rocks were seen by the course he sailed from the western end of the Straits of Magellan to the Ladrones, a distance of at least 8,000 miles. Ninety-eight days were consumed on this passage, which, of itself, was one of the most trying, from doubt, fear, starvation, sickness, and hope deferred, ever recorded.

The straits connecting the Atlantic and Pacific are called after Magellan, but his name is set in the two clusters or constellations of stars in the southern heavens—the Magellanic clouds. Thus, immeasurably above the earth, his name and fame are forever set amongst the stars. It is deeply to be regretted that Magellan was killed in a fight to make religious converts on one of the Phillipine Islands, and that he therefore did not complete the circumnavigation of the earth. He had, however, fully demonstrated its rotundity. One of his lieutenants, and he was one of the mutineers, finished the voyage, on the only one of the ships that got back to Europe. He was allowed by Charles V. to adopt the motto of "I first encompassed thee." But it was Magellan, and not his man, Elcano, who really first put the circle of navigation around the world.

No voyage ever made by any of the early western explorers was comparable to that of Magellan, in the distance sailed over an utterly unknown ocean, the hardships endured, the difficulties overcome, the courage and determination exhibited, and the strong but just hand with which a wide-spread

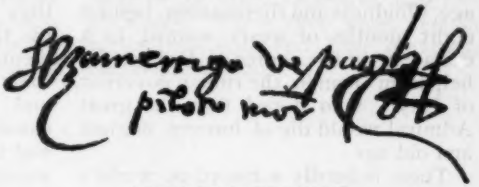
mutiny was suppressed. Never was a kingly manhood more nobly illustrated than by Magellan in the various and always excessively trying stages of this the greatest voyage of exploration ever made in this world. It demanded vastly greater resources of faith, courage, knowledge and determination than were called for on even the first voyage of Columbus, chiefly because of the vastly greater time over which Magellan's voyage was stretched out.



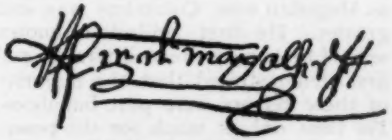
AUTOGRAPH OF COLUMBUS.

Was Magellan, then, a greater man than Columbus? As a sailor, navigator and conqueror of far greater opposition on the part of his comrades, his endurance of cold, storms, hazards, long-protracted sailing in the Atlantic, a winter's idleness (one of the most trying of tests) and over three months sailing over the unknown Pacific—yes; but in the chimerical and therefore greater terror-inspiring obstacles overcome—no. Men were as brave in the face of daylight physical dangers in the time of Columbus as they are now. But they were then immeasurably more ignorant and superstitious, and therefore vastly more subject to imaginary fears, which are far harder to encounter than real danger.

The unknown Atlantic was then peopled, both by authors and tradition, with monsters of the deep, with demons, flying dragons, whirlpools, storms more furious than mariners ever experienced in traversed waters, and with unbearable heat and everlasting calms in the south. In these calms the sea was said to rot. It was beset with everlasting storms, hail, snow and darkness on the north. This unknown ocean was called the Sea of Darkness. Composed as it was of such horrors, man was apparently refused entrance to its waters. The Arabs, forbidden by the Koran to represent the image of any animal, put a black hand, crooked, which, issuing out of the depths of this ocean, was in the act of seizing a ship and dragging it down into the black abyss. No stronger evidence can be evoked of the fears which Columbus' undertaking created than the extreme dread of it in a seaport like Palos, where all the inhabitants, as soon as they were old enough, looked to the sea for a living. Some of its inhabitants were among the most adventurous of navigators. Columbus had an easy task in piloting his ships over the physical obstacles of the unknown ocean compared with the work of dragging—that use of the word the facts fully justify—his officers and men with him in his far western and dreaded course. To man the ships, jails had to be emptied of debtors and criminals, and, naturally, they were anything but picked specimens of humanity for pluck or seamanship. Men and ships were forced to go with Columbus by royal decree. No man had ever before gone out on a voyage so utterly alone, in a mental sense, as Columbus when he left Palos, nor had anyone ever probably set out on an undertaking in which his mental and physical powers needed to be more constantly and keenly under arms, day and night. Pinzon as a navigator was a companion, and, but for his aid



AUTOGRAPH OF VESPUCIUS.



AUTOGRAPH OF MAGELLAN.

and example, Columbus could not have got together the requisite ship's company at Palos, but he soon showed that he and his chief were moving on utterly different lines in the end and aims of the voyage.

Nor does all that has been here said yet do full justice to Columbus, as a man of almost infinite courage and faith. It was not on his first but on his fourth and last voyage that successive seas of trouble dashed almost continuously over him. On that voyage of thirty-two months' duration he experienced almost unprecedented trials and hardships, through calms, storms, furious tides, hunger, dangers from savages, sinking ships, mutiny, the basest ingratitude, and from old age, blindness and rheumatism, besides eight months of weary waiting as a castaway on the shores of Jamaica for help from Ovando, the ruffian governor of Hayti, who hoped that the great Admiral would die of hunger, neglect and old age.

There is hardly a record in world's history of a man standing up under such a storm of unceasing hardship, ingratitude and neglect as that which Columbus withstood during the last five years of his life. It may seem a strange assertion, but it is true, that he endured all this because he was one of the greatest enthusiasts and dreamers on record. He had visions of God's presence repeatedly, which he described minutely and so rhapsodically as to justify the belief that, from watching incessantly, by night and day on ship-board, and from want of sleep and proper nourishment, he was more than once perilously close to utter physical and mental prostration; and yet it was when he was thus most exhausted that he had most comfort and peace. His visions, dreams and rhapsodies then seemed to lift him above the earth, and to render him almost impervious to all trials and troubles. He then penned much that was wild and extravagant, yet, on the other hand, he still continued to exhibit the clearest sanity and good sense as a pilot, navigator and observer of all natural phenomena of winds, coasts, tides, currents and of atmosphere, sea and sky. When his vessels were in most danger, all on board trusted most to him for their extrication. In his last voyage he was looking for the strait through which he believed he could pass into the Indian Ocean. And it is a remarkable fact that, though more than 12,000 miles distant from the coveted Malacca, he was yet close to that Isthmus where nature had most nearly come to making a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

Wonder and admiration at the work of these old navigators is perhaps not so much elicited by what they did, wonderful as that was, as by the absurdly inadequate instruments with which they accomplished their work. Their vessels were small, and with poor sailing qualities because of their shape above the water and their lines below it. They were unable to sail close to the wind. Their height out of water forward and aft, great weight of top-hamper and wretched arrangement of sails were also all against them; while the instruments used for finding latitude and longitude were rude and unreliable, especially in the latter point.

Before Columbus got to sea at all, he was nearly worn out in weary efforts for eighteen years to convince first Portugal and lastly Spain that the world was round, and that the people at the Antipodes would not fall into the sky because they were apparently standing upside down. He had also to convince bigots that neither the Scriptures nor the fathers of the church had ever forbidden western navigation. When all of these facts are remembered, it will be seen that, great as Magellan was, Columbus was still greater. He first robbed unknown seas of their most dreaded terrors, and first demonstrated that the majority of these terrors were pure bugaboos. He thus did as much for the peace, freedom and expansion of the human

mind as for the opening of ocean navigation and the discovery of a new world.

The nature is not a noble one that can contemplate the lives, trials and triumphs of these men—working constantly in weakness, both as to means and knowledge, but with neither fear or trembling—without feelings akin to what is called hero worship. Those who most admire are the persons most likely to imitate them, in some of the heroic mental qualities with which their work was most strongly characterized. Each of them in work and study was an "Admiral sailing the high seas of thought," before he developed into an admiral in geographical discovery. Spain and Portugal, in their decline and comparative senility, can never have their greatness wholly effaced, while it is remembered that they either gave birth to or developed such heroic wrestlers with ignorance and obstacles—such men of men, such kings of discovery. Thoughtful men, not recognizing in the production of material wealth the greatest end of life, would find it hard to say which was of the most value to the world—the wealth of the new seas, continents and islands these men gave to it, or their imperishable record of patience and perseverance in the face of obstacles that were held to be insuperable and were nearly always appalling. They went out as explorers; they came back conquerors. Nature stamped them as kings, and the universal verdict of mankind is that their imperishable deeds place them in the world's niche of fame and greatness. There they must remain while time lasts and true greatness elicits admiration.

THE FIRST AMERICANS.

THE FLOWER AND THE BIRD.

BY C. P. NETTLETON.

We had said, "In the flower
There can linger no power,
Its petals are fragile and weak."
Yet it lifted a soul
From the abyss of dole,
To the splendor of purity's peak.

We had said of the bird,
"It will never be heard
In a song that will soothe sorrow's smart."
Yet a poet thanked God,
As he bent to the sod,
That its singing had opened his heart.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

IT is not my purpose to discuss the engineering problem involved in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. The route has been investigated for quite a half century by the ablest and most experienced of the engineers' profession, and not alone by those whose work has been under private employment, but by engineers detailed at different times by the government. Several routes have been examined, and the Nicaragua has been pronounced the best of all. The route is feasible, and in every point of view the enterprise appears to be practicable. It seems to me that this point has passed out of the arena of debate.

The cost of the work has been variously estimated; the latest I have seen, and I believe it to be the highest, is $87,000,000. The company engaged in its construction proposes to raise in some way $100,000,000—an excess of $13,000,000 above the estimated cost—to pay interest till the canal is in operation, and to provide for contingencies that may arise. The sum is not large if the patronage the canal shall receive proves to be any-

thing like what is predicted and seems probable. There are differences of views as to how the canal shall be constructed and controlled when in operation. As it will prove most advantageous to our own commerce, and as under public control excessive profits will not be made on the money invested, there is a prevailing sentiment that the Government should build it, and manage it after it is built; that it should be free to American shipping, and a tax imposed on foreign patrons only to an extent that is necessary to pay the expense of management and repair and a reasonable income on the cost of construction. The Government has built the Des Moines Canal, improved the channels connecting the great lakes, blasted the rocks at Hell Gate in the harbor of New York in order to facilitate navigation through Long Island Sound, jetteed the mouth of the Mississippi River, narrowed the channel and revetted the banks of that river at many points from Cairo to the mouth, and has expended immense sums during the last seventy years in improvement of rivers and harbors in every part of the nation. To build the Nicaragua Canal out of the public moneys would be in accord with the policy that has so long prevailed, and is clearly within conceded constitutional authority. In some quarters, however, it is held that this cannot be done on account of existing treaties with other powers; or that consent to this cannot now be obtained from the State of Nicaragua, as the Government of that State has granted the necessary privilege to build the canal to a corporation chartered by Congress. The proposition pending is for the general Government to indorse its bonds to the extent of $100,000,000, on such terms and restrictions as will give the Government control of the management of the canal, and secure it against loss. If this is the best that can now be done, the aid of the Government in the way and to the extent proposed had better be granted, as control of such a channel across the Continent cannot be permitted to a foreign nation or a foreign corporation. Such a channel in time of war —a possibility that should not be lost sight of even in these "piping times of peace"—will be of the greatest importance to this country. Hence, assistance by the Government seems to be defensible on the grounds of good policy, if not of absolute necessity. The people of this country will insist, however, that government control shall go to the extent of preventing unreasonable tolls being levied upon the commerce that shall pass through the canal. The value of such a channel of commerce to the people of the United States will become greater as time advances.

Our country is very large territorially; productions are varied, and the wants created by civilization are so extensive that an interchange of commodities has become enlarged, and a necessity to the highest human happiness. There are comparatively few necessaries or luxuries that this country does not produce, and our people are so accustomed to their consumption, that not to be able to obtain them in the widest range would be a great deprivation. General wealth is so much greater in this than in any other nation that what would be regarded as luxuries elsewhere, are here deemed necessaries of life. Our people consume more per capita than any other, and our rapidly increasing numbers and wealth render essential certain requirements which in former times would have been regarded as artificial. Demand for consumption stimulates production, and where production is most abundant consumption is greatest. We are the greatest producing nation in the world. Our domestic commerce has reached such gigantic proportions that it is now more than six times greater than the foreign commerce of Great Britain—its most important channels being from east to west, between the sections adjacent to the Atlantic and Pacific

Coasts. No section of the nation is so rapidly increasing in population and wealth development as that which comprises the Pacific States. The trade between the people of the East and West has already grown to immense proportions, and the increase in future will be in arithmetical progression. The products of California are of such character that they will be in the future, as they are now, demanded largely in the East, and if they cannot be obtained here in sufficient quantities to supply that demand they will be sought for in foreign countries.

It is most essential to the general welfare that cost of transportation should be reduced to the utmost practicable extent, otherwise interchange of commodities between the various sections of our country will be restricted and production discouraged. Cost of transportation is the crying evil in California; the people feel embarrassed and cramped in their energies, and are struggling for relief. The railroads across the continent were constructed at great cost, and their maintenance and operation are and always will be expensive. Complaints of the excessive rates of transportation are universal; our grain, and especially our fruits and wines are cut off from the markets of our own country by competition of foreigners, who can produce more cheaply and are subject to less cost for transportation. The transportation problem is among the greatest which now confronts the American people. That by water should be and is cheaper than that by rail, and for the very good reason that the railway track is built with money, and its maintenance is expensive. The track of the ship at sea is provided and maintained by nature. It is true the Nicaragua Canal will be built with money, and its care and management will be attended with some expense, but it is an inconsiderable part in point of distance of the route over which ships must travel from one side of the continent to the other. Its construction, therefore, ought to materially lessen the charges for trans-continental transportation. It will inevitably produce that result unless there is a combination between rail and water lines to maintain high rates. This, however, will not likely take place, as such an arrangement would have the effect to divert traffic from the ships, and would not add to the profits of ship owners. Land and water lines are usually persistent in their rivalries, and there is such a feeling in the country against railroads on account of their excessive charges, as they are believed to be, that it might be perilous for the roads to combine with and subsidize steamship lines in order to perpetuate exorbitant charges. Such combination is a remote possibility.

That not very high tolls would pay expenses of repairs and management of the canal, and a sum sufficient to pay interest and principal of the bonds, can hardly be doubted, for traffic from the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts and from Europe — destined northward as far as there is any appreciable trade, and southward as far as Chili on the Pacific Coast—would find it advantageous to patronize the canal on account of the great distance that would be saved; and the same would be true as to return traffic. It would seem that the patronage must become so great that with extremely moderate tolls, the revenues would speedily become large. Inter-continental commerce would also be diverted to that route, and from the trans-continental railroads. It would not only take from that which is now carried by way of the Horn and the Isthmus, but by the Canadian Pacific, which has become so serious a rival of our own trans-continental rail lines. Freights from China, Japan and other Asiatic countries destined to the eastern part of British America ought to be cheaper than by the Canadian Pacific.

To lessen the cost of transportation would enhance values of California

productions and give stimulant to the development of the State's resources. Our products are already of large variety and immense in quantity, and are destined to reach almost incomprehensible proportions. We now need all the markets we can get in the East, and in future the need will be greater; but it will be impossible for us to command them in competition with foreign producers, if they have any substantial advantage in the cost of transportation. No part of the nation will be more benefited by the Nicaragua Canal than California. The canal will enhance the importance of San Francisco as a commercial center; as a distributing point its territory has been invaded on the north and on the south by rail lines leading from the East to the principal cities of Washington and Oregon, and to Los Angeles. It will be the terminus of all steamship lines to this coast. Their ships may call at ports southward, but they will hardly extend their voyages northward, and their cargoes will largely be distributed from this city. So also will exports concenter here. Carrying upon the sea is now most largely done by regular steamship lines whose termini are the larger cities, from which merchandise is distributed to points of consumption. There has been a tendency to this for more than a third of a century, ever since iron ships have come into use, and it has been demonstrated that building those of large tonnage is economical and safer. Regularity in departure and arrival is a feature that has become regarded as essential to success. Concentration will be greater than it now is, for the great cities are better supplied with facilities for reaching trade districts than the smaller ones. In my humble judgment, the trade of San Francisco will be immeasurably increased by the construction of the canal; and since trade causes active demand for money, it gives impetus to industrial development.

The disclosure in Paris of the corruption in connection with the Panama Canal is unfortunate, and especially at this time. It may have the effect to deter Senators and Representatives from giving support to any measure of assistance for the Nicaragua enterprise. There are suspicious people the world over, and there are also men who shrink from doing what their better judgment commands through fear of assault or criticism. Because the support of deputies and other French officials was purchased, it ought not to be presumed that American Congressmen were purchased, should they support a reasonable measure of aid to this great American project. The plan has been frankly laid before the public and has received the fullest consideration, both through the newspapers and in public meetings. Sentiment seems to be quite unanimous in favor of doing what may be necessary to secure the construction of this great national highway; it is a matter in which all parts of the country are interested to a greater or less extent. In my opinion, support of it by Senators and Representatives will not be criticised, but approved. The Panama Canal was a scheme of Louis Napoleon when he meditated conquests of the countries in the southern part of North America. Without this the Panama Canal would be of no more consequence to France than to other commercial nations of Europe, as it would not connect her possessions, or constitute a necessary channel of commerce between her and her dependencies. There are those who doubt the practicability of the Panama scheme, and it is certain, if the opinions of engineers are to control, that the Nicaragua enterprise is by far the most feasible. The canal under discussion affords facilities, especially to the American people, for intercourse between the extremes of the country. It is a scheme to promote our best interests, and to support any reasonable measure would not be regarded as proceeding from corrupt influences, but from the highest patriotic motives.

WOMAN IN COMMERCIAL HORTICULTURE.

BY MAGGIE DOWNING BRAINARD.

TREES, flowers and vegetables are to-day offering possibilities, commercially and otherwise, as a reward to woman's tact and energy not exceeded by any other field. Facts from all parts of the world demonstrate it. Paris alone, during the winter season, spends $200,000 on lilies-of-the-valley. A lady living near New York City has paid the rent of an expensive place by good management of greenhouses.

In the Southern States, at the close of the war, negro labor was so demoralized that exclusive cotton planting was considered impracticable, and a struggle for bare existence was maintained for years, until the gradual drifting into the shipping of fruits and vegetables to Northern markets brought prosperity once more to the land. Women of culture and refinement were the first to embark in the new enterprise. The first barrel of cucumbers shipped from the South after the war by a Georgia lady netted her $100. Tomatoes were next tried in Mississippi; then peas, beans and other vegetables followed with wonderful success. Even little children caught the exciting fever and cultivated their miniature patches with enthusiasm. The old cotton districts were turned suddenly into gardens and experiment stations, and box factories sprung up as a new necessity. The pioneers, however, had much to contend with in the way of discouragements from croakers, as well as contending against long existing habits and customs.

My own orchard was the second planted for commercial purposes in what is now the fruit belt of central Mississippi; that of Capt. J. R. Eggleston, the largest peach shipper of that State, being the first. In order to fully understand every principle tending to success, I engaged our leading nurseryman, Geo. H. Hudson, to come and practically instruct me in root-trimming, top pruning and planting. Following out these lessons, I personally superintended laying out my own orchard plot and the pruning and planting of every tree. This was something heretofore unheard of for a lady to do. I cannot express the pleasure I felt in my new experience, notwithstanding the merriment my old poke sun-bonnet, short dress and thick shoes afforded my friends, as well as the general passing public on the near highway.

Nothing daunted, I next turned my attention to shipping cut flowers to various Northern cities. Single blue violets readily netted me twenty-five cents per hundred; double ones forty cents; daffodils forty-five cents; Cape Jessamine buds sold for one dollar per hundred, and "pussy willow" blooms three dollars and fifty cents per bushel.

I gathered these last along the creek banks and the edges of the swamps.

This success, however, did not come in a day, but was brought about by a final perfection in packing, which was learned by the closest study, hard work and plenty of experience. Daffodils grew plentifully in all the old home gardens, but the idea that there was any money value in the blossoms was a revelation, and the owners thought me crazy when I offered them even a very moderate price for them. They were so profitable that I set out to gather a quantity of the bulbs to plant in rows around the orchard fence. My financial success which had been whispered around gave such encouragement to others that I found myself followed in every new pursuit, and watched with hawk-eyes to see what new venture I might undertake. This sometimes gave rise to ludicrous mistakes on the part of the sly observers.

I remember once I had been out gathering bulbs, and on my return passed through town with a wagonload of daffodil roots. Of course, a few of them peeped out from under the corner of the blanket and caught the eye of a very smart and enterprising village speculator. He conjectured at once that they were onions, and without waiting to find out anything more definite in the matter, hurriedly went from place to place and bought up all the onions he could secure at quite a little advance on the going price. He had them all ready to ship before he found out his mistake, and that onions were not even paying freight. So much for trying to defeat a woman.

I obtained my primitive ideas of shipping cut flowers from Miss Irene Newman of Crystal Springs, Mississippi, who was the first woman who successfully shipped roses from that State to Northern markets. She belongs to one of the first families of the State, is highly educated, refined and accomplished, and a genuine type of the woman of the New South. Full of energy, she was among the first to catch the new spirit of enterprise. Guided by keen executive abilities and wonderful foresight, she entered the field of horticulture with the ardor of a lover, and soon became one of the most successful fruit, flower and vegetable growers of what is now known as the "Hub" of Southern horticulture. She found that early tomatoes generally brought from four to six dollars per bushel; beans two and one-half to four and one-half dollars per bushel; peas about the same price; cucumbers from ten to twenty-four dollars per barrel; that early radishes brought what might seem exorbitant prices; peaches four and one-half per bushel, and strawberries twenty-five cents per quart. She raised one crop of radishes on a little plot of land thirty by sixty feet and sold it for over forty dollars.

Miss Newman learns much each year by informing herself of the general experience of the people who attend the horticultural conventions, and whatever she finds will be least planted, that, she knows, will be in greater demand; so she is seldom caught on an overstocked market, and by being on time, gets the highest prices. She has invented a method by which rosebuds are transplanted in water as far north as Peoria, Illinois, and are as beautiful and fresh on arrival there as when first packed. For these she gets extra prices, and is now receiving orders from many northern cities.

Mrs. Jennie Kern, of Natches, Miss., has turned her attention especially to propagating and shipping camellias. Reared, like the majority of rich Southern planters' children, in luxury and indolent ease, this woman, by force of circumstances, has developed into one of the most enterprising of her sex, and is an ornament and an honor to her native State. Other branches of horticulture come under her supervision and judgment, but local and foreign trade in camellias is the great object with her. She has invented her own method of packing and shipping, and her flowers often

bring from twenty-five to thirty cents apiece. From November to February she is kept busy in this line.

Camellias are especially adapted to California soil and climate. I know a lady who has sold twenty dollars' worth from two medium sized bushes in a single winter.

Mrs. Georgia McBride, a resident of the "Willows," a suburb of San Jose, California, has met with remarkable success in fruit-growing. Formerly from St. Louis, Mo., she was left in early life a widow with four little boys, the oldest scarcely eight years of age, and the youngest not two. Coming to California on account of bad health she remained six years and then returned to Missouri, thinking to educate her children there more advantageously. In this she soon saw her mistake. Determined to teach her boys to be industrious and self-supporting, she paid them wages to work during vacations or leisure hours, but soon discovered that they were subletting their contract—employing free negroes to do the work for half the amount she paid them, and devoting their own time to play. This she saw would never do, and at once made up her mind to return to California and buy a ranch, concluding that for lack of sub-letting facilities the boys would be forced to become personally industrious.

She invested in a wheat field near the "Willows" at $125 per acre, the stubble on it standing thick and tall. This proved to be a most lucky piece of land for her, being finely adapted to the growth of cherries, apricots and prunes, the choicest varieties for future market. At that time more attention had been paid to growing apples and pears, but the Codlin moth became very destructive to both of them, and the pernicious scale was ruinous both to them and to the white cherries. She therefore planted the black Tartarian which knows no enemies, and the whole of her thirty-eight acres, except two, were planted in the other stone fruits under her own personal supervision and judgment aided by her boys. The latter, it is fair to say, found the climate of California to be a great promoter of industrious habits. For the next four years she did all the pruning on the whole thirty-six acres. The third year she gathered six tons of prunes from five acres, and in the fifth year her apricots brought her $260.

Of the original number of acres she has sold five, and has given her oldest son a ten-acre orchard in full bearing. Her home place now contains twenty-three acres, on which there are planted 1,500 prune trees, 100 Blenheim apricots, 150 Tartarian cherries, 200 Napoleon bigarreau cherries and 400 Muir peaches—making 2,350 trees in all. Of these, 1,100 prune trees in bearing last season netted her $2,700, and her cherries and apricots between $300 and $400 more. In addition to this, 300 young prune trees will come into bearing this year, and the cherries and apricots, which bore lightly last year are promising a heavy crop, so that the trees are likely to double their yield the present season. The white cherries and Muir peaches are only two years old.

She went into the orchard business not knowing one tree from another, but her one stimulus in this great undertaking for a woman was the raising of her boys by the force of example. She knew that to say to them "Come" would have more weight than to say "Go," and so she went, taking the lead.

Imagine a delicately raised, refined woman, used to all the luxuriant surroundings of a fashionable and wealthy city life, and possessing money wherewith to indulge in every fancy, giving up all this to enter a field of labor in order to more surely lay the foundation of a perfect character, through industry, in her children, and you have before you an example of what man worships and God blesses—a model mother and a true woman. Observation and close study of insects and tree pests has enabled her to fight these enemies so successfully that her trees are noted for their beauty, thrift and

clean appearance. She has never had a foreman, and only hires help during the season of picking and drying fruit. She has her own dryer, cures all her own fruit, and always gets the highest market price.

In addition to all this she was the architect of her own home. Plans for homes at that time seemed all alike. This one plan did not suit her, and she was told no others could be furnished. She then went to work on her own plan, drew her own design and presented it to the architect who was forced to see its feasibility, and readily supplied the technical details for her drawings. This house, thus erected under her directions, in build and finish, is one of the most charming, delightful homes in Santa Clara Valley. It contains every modern improvement and invention, perfect ventilation and sun exposure in every room. Large weeping willows planted by her own hand spread their great sheltering drooping branches far around, sweeping the ground like a gently-waving, leafy curtain, and enclosing within its circle the most complete of summer bowers a poet's fancy could create. Beds of lilies, roses and violets mingle their perfume with the orchard fragrance, and brighten the scene with iris, fairest of pencil dyes.

Another model fruit and vegetable grower is Mrs. Sarah T. Ingall, also of the "Willows," and formerly of New York city. Her two orchards, one of ten acres on Cherry Avenue, and one of twelve acres on Hicks Avenue, are monuments of woman's success in fruit growing. Possessing capital and executive ability, this woman of refinement has fully proven the reward that is to be found in fruit-raising for her sex. Her attractive home and independent income are advertisements stronger than words of her successful management. The places are planted in prunes, cherries and apricots. In 1887, from these two places the apricots and cherries alone sold for $5,000. She cures her own fruit on the premises, having a large drying house with a capacity of four and a half tons per day. Originally she used a steam pump for irrigating purposes, and with the aid of a Chinaman to replenish the fire, learned to manage the engine with her own hands. She found the water almost indispensable in increasing the quantity and excellence of her fruit. She still irrigates, but finds it more convenient to buy the water from the irrigating works of a neighbor.

On buying her orchards she knew nothing practically of their cultivation. At that time the industry, as regards pruning, washes and insects, was in its infancy, and experiments, successful as well as disastrous, were common. Some advocated pruning; others would hang the sign, "Noli me tangere" on every tree. Close observation and conversation with practical people guided her, and in this careful way she found success and safety. She has in bearing 400 cherries, 700 prunes, 1,450 apricots and peaches. Her cherry orchard is one of the finest in the State. Three and a half acres last year netted her $2,000. From her cherry trees she gathered twenty-seven tons; twenty of black and seven of white. This entire crop she handled herself. Besides this she dried and shipped to the East three full car-loads of dried fruit, consisting of prunes, apricots and peaches. In addition to fruit growing, Mrs. Ingall also cultivates cucumbers under glass for Winter market; these she readily disposes of in local market at four dollars per dozen. Her arrangements are extensive for this special pursuit, and yet the demand is greater than she can supply.

Mrs. Henry Barroillhet, near San Mateo, California, once the wife of one of San Francisco's most popular bankers, and a reigning belle, stands at the head of the local cut-flower shipping trade of to-day. Whatever she favors for floral decoration is paramount in the beau monde. Her husband was manager of the bank of Bellec & Co., at San Francisco. Here they lived in princely

style. Through the mismanagement of the French branch both banks failed, and Henry Barroillhet gave up everything he owned to his creditors. He died a few months afterward of a broken heart, leaving his wife without even the remnant of a fortune. The blow that stunned the man aroused the woman to action. When she was told they had no home, she bravely replied: "Yes, we have;" and called to mind an old house on some land her father had given her years before. To this spot she repaired, and with the aid of a faithful domestic, hammers and nails were used, paint-brushes and brooms were handled with fingers used only to the diamond's glitter, until a comfortable home stood in the place neglect had rendered desolate. At the husband's death she was too independent to seek for help. New to self support, she seized the first opportunity which presented itself—the cultivation and sale of flowers. She now owns one hundred and forty acres of fine land, all in cultivation. Seven acres are in orchard. Five acres are in violets, with an increase of fifteen more this Fall. Seven acres are in chrysanthemums, while roses, lilies and other flowers come in for a big share of the acreage. Two thousand eucalyptus trees, three thousand pines and sequoias and other trees are very profitable, the leaves and branches being used as evergreens in decoration. The best testimonial to the beauty of her flowers and the favor with which they are regarded by San Francisco is the fact that about 8,000 chrysanthemums, 2,000 bunches of violets, 800 to 1,000 Duchesse de Brabant roses, to say nothing of other varieties, are daily shipped during their seasons. Her specialty, however, is in violets, for which she receives $2.50 per dozen bunches. Chrysanthemums bring from one to five cents apiece, governed by size rather than color or beauty. This season there were 18,000 chrysanthemum plants in bloom, including 275 of the finest Japanese varieties, beautiful beyond description. For beauty of form, richness and delicacy of coloring, as well as perfection in size, none could surpass them.

On this highly cultivated country site is found some of the grandest scenery in the State. This, together with the great beauty and perfection of the highly cultivated floral grounds, makes the spot a fair Eden of America. Mrs. Barroillhet personally attends to the cultivation, irrigation, gathering, packing and shipping of this mammoth trade, knowing every detail, and employing of course the most trusted help. She accomplishes this great work with an ease and accuracy excelled by none. She is a noble, generous woman, devoted to the memory of her husband, a fond lover of Nature, an earnest Christian, and the leading aim of her life is to help the needy and unfortunate.

A real rose ranch and a practical manufactory for the extraction of perfumes from flowers and plants, is to be found in the foothills near Los Gatos, managed by Mrs. Janie Whittell, the wife of Dr. A. P. Whittell of San Francisco. The farm consists of sixteen acres—a small valley and gently rolling hills. The Rose du Provence is the one specially cultivated for the rose perfume. This is a semi-double, pink-tinted rose with foliage of a roughened surface and having a peculiar fragrance in itself. Several acres are also devoted to a special type, a species of rose geranium which grows well and develops a large amount of essential oil, in which the perfume is concentrated. The "cassia," a shrub of the acacia family, the bitter orange and some other plants are also cultivated with much care.

Mrs. Whittell resided with her husband some time at Grasse, and other places in France where the raising of fragrant flowers and the extraction of perfumes has been made a lifetime business for many generations, and so, from actual practice, she has thoroughly learned the business of perfume extraction. All the flowers and plants on this California rose farm were im-

ported from France in order to insure genuineness and high grade stock. Mrs. Whittell fully understands the process of extraction by *enfleurage* as well as by distillation, although the latter process was mostly used last season. She expects to be prepared to purchase flowers and fragrant plants which may be raised by ladies of the vicinity, under her direction, in large quantities. Samples of rose and rose geranium made last year were equal to the finest imported, and Mrs. Whittell may be written down as a successful leader in this branch of horticulture so well adapted to women.

Miss Kate Sessions of Santa Barbara will, in another year, show what a little woman can do when she tries. Her grounds are now a perfect experiment station, principally for the propagation of bulbs, and raising seeds for Eastern markets. She is also very enthusiastic on the subject of perfumes, and thinks it a most profitable coming industry for women.

Miss Anna McConnell of Elk Grove, California, although a beginner in floriculture, is making it a most wonderful success. Her specialty is propagating and selling the finest varieties of chrysanthemums. Last year she issued her first catalogue, in which she enumerated only ninety of her best varieties. She has now 325 of the rarest Japanese specimens, many of which are the prize flowers of last November. Miss McConnell went into the business more for pleasure and physical benefit than remuneration, and is so delighted with general good results that she advises all women to "Burn up their embroidery, drawn work, knitting, etc., and have a garden, however small, with a view to dissipating headaches and weak nerves by working in the fresh air and sunlight."

"Out of bitter seeds have come some of the fairest harvests." This has been said in connection with Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr and her wonderful home "Carmelita." In 1877 she bought forty-three acres of pasture land in the San Gabriel valley, near where Pasadena now stands. It was then a barren stretch of land on which the sheep-herd fed, and was thickly infested with rabbits, gophers and squirrels. With but little money and no help, save her own hands, this brave little woman conceived the idea of making this infested wilderness not only a blooming garden, but also a paying one. It was hard to start—hard and slow. The first year, seven acres were reclaimed and planted in citrus fruit. The second year, fourteen more were planted in walnut trees and pomegranates. The third, ten acres more were planted in orchard and vines, and in the fourth, the last trees were placed in the ground.

The house in which she was living was the merest shanty, but she had planted vines about it which grew swiftly and festooned lovingly over the old shabby walls, crooked windows and low casings until the barnlike effect had entirely disappeared. Her invalid husband sat at the open window and watched her as she went from post to post in her outdoor work. From sunrise to sunset she worked; no hired laborer worked so hard, no man in the whole country worked harder than she—this frail little woman. Husband and wife had both filled important chairs as members of college faculties, but he was now an invalid and she could not leave him. Besides she loved an outdoor life, and was passionately fond of trees and plants. These thoughts alone stimulated her to greater toil.

Completing her orchard she turned her attention to building a house. Five years from the time she bought her sheep pasture at seventy-five dollars per acre, the same land, on account of the locating and building of Pasadena, had risen to $2,000 per acre. She was thus enabled to build her house which is of redwood, picturesque and commodious enough to accommodate many people. Hand and brainwork combine to ornament the interior and give pleasure to the most fastidi-

ous connoisseurs of art, literature and science. The ornamental grounds and winding paths are beauties of poetic creation. In the open spaces are myriads of rarest flowers, and the borders in colored foliage plants are remarkably beautiful. This place in itself is a grand advertisement for California. It is said no other place in the State has so fine a collection of trees and plants, vines and flowers. Drives are shaded by vines, mulberries, maples, hawthorns, acacias, palms, yews, cedars and cypresses. Hedges are made of cypress, limes, pomegranates and roses. And then her vineyards! Forty-three kinds of imported varieties as well as the principal American ones, numbering in all 13,000. Besides the citrus fruits, her orchard contains apples, thirty varieties; plums, twenty-five varieties; persimmons, twelve; mulberries, ten; and these in addition to apricot, cherry, fig, guava, jujube, loquat, prunes, pears and peaches. Of small fruits she has ten varieties—strawberry, raspberry and blackberry. Of nut trees there are English walnut, almond, butternut, beechnut, chestnut, hickory, pecan and filbert.

Who can read this list and say that a woman cannot succeed in horticulture?

Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd, of Ventura, California, is famous as a seed and bulb grower, and is probably the pioneer woman in that industry on the Pacific Coast. Nine years ago this wonderfully energetic woman formed the idea of growing bulbs and seeds for Eastern markets. Her plan was greatly strengthened by a letter received from Peter Henderson, of New York, in which he said: "I am certain that California before fifty years will be the great seed and bulb growing country of the world. You have the exact condition of climate necessary to grow seeds, and I would advise you at once to begin systematically."

As I get it from her own lips, she commenced on a lot four hundred by two hundred feet in size, fronting on the main street of Ventura. Poverty was not, as some have reported, the impetus to the undertaking, for her husband is a well-to-do lawyer, able and glad to support his family. The love of enterprise and Nature was born in the woman, and her especial love for flowers developed in her girlhood. It was these inborn traits which laid the foundation of an industry that will in future years be one of the chief pursuits of the State.

Pioneers seldom get either sympathy in trials or encouragement in perseverance, and Mrs. Shepherd was no exception to the rule. Realizing that her husband had as much on his shoulders as he could bear, she determined to work this enterprise alone. With her own hands she toiled from morning till the night. Three weeks would cover the whole time in which, during the first year, she received any help. The next year she had a man for six months who worked for a neighbor two days out of every week to help pay his salary. After that time she was able to pay him herself. After the third year she kept two men, and now employs five, besides one woman, and her eldest daughter finds full employment as book-keeper and secretary. In a short time she expects a woman assistant. She has added five acres more to the original garden, on which she grows seeds and bulbs. Her resources have all been within herself. Imagine, then, what powers of planning and abilities to execute lie within this one frail, delicate body who, many predicted, must die early from feebleness of organization.

She has determined to make Ventura county the center of this special branch of horticulture, and will eventually succeed. At first, seeds and bulbs, grown by an unknown woman, naturally fell dead upon the market. Everywhere she was met by the same answer—"We get our supplies from Europe." Undaunted by these rebuffs, she adopted the method of exchange. This was charily accepted,

and then in seeds or plants of little value. Still she persevered, exchanging very largely for ornaments for home decoration. Finally, all at once, the Eastern dealers waked up to the superior quality of California grown seeds, and that the bulbs were better than the European importations, until the demand became greater than the supply. In nearly every mail orders came from all parts of the United States, from Europe, Australia, the Sandwich Islands and South America. She now grows largely by contract, producing hundreds of pounds of seeds, thousands of calla bulbs and other plants and roots in the same proportion, every year.

Mrs. Shepherd has been urged by friends to deal only in specialties, such as she can grow best, they telling her that there is more money in such a course, but it is not money alone that she works for. She has plans, and these plans are not satisfied with specialties. She is a wonderful collector, and proposes to make her miniature farm a supply depot of everything that is rare and valuable within the limits of her climate and locality, and the possibilities of these are very great. Her experiments and marvelous success as a hybridizer will reveal unheard of wonders to the botanical world in a few years. Her novelties are now attracting widespread attention and admiration. Mrs. Shepherd has opened up another gold mine of infinite value to California. She has proven that within the bosom of the soil lie hidden treasures of germination whose existence was unknown.

Horticulture has been added to the curriculum of nearly all English female colleges. Why should not the United States make the same advancement, and thus make the road as easy for woman as for man, when the same pursuit seems as well adapted to the one as to the other?

THE BROKEN HARP.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

My golden harp lay broken on the floor—
My shattered hopes among its parted strings.
Ah, who can know the joy of him who sings,
Or grief of him whose heart will sing no more!
'Twas not for me to add unto the store
Of golden thoughts in sweet pathetic rhyme,
That lofty bards had given to their time—
Not e'en one thought, one little maxim more.
But I had lived to sing a noble strain,
That thought let fall from off a burning pen,
To raise the souls and touch the lives of men.

Long years rolled by—the harp ne'er spoke again,
But love still labored on through grief and wrong,
And made one life a pure, immortal song.

SOME CALIFORNIA WRITERS.

BY AN AMIABLE CRITIC.

TO describe the curious outcroppings of literary ability in California would require an article by itself. In their violation of fixed law, these outcroppings resemble the appearance of gold and silver ledges. Not even the old miner can predict with certainty that a promising ledge will yield any ore. In the same way the first "panning out" of a bright mind may be the last; or, on the other hand, the most unpromising "color" may end in a literary "lead" that will endure for years and yield the richest returns. Most of the writers who have made California well known in literature were born at the East, but all received their strongest impressions here, and all reflect faithfully this far Western life, which is as distinct from that of the East as this climate of rainless summer is distinct from that which brings showers in July.

It is difficult to analyze the charm of the best Californian literature, but of its existence there can be no doubt. Something it possesses of that outlandish quality which marks the Anglo-Indian literature that finds its best expression in Kipling's stories; but it has more than mere strangeness of name and of scene to recommend it. No alien race pervades it, as the Hindoo pervades Kipling's romances. The Anglo-Saxon is dominant here, but he has suffered a sea change in his voyaging to this coast. He is broader in his views than his Eastern brother; he has more hearty sympathies, takes greater risks, recovers more speedily from crushing failure, believes less in name and family and blood and far more in individual stamina and character. He is a curious combination of opposing traits, and upon him the Indian and the Spanish-American have both had their influence. With his daring is mingled much of the superstition of the savage, and between periods of intense activity he knows how to enjoy that complete idleness which the California sun makes so full of recuperative influences. To describe the life of the early Argonaut, who revealed his passions as people uncover their inner nature on shipboard, requires a certain sympathy with lawless character, and an intimate acquaintance with a life that has never had a parallel in this country or any other; but it is not so difficult as to paint accurately the life that succeeded the gold-hunting period, with its newly enriched millionaires and its peculiar grafting of the refinements of an old civilization upon the vigorous, unrestrained Californian.

It is the purpose of this article to call attention mainly to those Californian writers who have done good work, yet who are little known outside of their own State. It is not the fortune of every writer to make a lucky hit and to gain a name that is worth much in the sale of story, sketch or poem. It is the misfortune of many very clever Californian writers that all their best work has been done for newspapers and magazines. Admirable though it be, it is yet fugitive, and extremely difficult to bring together and make presentable in book form. Then, too, the distance from New York, the main publishing center, renders it almost impossible for the far Western author to establish personal relations with the publishing houses that go so far to insure the success of his writings. Hence we have here the singular spectacle of a great body of uncommonly clever and

distinctly original literary work that is buried under the dust of newspaper and magazine files. Genius, of course, breaks loose from all such bonds as these, and emancipates itself; but the literary geniuses produced in California may be counted on the fingers of a single hand. Scores of writers of undoubted talent there are, who have been cribbed and confined by their environment, and it is the exception when they have been able to break through their trammels and give to the world the best that is in them.

With the Californian writers, who have gained fame in two worlds, it is not my purpose to linger. Everyone knows the biography and the work of Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller. It is like carrying coals to Newcastle to print anything in regard to these three men, who are still doing work equal to their best. The Californian naturally knows many of the faults and foibles of these famous authors, because he has watched them in the process of evolution into celebrities. Yet no follies can detract from their undoubted genius. They all bear what Lowell so finely called the broad arrow-mark of originality. They all have the Californian impress that makes their slightest work smack of the new strong soil.

Mark Twain would never have written his "Innocents Abroad" without the training that he received in Nevada and California. The development of his native keen sense of humor was greatly aided by his life on the Comstock, where the practical joke flourishes like the sagebrush. His lawless, irreverent attitude toward all that history has accepted, which is a constant source of wonder and amusement to the European reader of his "Innocents," is simply a reflex of the Nevada way of looking upon the universe.

The same mental peculiarity may be found in the dwellers in California mountains and deserts. The stories told to-day in the camps of freighters on the edge of Death Valley and among prospectors in the mountains that look out upon the desolate Colorado Desert, have the same element of the grotesque and the ridiculous that are found in the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras." So, too, the incidents in many of Harte's short stories are taken direct from real life. Anyone who lived in the mines in the early days knows of the counterpart of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat;" and "Tennessee's Pardner," revealed a drama played so many times that it ceased to attract any notice.

No one has ever equaled Bret Harte in his idealizing touch. He preserves faithfully local color and local customs; he reflects California scenery in a way which gives a wanderer from this State a touch of homesickness; yet he invariably represents his characters not as they are in real life, but as they ought to be to properly fill his picturesque background. Between his types of Quixotic far-western chivalry and the real tobacco-chewing California pioneer there is all the difference that exists between Cooper's noble red man and the real Indian who delighted to shoot an enemy in the back, or to turn a dishonest penny by bartering the shame of his squaw. That intangible line between the real and the ideal cannot be discovered in Harte's characters, and often among purely fanciful characters one comes upon such a masterpiece of realism as the newly enriched Harcourt, in one of Harte's latest stories, who in his dubious rise to fortune, and his patronizing manner of encouraging the younger generation to tread the paths of virtue which he has avoided, might be a photograph from life of one of our unesteemed millionaires.

Joaquin Miller has the poetic developed even more strongly than Bret Harte, and he is by far the ablest writer now on this coast. He always sees things in pictures, and his pictures are full of life and color. Though his characters may be wild and fantastic, and his incidents unreal, yet so great is the illusion of the scene

that he paints and so powerful the glamour of his genius, that we unconsciously lose sight of what is fantastic, and see only what is genuinely human. Miller apparently has never made any pretense of keeping within reach of truth or reality. His autobiography, known as "Life Among the Modocs," is the wildest romance. The poet in him is so fully developed that he can never bring himself to spoil a picturesque story with the prosaic touch of truth. He allowed the British to fancy that he had served as a lad under Walker in Nicaragua, when the simple facts were that he never saw the gray-eyed man of Destiny, nor did his eyes ever behold the scenes that witnessed Walker's brief triumphs. Yet such is the clairvoyance of the true poet, that he has given the finest picture ever drawn of the famous filibuster chief, and he has painted Nicaragua as Lafcadio Hearn has depicted the West Indies. Much of Miller's work has the cloying sweetness of Swinburne's alliterative verse—verse written for the ear and not for the mind—but he is head and shoulders above any other living poet in this country in native genius and in command of the resources of melody. His prose, too, like that of most poets, is admirable in its variety and its charm.

With Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller should be grouped Charles Warren Stoddard, who is not so widely known as they, but whose small body of work is perfect of its kind. Through indolence of temperament, Stoddard has written little that is in him, but his "South Sea Idyls" is enough to keep his memory green. No one has ever brought down upon paper the witchery of the South Seas as Stoddard has done. Apparently without effort he has reproduced that unique life in Hawaii which even so accomplished a literary artist as Robert Louis Stevenson has failed to adequately describe. Even his fugitive work is marked by the same literary skill. His short sketch of Father Damien, the priest who fell a martyr to his devotion to the lepers of Molokai, is full of that mingled poetry and pathos which appeals to the heart. In its moral lesson it is as powerful as the early chapters of "Les Miserables." Stoddard is a professor in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., and for ten years he has written nothing of importance save his tribute to Father Damien.

Next to these four come by right the historians who have done much to spread the fame of California, Hubert Howe Bancroft and Theodore H. Hittel. Bancroft is a peculiar character who has been greatly misunderstood. He is a singular combination of the literary enthusiast and the shrewd business man. Had he done nothing more than to gather his great library and to index it, he would have deserved the thanks of all scholars interested in the early history of this Coast. But he has had collected and digested all the mass of facts bearing on the history of the Pacific Coast from Panama to Alaska. The work of compilation has been done by many hands, but the final revision, that which makes the history what it is, is Bancroft's own. We may quarrel with his style, we may object to his offensive anti-Chinese and pro-Mormon views, but we must admit that he has tried to be fair, and that he has spent such pains as even Carlyle never knew to secure accuracy of fact and statement. Some of his books are marvels of graphic description and of condensed information. Such a work is his "History of Alaska," by far the best book on our northern territory that has ever been written. His elaborate "History of California" is also full of good things, but it is hurt, like most of his other histories, by excess of detail and by superabundance of rhetoric.

Hittell is a far smoother writer than Bancroft, and he has a better idea of proportion. His "History of California," in two volumes, is full of vivid touches; it reads like the ro-

mance that it is, for no novelist ever imagined events more startling and unexpected than have crowded the two score years of California's life.

If ten people in this State were asked to select the California writer who to-day gives evidence of the greatest literary ability, no doubt nine

AMBROSE BIERCE.

would name Ambrose Bierce. A perfect master of the technique of style—and a musical term is appropriate here because he uses language as a composer uses the scale — Bierce would now enjoy a national reputation if he had been able to look upon human nature at the normal angle. A pessimist by temperament, he has deliberately cultivated the poet's scorn of the commonplace human herd, until it is doubtful whether he could depict anything which depends for its force upon simple pathos or genuine love. Like Poe he revels in the horrible and the weird, but unlike Poe, he has not the gift of idealizing the terrible and stripping it of its revolting features. In that memory-haunting final scene of "The Fall of the House of Usher," we get one glimpse of the doomed woman who has been locked in the burial vault. That suffices for Poe. He leaves the rest to the imagination.

Bierce would not be content in such a case until he had actually described to the last detail the frenzied efforts of the imprisoned woman to escape. In one case we have an art which the Zolas and the Maupassants can never reach. In the other, we have a perverted realism that comes to look upon human agony and mere physical suffering and death as legitimate subjects for minute, photographic description. Bierce has written an admirable book of fables, and has produced many short stories that are marvels of literary workmanship; but most of his labor has been spent on subjects that have no real human interest. His "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians" contains some of his best work, but we much prefer the fables, as they come nearest to real life. His latest book is "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," a story full of strange power, in which all the divinity of true love and genuine sympathy is suggested rather than expressed. It contains some superb descriptive passages, and as a bit of mental and moral dissection of the mediæval man it is unsurpassed.

Next to Bierce must be placed Gertrude Atherton, who has gained a wide reputation during the last six years by her novels and sketches. She is a California woman, with the true literary temperament, but she

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

W. C. MORROW.

constantly vexes her admirers by exciting hopes that she does not fulfil. "What Dreams May Come," the book that first gave her a name, contains several passages of rare power—notably the great scene in the seraglio—but the book itself is disappointing. The same may be said of "Hermia Suydam," an erotic romance, whose heroine never touches the earth. Mrs. Atherton's latest work is in the field of early California romance. She has visited many of the old Spanish missions, and has gathered a mass of interesting material in regard to the idyllic pastoral life of the early Californians, which was not wanting in stormy love episodes and bits of savage vengeance. Some short stories gleaned from this field have been printed in "Blackwood" and other English periodicals. These were followed by "The Doomswoman," which may be pronounced the strongest novel ever written about Spanish Californian life. The author has reproduced here the storm and stress of the period just before the American occupation of California, and in the characters she has brought out the strength and the weakness of the Spanish nature. The story moves with the swift pace of reality; one never thinks of the actors as fictitious; and the climax has all the elements of a genuine romance, which might have been played had the pastoral life of California produced two fierce natures like the hero and the heroine of this tale. In this story she has fully restored a life that exists only in tradition. Mrs. Atherton is young, attractive and an untiring worker. She has a keen, receptive mind. She sees things clearly. She is an omnivorous reader with a tenacious memory, and with her zeal and her literary equipment she ought to make important additions to California literature.

Many good critics have placed "The Johnstown State and other Stories" next to Bret Harte's work in vigor of character-drawing, and in the art with which the peculiar scenery of the far West is brought down on paper and made real even to those who have never seen it. Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher, the author, has seen service both in the navy and the army. He is a son of Dr. Robert Fletcher, of Washington, D. C., who was a brigade surgeon in the Civil War. Young Fletcher left the navy for the army, but his health gave way in the Nez Perces campaign. He has utilized his Western service in his stories and in "A Blind Bargain"—a long novel. He has also been uncommonly successful in pleasing little people, his book "Marjorie

and Her Papa" being one of the hits of last year. It shows an instinctive knowledge of the way children think, that makes Marjorie as interesting to older readers as to those of her own age. Lieutenant Fletcher has recently had a serial story in St. Nicholas entitled "Two Girls and a Boy," and he is now at work upon a novel. He has made San Francisco his home for several years.

One of the cleverest short-story writers the Coast has yet seen is W.C. Morrow. He has the analytical faculty highly developed, and he has the French passion for clearness of form and perfection of plot. He has also the rare gift of preserving a mystery until the very moment of revealing it. "The Woman of the Inner Room" is a good example of this faculty of keeping the reader's interest on the qui vive. "A Peculiar Case in Surgery" shows another phase of the author's talent. Mr. Morrow well represents the school of romanticism as opposed to that of realism, and his ingeniously conceived situations give a charm and prominent value to whatever he writes. He has been a voluminous contributor to the daily press, and his stories are soon to be published in book form. Mr. Morrow is not a successful maker of fiction alone; he is a trained journalist, and has contributed largely to the economic literature of the State.

A writer who approaches very near to Mr. Morrow in his ability to handle realism, as applied to science or crime, is Robert Duncan Milne. There is a touch of Jules Verne's magic in Milne's brain, for he can work wonders in the heavens above and the waters beneath the earth. He has also produced some remarkable romances of crime. His latest exploit was a grimly humorous account of his experiment with the bi-chloride cure —a little masterpiece of cynical Bohemianism.

One of the youngest of the short story writers is Frank Bailey Millard, who knows California well, and who has been especially happy in depicting types of life in the mines and on the desert. His "Coyote-That-Bites" is a vivid sketch of Apache land. Mr. Millard has also sketched very faithfully the lonely life of the station agent and telegraph operator on the desert. A good specimen of his best work is "A Notch in a Principality," which appeared recently in the New England Magazine. It is a study of the hard life of a small settler on the fringe of a great California wheat ranch, and of the causes that led to the wiping out of the "notch."

A working newspaper man who has written many striking sketches of California life is Arthur McEwen. He is at his best in cynical comment on current events, and as a special correspondent he is without an equal on this Coast. He has a hearty hatred of all sham and pretense, and he has no fear of exposing it whenever it may be revealed. Mr. McEwen has written scores of short stories that are better worth gathering in book form than most of those that appear in the Eastern magazines, and eventually come out in bound volumes.

A man who would have a national reputation as a humorist if he could write as well as he talks, is Sam Davis of Carson, Nevada. Sam, as he is known to all the newspaper fraternity, holds the belt as the champion exaggerator of the sage-brush State. He has a dry humor not unlike that of Bill Nye, and many of his sketches of Nevada celebrities and of the adventures of the tenderfoot in the wilds of Carson are as diverting as the work of Mark Twain.

There is little literary quality in "Mr. Barnes of New York," but the dash and go of the story made "Archie" Gunter known all over the country. Gunter was bred in San Francisco and started out as a playwright. His ingenuity in devising plots and dramatic situations in plays made his fortune as a writer of stories that are especially suited to

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

reading on a train or at a summer resort. He is now at work on a new story which will deal with fresh phases of Western life.

A poet and essayist who has done his best work in California is John Vance Cheney, for five years the head of the Free Public Library of San Francisco. Mr. Cheney is a New Englander who excels in lyrics of the woods and the field. His touch is as dainty as it is true, and in "Thistle-drift" and "Wood-blooms," the titles of his two volumes, will be found verse that frequently approaches Bryant's in its skillful catching of those traits in nature that distinguish American from English scenes. In "The Golden Guess," recently published, Mr. Cheney has shown his skill and range as a literary critic. His article on Browning is particularly noteworthy for its keen discrimination and its just estimate of the author of "The Ring and the Book." Mr. Cheney's literary work has been put aside largely in the last five years by the exacting duties of the librarian. He has greatly increased the value and efficiency of the San Francisco public library—a service that is incalculable in its influence for good.

A man who occupies the same position in this city that William Winter holds in New York is Peter Robertson, dramatic critic of the San Francisco Chronicle. Mr. Robertson is easily first in his department, and, like Winter, his exacting critical labor has not spoiled him for original work. In "Undertones" he carried on for years a unique department in which his powers of sentiment and half-cynical humor had free play.

FRANK BAILEY MILLARD.

commended by the best critics.

The newspapers and magazines have also absorbed the best work of George Hamlin Fitch, for over twelve years literary editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. To give honest and intelligent estimates of the leading books that come from the press—this alone is work enough for one man. Mr. Fitch's aim has been never to praise a poor book, and always to keep in mind the wants of the young generation that is eager for guidance in the wide sea of contemporary literature. He wrote "How California Came into the Union," the first of the Gold Hunter series for the Century Magazine, and he was a frequent contributor to the Cosmopolitan, sev-

He was most happy in his discussion of a woman's way of looking at things, and bits of his work were widely copied. For many months he has carried on a new department in which "The Seedy Man," a battered old playgoer, is made the mouthpiece of varied comment on the real and the mimic stage of life. Much of this work is exceptionally well done, and is worthy of preservation in permanent form.

Mr. Robertson has also written several successful comic opera librettos, among which may be mentioned "Pyramus and Thisbe," and "His Majesty." The latter has recently been given with success in this city. The plot and verse have both been warmly

PETER ROBERTSON.

eral years ago, writing a series of articles on picturesque phases of San Francisco life as well as of the colony system, which has given its distinctive tone to Southern California. He has also written much for Harper's Weekly, and his letters on the State to the New York Tribune, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and the Chicago Herald have done much to make Eastern people familiar with California and the coast. He is also a valued contributor to the CALIFORNIAN.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

The labors of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper in the cause of the education of little children of the poor have overshadowed her work as a writer, but she has been a contributor to newspapers and magazines for many years. Her best work in California was done on the old Overland, with which she was connected from May, 1871, to May, 1874. She contributed more than 100 reviews of the most important books published in that period, and wrote much of the editorial matter in the magazine. Her series of articles on "Ideal Womanhood" excited comment throughout the country. She also wrote a number of other stories, mainly founded on real life. Of Mrs. Cooper's labors in behalf of the San Francisco Kindergarten Association, of which she was the founder, it is almost unnecessary to write. Her work has been unceasing for eleven years, and in that time she has made this association the strongest in the country. She believes that the early training of poor children is the surest means of cutting down crime and vice, and the success of her theory is shown by the fact that not one of the thousands of children who have passed through the local kindergartens has ever been convicted

of a criminal offense. The system which she has perfected with so much care and skill has become a recognized model, and she receives every week applications for copies of her reports from all parts of the world. Her influence for good is thus far-reaching, and if San Francisco ever erects monuments to those who have advanced the moral interests of the city, it should begin with a worthy tribute to Mrs. Cooper.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin must be counted as a California writer, for her literary work has been done here. The stories that gave her a national reputation—"The Bird's Christmas Carol," and "The Story of Patsy"—grew out of her experience in the Kindergarten schools of San Francisco of which she was the first teacher. She has written a good novel, "Timothy's Quest," and she is now engaged upon another. Her juvenile books have rivaled Lieutenant Fletcher's in popularity.

The ablest living American authority on glaciers is John Muir, who has made California his home for many years. He has made a special study of Yosemite and the higher Sierra as well as of Alaska, but he has written little in comparison with other men who have not one-half his knowledge. His best papers on the Yosemite were contributed to the Century, but he has written some admirable description of the great valley, of Shasta and other mountain scenery in "Picturesque California," of which he was the editor. This is a work too costly for general circulation, and it is to be hoped that Muir's contributions to it may be republished in cheaper form. Muir's work in Alaska has been recognized by giving his name to the finest glacier in that far northern land.

"Mining Camps" is a book, which, had he written nothing else, entitles Charles Howard Shinn to a place among California writers, but he has been a prolific contributor to the periodical press for ten years as well as the editor of the Overland Monthly for the greater part of this period. He knows early Spanish California as well as any man in the State, for he has gathered much of its history and tradition from the lips of the survivors of the old regime. Mr. Shinn has a bright, picturesque style and his work is always readable.

A new writer who has made his name widely known on this coast for his sketches of life on the Colorado Desert, and for his trenchant satire on many peculiarities of the Californian

SARAH B. COOPER.

is John Hamilton Gilmour. Mr. Gilmour has lived on the edge of the great Colorado Desert for nearly three years. He knows this land of desolation as few know it, and he has the literary instinct to put into words the impressions made upon him by the death-like stillness of the night, broken by weird sounds that form the basis of many of the legends of the superstitious Cahuila and Yuma Indians; the coming of the spring with her gorgeous pageant of oriental color and the fierce heat of midsummer, when even the shadow of a great rock is denied to the traveler in this weary land. Most of Mr. Gilmour's sketches have appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle, but he has had several papers in the magazines.

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

Her short stories first drew public attention to Flora Haines Loughead, but in the last few years she has written two long novels that are worthy of mention among genuine Californian books. These are "The Man who was Guilty," and "The Abandoned Claim."

Another writer who has done some excellent work in making real the singular contrasts of life on this coast is Ella Sterling Cummins. Some of her short stories are admirable. She has now in press "Our California Writers," with biographical notes and extracts. It will be a valuable work as much of the material has been gained at first hand from intimate friends of dead authors, and many of the selections are from books that have long been out of print.

One of California's chief literary glories is Edward Rowland Sill. This mirth-loving, serious man came to us from Ohio in 1871, to fill a position in the Oakland High School. In 1874, he accepted the professorship of English Literature in the University of California. He did his work well; more can be said of no man. How often we hesitate to give our best thoughts to those around us! The fear that we may not be understood checks us. It was different with Sill; he always talked as though he were addressing souls gifted with the highest aspirations, the most rapid perceptions. He never acted as though he were talking to an inferior—to a clod. "Give out the best you have," he would say; "you do not know there are any clods." How helpful this man was in the schoolroom, only his pupils may say. But it is as a writer that we like to remember Sill. Tender, imaginative, sympathetic, thoughtful—he was all these. As an essayist he excelled. We all remember his contributions to The Atlantic—their power, purity of tone and play of fancy. His first volume of poems was published in 1868, when he was about twenty-five years of age. Many other poems followed, revealing the ripening mind and the steady glow of the

divine light within him. The thought of his early death saddens us. What might he not have done had he lived to redeem the promise of his accomplished work!

But one cannot paragraph Sill. He needs a volume to himself. Only his intimate friends knew him. Crowds had no attraction for him; he loved the few friends, the quiet corner. He did nothing for applause; in all that he did a portion of himself was infolded. "The gift without the giver is bare." Had he been able to follow his own heart a quiet literary life would have been his choice. The "business" of the world distressed him. He, too, would fain have driven the money changers from the temple.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Sill was born in Windsor, Connecticut, April 29, 1841. After graduating from Yale he resided chiefly in California. He died in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1887. "Venus of Milo and other Poems" was published in 1883, and "Poems" was issued posthumously.

Charles Edwin Markham was born in Oregon, April 23, 1852. Since 1857 he has lived in California. His youth was passed on a lonely cattle range in the central part of the State. He attended Pacific Methodist College; also the State Normal School, where he was graduated in 1872. After this he entered Christian College as a student, and, eventually, became a member of the faculty. He has held pivotal places in the educational department of his State, and has lectured on literary and social problems. He is now Principal of Tompkin's School, Oakland.

From early youth he has been a student of the great poets and thinkers. With him poetry was a passion, and his artistic instinct made him reject all but the highest models. He worked on unaided, except by the dead masters, until some years ago, when he received a letter from Edmund Clarence Stedman, in which the distinguished critic pronounced his poems "truly and exquisitely poetic." This was Mr. Markham's first authentic word of encouragement. Since that time he has been a frequent contributor to Scribner's Magazine and The Century. That he reverences the divine gift of song can be seen in any half dozen lines of his poem "The Poet."

His home is in the hights; to him
Men wage a battle weird and dim—
Life is a mission stern as fate,
And song a dread apostolate.
The toils of prophecy are his—
To hail the coming centuries,
To ease the steps and lift the load
Of souls that falter on the road,
The perilous music that he hears
Falls from the vortex of the spheres.

Mr. Markham's poetry is characterized by the tender melancholy peculiar to all men who look far into life—look deeply and seriously. One cannot help noticing his resemblance in temperament and tendencies to Edward R. Sill: there is the same enthusiasm of humanity, the same passionate moral instincts. A volume of Mr. Markham's poems, with the title "On Mountain Tops," is soon to be published.

Among the writers of California who have attained deserving distinction is Gustav Adolf Danziger, who is well known as a student of Semitic literature. Dr. Danziger has contributed stories and tales to the press and magazines of more than ordinary power, and is joint author with Ambrose Bierce in the lately published novel, "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." A collection of his stories will soon appear in book form, and promises to take a place among the enduring literature of California. Dr. Danziger is an interesting example of a writer who has not only made a success, but has made it in a foreign tongue.

DeWitt C. Lockwood, of the CALIFORNIAN editorial staff, is a frequent contributor to Eastern periodicals, such as Kate Field's Washington, Christian Union, Outing, St. Nicholas, etc., and has written innumerable short sketches and stories for the daily press. His poetry is largely of the narratory, or ballad order, and much of it is preserved in collections of popular verse in this country and England. Mr. Lockwood was connected with the Century for several years, and was at one time editor of the Washington Magazine on Puget Sound.

Grace Ellery Channing is well known to the readers of the CALIFORNIAN and the Eastern magazines. Her first book was a biographical sketch of her grandfather, Ellery Channing, which was followed by melodious verse, descriptive articles of rare interest, and bright stories of the type of her "Basket of Anita" in Scribner's. Miss Channing's home is in Pasadena, but she has been spending the past two years in Florence, Italy, studying the country and obtaining impressions for future work.

Ranking with Miller as a poet, in the estimation of many, is Ina Donna Coolbrith, for many years librarian of the Public Library of Oakland. Her verse is musical and characteristic of the Golden State. Miss Coolbrith is the author of several books of verse, among which "The Perfect Day" is best known.

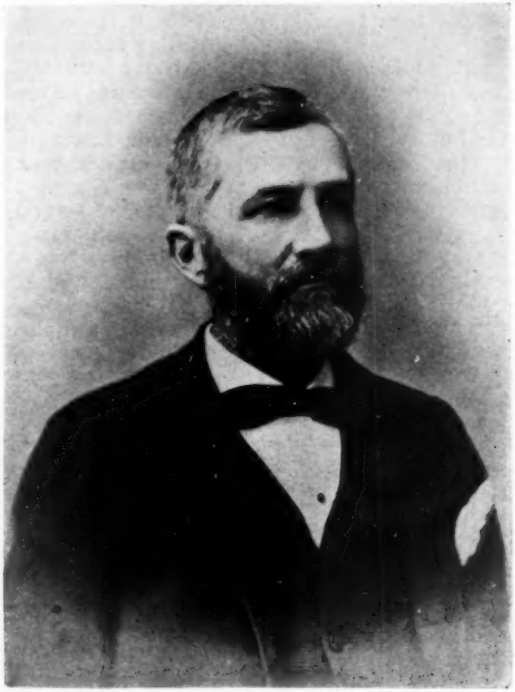
One of the most prolific writers on varied subjects is Yda H. Addis, whose delightful papers on Mexico are well known, and who has earned a well deserved reputation as a writer of fiction and verse. She has a novel in press, and is one of the most promising writers of the West.

CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

Few writers of prose and verse rank higher than Lucius Harwood Foote, the well-known Secretary of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco. General Foote was formerly Minister to Corea, and in one of his books, "Legends of Corea," reflects his memories of this little known land; while "A Red Letter Day" and many poems, as well as translations from the German, show the bent of his scholarly mind.

Southern California seems to attract people of literary tastes, and the literary circle is continually growing. Among the names which come to mind are Jeanne C. Carr, Margaret Collier Graham, Dorothea Lummis, Jessie Benton Fremont, Madge Morris and many more.

Among the writers of Southern California who have obtained prominence is Charles F. Lummis, whose articles in Scribner's and St. Nicholas, and whose books on the Pueblos have attracted widespread attention. Like Cushing, Mr. Lummis lived with the Indians, and has become thoroughly familiar with them. He has several books under way, and is now in Peru working on a series of articles for the Century Magazine.



THEODORE VAN DYKE.

Theodore Van Dyke of San Diego, is noted for his beautiful descriptions of outdoor life and delicate delineations of nature. He graduated at Princeton, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. He has written much on shooting, fishing, natural history and gunrifling, and he has also contributed to many leading journals and magazines. In addition to his magazine and news-

paper contributions he has published "The Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," "The Still Hunter," "Southern California," "Southern California, the Italy of America," and the "Millionaires of a Day"—the latter containing the best description of the boom in Southern California that has ever been written. Van Dyke's father was also a lawyer and a writer of note.

GUSTAV ADOLF DANZIGER.

If space permitted, many other writers might be included here who have done work that has the genuine California flavor. Whether it is the climate which stimulates the imagination, or the fine physique that furnishes motive power to the mind, certain it is that California gives promise of a literature that will be rich in original qualities. It will have something in it of the warmth and quickening power of the sunshine of the coast—something of the free, yet not lawless nature of the pioneer and gold-hunter, and some touch of that cosmopolitan nature that makes California seem like home to the wanderer from the farthest corner of the world.

ON THE VIGA CANAL.

BY Y. H. ADDIS.

RETURNING FROM MARKET.

AMONG the coveys of tramcars that all day long, in trains or singly, bowl out of the Zócalo, or great public square before the Cathedral in the city of Mexico, a modest car of the order "bobtail" may be seen bearing the legend "La Viga." Passing through the southeastern quarter of the city, this car traverses a very labyrinth of streets so narrow, so rough, so dirty, so sinister, albeit so picturesque, that the wayfarer might readily fancy himself transported to the purlieus of Bagdad, Constantinople or some other Oriental center.

Debouching on and skirting a great square by the *matanzas* (slaughter-house, or shambles), the car stops at the *embarcadero*, or embarking place. Close by, over the doors of two contiguous pulque-shops, are sign boards which might be taken to intimate that Charon has established a "Y-line." They read, respectively, of course in Spanish, "The Gates of Heaven," and "The Little Hell." The landing is unsightly, unsavory, but certainly most picturesque. A primitive levee with booths for the sale of drinks and junkets under tall cottonwood trees; a teeming throng of the lower orders, in all their variety of class or guild-garb are here; and, huddled along the brink in a broken line, the rude barges whose low canopies just show above the bank.

At the approach of a possible passenger, the boatmen swarm forth. What with their vociferous urgence, their wild gestures, their bare, brown legs and arms, and attire for light

NATIVE HOMES AT SANTA ANITA.

marching order, they suggest irresistibly the donkey-boys of the Orient. So clamorous is each in vaunting the praises of his own particular craft, and his own skill in poling, that timid Americans often retreat and abandon the excursion, through fears of personal violence. The storm is easily quelled by one knowing *las cosas del pais*—the ways of the country. There is no fixed tariff of charges, and the demands range from two and three to ten dollars; or, if the load be heavy, a dollar and a half should be paid for the trip to Santa Anita, or Ixtacalco.

The *lanchas* for passengers are scow-like, flat-bottomed boats, square-headed at both ends, twelve to twenty feet long by four feet wide. They take a certain gondola-ish appearance from the *toldo*, a flat canopy roof of canvas, or better, a rounded tilt-like one of reed or palm matting. The more pretentious have adjustable curtains and benches running fore and aft with cushions. On these, the traveler, if fastidious or discerning, will not sit, preferring rather the floor when made comfortable by his own cloaks or rugs.

The boatman—the current name *remeros* (rowers) is a misnomer—uses a long pole or spar which he prods from the prow into the bottom of the great sluice, holding it there, and by a treadmill step passing aft as the boat glides beneath his feet, then running forward again along the gunwale and *da capo*. My favorite boatman was El Chaparrito (The Little Squat One,) a short, cask-built, smiling but silent fellow who knew his beat full well.

AMONG THE CHINAMPAS.

This branch, La Viga, is considerably more than half the whole length of the canal. Some twelve miles southeastward of the city of Mexico, lie Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco which are practically one body of water, being separated only by a dyke pierced by a watergate. From the mouth of Xochimilco starts the canal, which upon reaching the city, cuts through it, skirting several of the great markets and passing out again at the city gate of San Lázaro, which

UP THE VIGA.

name the canal now takes on its way to the Salt lagoon, Texcoco. Though this approaches quite near to the borders of Xochimilco and Chalco, the waters of these are fresh. The canal in its entirety has the general outline of a horseshoe bent widely open.

The word *Viga* means beam or rafter, and the canal probably took this name from the transportation thereover of the timber used for building purposes in the capital — its chief application being as rafters. This convenient waterway was formerly the great avenue for the native trade from Cuernavaca and the south by way of Chalco. The density of its traffic and its importance, commercial, industrial and strategic, were recognized by that keen observer, Cortés, as he marched his men along its causeway on their first approach to The Great Tenoxtitlan, coming up from Chollulan. It still brings a vast quantity of freight, including practically all the fuel, forage, flowers, vegetables and much of the fruit for the city markets.

Thick, defiled, is the air at the embarcadero, as "El Chaparrito" swiftly poles his lighter-like craft past the swarm of dugout canoes, past the army of woman scrubbing out and pounding clothes (think of wearing

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS.

garments laundered in that foul water as thick as gruel !), past a malodorous tannery, past a charming old house smothered in honeysuckle and guarded by phalanxes of giant callas, and through the first bridge.

This Puente de la Viga is an ancient Spanish watergate, and here is a *garita* or guardhouse, where market boats bringing merchandise to the city pay the *alcabalas*, a sort of toll, or perhaps *octroi*, an impost tax. The system of its imposition is one of those things peculiar to Mexico, and inscrutable as the ways of Providence. Each cental of flour pays twenty-four cents; of potatoes, fifty cents; barley straw, eight cents; milk, also taxed by weight, thirty-three cents—a distinct discouragement to aqueous adulteration; butter and eggs—Heaven and the revenue department alone know why—are free. Livestock, fowls, etc., all have their tariff—everything down to the marshgrass and vetches brought in for forage. The receipts at this *garita* often reach $3,000, even $4,000 per diem.

The arches of this bridge are extremely graceful, but like all the bridge-arches on the canal, they are very flattened, and now is understood the low height of the *toldos*. The austerity of the gray, rough stones is usually bedecked with golden wisps that they have caught from the cargo of some passing hay-barge. Outside the *garita* a long line of boats loaded with firewood, are often found unable to pass under the low arches. There are two archways, one used by incoming and the other by outgoing craft.

Once beyond this and into the open stream, new vistas of beauty are disclosed, and now is understood what first inspired that timeworn comparison: "The Venice of the New World." And in parenthesis it may be said that not Peter Martyr, not Clavigero, was first to make this application; it was the soldiers of Cortés, in that wondrous first march to the city, alongside the canal, who christened Venezuela "the little Venice," the little flower-growing town of Cuitlahuac on an islet connected by causeway to the north shore.

Surely, for the age that knew them, these buccaneering, filibustering, desperately fighting fellows had æsthetic perceptions and sentiments beyond the mark of a rough soldiery.

Before us, as before the Conquistadores, ripples the broad canal, here dark, with reflections of the bordering cottonwoods and poplars, there brightly giving back the smile of a sky all opaline and nacreous. Now it glides past a ruined *quinta* (villa or country-house), rich with the tones that Time paints, looming against the light with all the dignity of desolation; then uprise the tall, smoking chimneys of a busy factory, whose walls are lapped by the water, or the grim adobe barrier around an ancient dwelling, where rendezvous, declare the timorous, a band of specter huntsmen, whose phantom hounds nightly howl and bay in the courtyard; mayhap next comes a field with yellowing grain, and many, many, "foolish poppies in among the corn." And everywhere, far away or in the foreground on the hard-beaten footpaths of the causeway, still, as when first the Spaniards saw it, "a spear's length wide," everywhere jog the sturdy forms of Indian women with their coarse, dark skirts and *huipiles* — upper garments of woolen stuff, rough as a common blanket, worn like a "poncho" or "slicker," their broad palm hats and horny bare feet. Laden more heavily than the meek little donkeys, under their tall or massive burdens, they scurry along at a little, swinging, trot-trot pace that devours distance amazingly.

It is a sight to make one hold the breath, when, on the left, a thicket of trees and brush gives way to open country, and there against the eastern sky, resting lightly as a cloud, but firmly as a faith, stretches the majestic figure of a woman in repose. We have seen Ixtaciihuatl — the White Woman! No need for exercise of the imagination here—every curve may be

traced of a perfect outline, and much of perspective contour. And beyond her, as if at a reverent distance, standing guard over her grand repose, uplifts his stately shape, her traditional spouse, Popocatépetl — the Mountain that Smokes.

On the right-hand bank stretches the Paseo de la Viga, an old-time promenade, formerly very fashionable, but now forlorn enough, except for one day in the year—the Feast of Flowers, which occurs on the morning of Thursday in Easter week, when, according to an old custom, the swells of the city turn out for an early airing in carriages, in the saddle, those who needs must on foot, but all in their utmost splendor of apparel. On this occasion the booths then erected along the banks, and the boats plying on the canal, are all densely covered with flowers, and it is a point of honor with the *chinamperos* to cherish in reserve for this occasion their most corpulent cabbages, most gigantic bunches of celery, and choicest garden plunder in general. Another time-honored observance of this feast is that all, gentle and simple, breakfast here al fresco, on tamales and *atole de leche*. Tamales will hardly need description to Californians; *atole de leche* is a rich gruel made with milk, sweetened and flavored with cinnamon.

About midway the length of the Paseo is the statue, which is not a statue, but a bust, of the nephew of Moctezuma, last of the Aztec princes, and dear to readers of "The Fair God." Cuaugtemotzin his name is spelled in the inscriptions in Spanish, and in Aztec or Mexican, on the pedestal, which was erected August 13, 1869. The bust is fairly executed, representing a correct type of the Mexican Indian.

Here and there along the way are quaint ancient bridges, most of which have become the nucleus of a little aggregation of houses, of which many are used as a sort of tivoli. Poling up the canal, if it be a Sunday afternoon, one may see in the porches or balconies of these *casas de recreo*—the equivalent of the German *lusthaus*—many of the notabilities of Mexico; one veranda in particular is almost sacred to that journalist and caricaturist who is known — doubtless from his swart complexion—as "The Black Sphynx." At one of the bridges is a village known as Sacramento or La Jamaica; and here lived Juan Corona, a brawny, burly man, an ex-torero—exempt bull fighter—disabled some years earlier by a bull's goring. The old fellow posed as a virtuoso, and his big, airy house was cluttered up with the queerest assortment ever seen of rubbish and real curios. Bull-fighters' dresses, horn-pierced and bloodstained; ghastly relics of death in the ring; Aztec antiquities, some of unquestionable value, some most patently spurious, but these last were always, probably because of their finish, the ones to whose authenticity Corona pinned his faith devoutly — French music-boxes and gimcrackery; Comanche war dresses; historical autographs and documents, and all sorts of odds and ends were on view. They were not shown on fee, but there was a box into which the charitable visitor could drop an offering, if so minded. Juan Corona, saturnine as he looked, was a kindly man, and having learned that many poor children in his neighborhood staid out of school for absolute lack of clothing, undertook to right the difficulty, and to his own generous gifts, added these casual contributions. Some sixty girls were thus kept clothed through his efforts. On his premises was a *coleadero*, a long, narrow lot surrounded by a high fence, where the young bloods came to cultivate strength and agility by "tailing the bull." From one end of the enclosure a bull was set loose, running down the length, followed by four or five young men on horseback. He who first reached the bull ranged alongside, caught Taurus' tail, threw his own leg over it, and by a peculiar, deft twist threw the bull upon its

back. It is a very pretty trick, involving no cruelty. Probably no other experience is so well calculated to take the conceit out of a bovine champion, whose look, as he sprawls with feet in the air, is not a little astonished and amusing.

CANOE WITH FORAGE.

The objective point of most "doers" of the Viga is Santa Anita, a hamlet that William H. Bishop, who is nothing if not classic, has called "the St. Cloud, or the Bougival of Mexico." Less soaring comparison has dubbed this "a Mexican version of Coney Island." The fact is, both terms are inadequate. Santa Anita is unique—*sui generis*. It is a village or hamlet composed almost entirely of cane huts, straw-thatched, whose tenants are all purveyors to the hungry, merry crowds that come here for *recreo*—an outing. Between the chozas, hardly any of which are larger than eight by ten feet, and very low-roofed, are open spaces, swept and sprinkled assiduously. Some houses have rough tables, some only benches, which are set on the damp ground, and covered with a drawn-work towel, which loses its pristine whiteness after it has served ten to thirty batches of people in succession. Chairs are at a premium; people may stand, or squat, or straddle an end of the bench whereon are set forth the orders of duck and tamales. For *pato* and tamales are the *pieces de resistance* here. The atmosphere is pervaded, saturated with the pungent odor characteristic of the Mexican cuisine, a peculiar combination of pepper-pods, hot lard and garlic, which is, to say the truth, not a little appetizing. Thicker than commas on a page are dotted the *brazeros*—little furnaces or braziers of earthenware, like a flat three-legged basin filled with ashes, upon which, over a mere handful of charcoal, fire, frizzle and sizz the savory *guisados*.

The calls of the venders arise on the air, as full of blandishment as the siren voices that tempted Ulysses and his weary mariners.

"*Por acá! Por acá!* This way! This way! Pass right to my little table to taste my little duck and my little tamales. Here is a place where the dear little ones are welcome. No one here is going to think them a trouble or in the way, bless their little hearts!" The lavish use of the diminutive, most noticeable everywhere in Mexico as a sign of esteem and endearment, here becomes positively amazing—the *ito* being tacked to every address, even to men of colossal proportions. "And my *pulquito* is the sweetest little *pulque* going — just brought fresh in the little pigskin from the little *magneyes*," and so *ad infinitum*.

The visitor chooses a bench or a table; the attendant sprite snatches a square fan woven of reeds, and the braziers sizzle, as if by instinct. A bunch of miniature *pelados* approach—little boys sometimes, but generally little girls, shy-eyed but brazen tongued, with scant, slattern skirts of gaudy print flapping their bare feet, an infant brother or sister slung on the back in the stack of the blue *rebozo*. "Buy my *ramos*—nosegays of lovely flowers, *niñito*"—this to the aforesaid strapping man of two score years—"they are very cheap, only a *medio!*" and, from asking six and one-fourth cents for each posy, they will, if the day be advanced, and the chances of market waning, give a

dozen for a *tlaco*—one and one-half cents.

Some of these are "sure enough" flowers—blue and white stock-gillies, crapy Castilian roses, and poppies—oh! such poppies! ranging from snowy white to black purple, and full and double enough to serve as a pompon in the hat of the most assumptious drum major that ever tossed up his baton. Even flowery California would arch eyebrows of polite reticence if I should tell how big those *amapolitas* really grow in the valley of Mexico. Another kind of posey, too, is pressed upon the visitor—pseudo-flowers cut with infinite patience from carrots, turnips and the huge Viga radishes, somewhat as the Chinese carve them; but the *pelado* outdoes the Celestial by dipping these artificial horrors in aniline dyes of most brilliant blue, red, yellow and purple; and not a few Americans have beaten a sheepish retreat before the shouts of laughter following their assertion that "these are new varieties of flowers—I am sure they are indigenous here."

With the duck and the tamales, the pro tem hostess sets forth pulque—not in the ordinary tumblers sold in the city, but in great glass biggins, holding as much as half a gallon—a veritable pulque-schooner, whose erstwhile milky contents has been colored orange hued or crimson. While the viands are under discussion, the consumers find more esthetic entertainment in the dances. All the properties needful are a harp or a violin, and a *petate* or rush-mat, indeed, even the beaten, sprinkled earth, and the participants foot it most merrily. They present, too, an appearance really classic, what with their picturesque raiment, the svelte, uncorseted forms of the women—for the dancers at Santa Anita are of the *plebe*—the happy swing of their movements and their crowning with great wreaths of the aforesaid massive, gay-toned poppies. Perhaps the classic suggestion goes even a trifle too far when "the gin within the juniper begins to make him merry," which is to say, in the local version, "when the pulque ascends," and the capering takes on breadth; then the dancers look very Bacchantic.

And all this time not a word about the *chinampas!* Never mind; however flotary they may have been once, be sure they will not now drift away and elude us. Once the red, chile-dyed, unctuous-coated fingers, which, having been invented indubitably prior to the common use of forks, are still entirely in vogue at the repasts of Santa Anita—once, then, the digits are cleansed on the pockethandkerchief in preference to the community towel, and the *marchanta's* claims duly discharged, the first step away from the table will bring abundant opportunities of seeing the "floating gardens;" for a score of bare-legged, bronze fellows will cluster around, urging the hire of their *chalupas*, dug-out canoes for "snaking" through the canalets or ditches which separate one *chinampa* from another. For alas! these fairy fields, these floating gardens, they do not float at all; they are neither more or less than a wide tract of rectangular truck-patches upraised by the process of piling up the rich deposits of soil scooped from the ditches running between, from which, also, if the moisture supplied by seepage prove insufficient, the owner irrigates the plot by the simple, primitive process of flirting water over it with a calabash.

The mud that has silted to the bottom of these lakes and trenches probably is the richest soil in the world, and the richness and profusion of the vegetable yield is simply astounding.

Connected with Santa Anita is the association of one incident very significant of Mexican character. I once took Charles Dudley Warner down the Viga, and we were considerably annoyed by the importunity of a canoeman, who insisted that we should hire his boat. This we were not ready to do until after seeing the church and some other features at closer range.

It is unusual to meet with so unpleasant an experience; as a rule, the utmost urgency of vendors or guides can be overcome by a decided "No!" or better yet, by a knowing grin and the lateral waving in native fashion of one's forefinger. But this fellow, probably tipsy, audaciously declared that we were injuring, with our weight, the "made ground," and he became abusive. Then I said to him a few sharp words in the vernacular, and he hung his head in shame and slunk away. "What on earth did you say to the fellow?" asked Mr. Warner; "the effect was magical." What I had said was, "Do you call this Mexican hospitality? Shame on you! a disgrace to your nation! you are the first who has ever made me unwelcome in Mexico!"

And that brutal, nearly naked creature, apparently with hardly an instinct above the curs snarling alongside, had responded to the assured touch, knowing that he had outraged the finest trait among his countrymen. There is still something noble among a nation whose meanest answer to the touch on this chord.

Can we go farther to-day? No, for the shadows are long and we must see the market-boats coming in for to-morrow morning's traffic. But speak softly! tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Tenoxtitlan—these were the ordinary, every-day folks' "scrub" *chinampas*. Farther away—and I know where—there really are yet gardens that do float, rarely as foreigners see them, and one fine day of these we will go and find them. But now—"*A la proa*, Little Squat One! to the bows and homeward."

The canal is alive now, thronged with Indian boats; long, unstable dugouts, some of them fifty feet long. Loaded with nicest precision of adjustment, they rush swiftly along with their symmetrical, compact masses of almost mathematical exactness. Stacks of great radishes press their vivid carmine against the bluish green of cabbages, flanked by corded orange carrots or pallid celery, while atop of all are abounding posies; the pink, crapy petals of fragrant Castilian roses, snowy heaps of *ninfas* (water lilies), crinkled deluges of huge vari-colored poppies, or fragile sweet peas innumerable. In the bow is poised the Indian poler, clean-limbed, muscular, well-proportioned; perhaps his whole menage is there; the women in the stern, cooking over a brazier; the children and the family dog couched on refuse, or a part of the load itself, and every one skilled in the ticklish art of trimming ship upon the narrow craft. Now, too, come trailing along, with overlapping ends, rafts of the *vigas* that gave the canal its name. Hovering warily near the bank, or shooting forward like some new and monstrous sort of waterbug, may be seen a small canoe, holding a beggar almost naked but plumply well nourished with bald brown pate and sanctimonious countenance. He is ostensibly blind, but certainly not dumb. Give him an alms satisfactory to his ambition and he will invoke on your head blessings from all the saints imaginable, including several unknown to the calendar. Refuse him or give too modest a coin and he will curse you blue in the face.

Hark to the sound of music! Here comes a *lancha* with sixteen or twenty passengers of the artisan or petty shop-keeping class out for a holiday. No doubt this is the fete of several of them named Epigmenio or Pantaleona, or some favorite appellation of the *plebe*. They have been dancing alongside, aft the *toldo*. Range alongside, offer the salutations of the hour and cigarettes—each an Open Sesame to native good graces—and ask to hear their national hymn. They beam with delight at this compliment from a foreigner; and guitar, mandolin and dulcimer strike into the stirring anthem and follow it up with all the national airs that you may call for; "La Golondrina" (The Swallow) sweet, poetic, ineffably yearning; "La Paloma" (The Dove or Pigeon), which is really a Havanese song, most melo-

dious but untranslatably gross in wording; "Adios, mis Sueños" (Good-bye, my Dreams), favorite sentimental ballad of the muleteer persuasion; and many others written in a minor key, so sweet, so sad, so haunting that they will ring in your heart for many an hour after you have stepped ashore at the narrow stone gangway at the Merced market.

"SIESTA."

BY ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

A dim-lit cañon, rank with alders grown,
Arched overhead to hide the brazen sky;
A drowsy breath upon the breezes blown;
A soothing sound of water rushing by.

Upon the hills the manzanita gleams,
Like ruddy bonfires kindled by the sun;
Beneath the pines, the stag in fitful dreams,
Reclines with twitching limbs which long to run.

Far up the stream the trees in vistas grow,
And waving ferns bedeck the mountain wall;
Close by our feet the rippling rapids flow,
While far below us sings the waterfall.

Upon the point a squirrel sits alone,
And stabs with piercing note the languid air;
A tilting lizard, perched upon a stone,
Reviews the scorching world with curious stare.

The scene grows dim; the weary eyelids close;
The form is stretched at ease upon the sod,
Beside the stream in quiet and repose—
Asleep with Nature, and alone with God.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

THE World's Columbian Exposition is about to be opened to the public of all nations, and if we can form any estimate by a comparison of the magnitude of the undertaking with that of antecedent efforts of the same kind, we may safely conclude that never in the history of mankind has so vast a peaceful concourse of the peoples of the earth been collected, as will assemble at Chicago during the months that the exhibition remains open. It will be a long, unbroken stream of multitudes flocking from all quarters of the globe to gaze upon a group of edifices hitherto unequaled in size and magnificence, and to examine the most wonderful collection that has ever been made of exhibits of almost every industry on earth. More languages will be spoken there than when the confusion of tongues dispersed the would-be builders of a tower up to heaven; and buildings rising higher than that unfinished structure was ever raised by those architects of old, will strike with admiration and astonishment visitors from the farthest ends of the earth, as they wander through the Exposition grounds and the great thoroughfares of that city by the lake.

Nothing marks more vividly the prodigious stride that the world has made in development and progress during the last forty years than the contrast between the space requirements for the first international exhibition, and those of this the latest undertaking of the same kind. The Crystal Palace of 1851 covered an area of something over twenty acres; the Manufactures' building at Chicago alone has a ground floor of forty acres; while the total area of the whole group of twelve edifices amounts to about eighty-three acres. To briefly trace the progress of exhibitions from their initial start to their present all-comprehensiveness may not prove uninteresting.

As far back as the year 1756–7 the Society of Arts in London offered prizes for the best specimens of manufactures, tapestry, carpets, porcelains and other industrial productions, and exhibited the works that were offered in competition. About the same time, also, the Royal Academy, then presided over by Sir Joshua Reynolds, organized a plan for the exhibition of paintings, sculptures and engravings. France, however, must be credited with the merit of having first commenced a system of exhibiting the works of industry and art on a plan that more nearly approached that of the first international exposition. In 1797 the Marquis D' Aveze, at that time Commissioner to the Royal Manufactories of the Gobelins, of Sèvres, and of the Savonnerie, finding the warehouses filled with their choicest productions, while the workmen were starving for want of employment, caused by the woeful neglect of those institutions, suggested to the government the idea of a public exhibition in Paris of the tapestry, china and carpets stored in those establishments, and of their disposal by means of lottery. Having gained the consent of the government, with the additional permission to convert the Chateau de St. Cloud into a kind of bazaar for the purpose, he prepared the apartments for the exhibition, and had so far succeeded in his philanthropic enterprise as to fix a day for the opening, when, in consequence of a decree of the Directory ordering the banishment of the

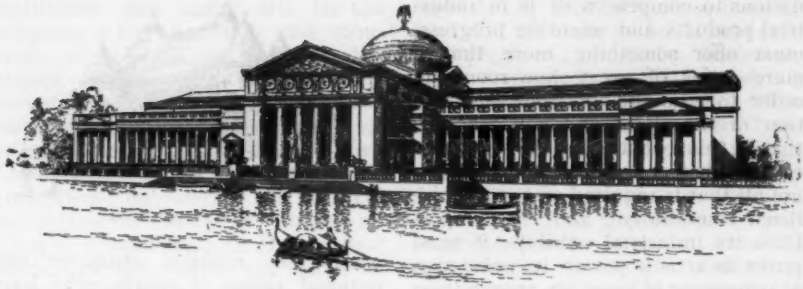
nobility from France, the undertaking fell to the ground, he being compelled to leave the country. On the following year, however, he was allowed to return, and his long-projected plan was carried into effect. The success which attended the enterprise was such that the idea was adopted by the government, and the first grand official exhibition took place on the Champ de Mars the same year. Prizes were awarded on this occasion, and the comparative merits of the exhibitors were decided by juries. The second exhibition took

HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

place in 1801, a temporary building being erected in the quadrangle of the Louvre for the purpose. At this exhibition there were 200 competitors. From this time the exhibition of domestic products and the awarding of prizes to the successful competitors became almost an institution in France, though the disturbed state of the country and of Europe caused a gap in their continuance from 1806 to 1819, in which year another exhibition was held, the number of competitors amounting to 1,700, as against 200 in 1801. In the years 1825, 1827, 1834, 1839, 1844 and 1849 exhibitions were held in Paris; in the last mentioned year the exhibitors had increased to 4,494.

Other nations followed in the wake of France and had their industrial exhibitions, but they were not attended with the same success. At Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham, in England, and at Dublin, somewhat similar exhibitions were held, though they partook more of the nature of bazaars than of competitive displays of manufactures.

In 1849, M. Buffet, the French minister of Agriculture and Commerce, proposed an exhibition of the various products of the world to be held in Paris. The opinion of the French manufacturers was taken on the subject, but was inimical to the purpose, and the plan was abandoned. Meantime the success which had attended the Industrial Exhibitions in France, induced the Society of Arts in London to move the English government to promote a somewhat similar exposition, but their efforts met with no success. In 1848, a proposal to establish an exhibition of English industries of a self-supporting character to be governed by a Royal Commission was submitted by Prince Albert to the government. Nothing was gained, however; the phlegmatic ministry being little inclined in this case, as in other progressive movements, to take any additional trouble,



GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.

much less responsibility, beyond what necessarily fell to their office. Popular feeling in favor of such an undertaking had, however, begun to be general, and the early promoters of the measure being freed from all dependence on government for support now began to act with energy and decision.

In 1847, the Council of the Society had established a limited exhibition of manufactures, professedly as a beginning of a series. The success of that event determined the council to persevere, and hold similar exhibitions annually. Accordingly, the experiment was repeated in the following year, and with such greatly increased success that the council announced their intention of holding annual exhibitions as a means of establishing an exhibition of British Industry to be held in 1851.

Prince Albert, being president of the Society of Arts, was fully aware of all these proceedings and took the subject under his own personal superintendence. The exhibition of 1851 was the result of his labors in the cause, and was wisely made an international one, the privilege of exhibiting not being limited to British manufacturers, but extended to competitors in the whole civilized world. The number of exhibitors on that memorable occasion was 15,000. Since that date numerous exhibitions have been held in Europe and America, ever increasing in magnitude and magnificence of display, till the Exposition at Paris in 1889, seemed to have reached the topmost pinnacle of artistic triumph, grandeur and success.

KANSAS BUILDING.

Prominent among the attractions of the Paris Exposition of 1889, was the harmonious beauty of the whole in an artistic point of view. The site, the arrangement of the buildings, the perfect combination of architectural designs, sculptured ornamentation and natural features of the position, united in forming a grand picture of an unprecedented display of human art and skill. These attractive factors were lamentably wanting in the Philadelphia Exposition of 1879, which had more the appearance of a great industrial show where the beautiful veiled its face, and arrangement and design, carried out under no definite artistic plans, lacked harmony and symmetry. Taught by the humiliating contrast, the United States has recognized that a great country, which invites all

nations to compete with it in industrial products and scientific progress, must offer something more than a mere series of great show-rooms, in order to gain the admiring appreciation of the world and win renown; that in this esthetic age a display of commercialism and material wealth is not all that is required of a great civilized community; and that, apart from its industrial exhibits, it must prove its artistic power, its possession of refinement of taste, its appreciation of the beautiful, and its capability to give material expression to them with

NORTH DAKOTA BUILDING.

skill and proper judgment. And in these great international expositions these qualities are represented by the style of architecture and sculptured decorations, by the selection of site and the taste with which the grounds are laid out and adorned. All preceding exhibitions have been stamped

COLORADO BUILDING.

WYOMING BUILDING.

with the national character and national tastes of people who have planned and erected them, and France showed to the world four years ago that in conception of what is necessary to produce a magnificent and harmonious effect, she was in advance of all other countries. She proved her proud claim to be the most artistic nation of the earth. But the Columbian Exposition at Chicago will at last convince the world that we Americans are not deficient in art, and that we possess an artistic vigor and independence which has enabled us to surpass even the efforts of the Parisians.

The celebration of the discovery of this continent four hundred years ago is an event that has drawn out all the capabilities of its greatest nation, and has inspired the people through the length and breadth of the United States to a degree of exertion in preparation for a peaceful contest such as they have never before experienced.

The success which has attended the efforts of the promoters of the World's Columbian Exposition will be witnessed by myriads of visitors from Europe, Asia and Africa, from Central and South America, from Australia, from the ends of the continents and from the islands of the seas and oceans. It has been estimated by persons best capable of passing judgment on the subject, that the aggregate total attendance will amount to about 30,000,000 people, while railroad men actually put the total at twice that number. Vast, titanic, has been the work to make preparation for the reception of such immense

multitudes, and vaster still for the reception of the thousands and thousands of exhibits that will be displayed. So great has been the undertaking that many critics at one time maintained that the work could not be completed before the end of June. These apprehensions, however, proved groundless; on January 3d last, Director-General George R. Davis and Chief of Construction D. H. Burnham announced that when the gates of Jackson Park were thrown open in May the Columbian Exposition would be complete in every department for the installation of exhibits. The materialization of this great conception and the unities that have been preserved in landscape and buildings constitute the greatest industrial, artistic and architectural achievement that the world has ever seen.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING.

To the uninstructed imagination, the selection of Jackson Park as the site whereon to make this magnificent display may have seemed a sad mistake, but to the mind's eye of the landscape-architect, the position held out the certain assurance of possessing all the qualities necessary to meet the requirements of the most fastidious critics. A low-lying, swampy waste, consisting of sand-dunes and hummocks, crowned with stunted oaks and separated by broad stretches of marshland, did not seem to hold out inviting promises; but the landscape-artist converted this wilderness into a terraqueous scene of beauty. The whole tract comprises 500 acres lying on the shore of the lake; of this large area only a small portion had been finished as a park on the northern extremity. Into the unfinished part beautiful sheets of water from the lake have led, forming a picturesque combination of islets and promontories, lakelets, bridge-spanned canals, basins, bayous and lagoons. To the north the undulating ground is interspersed with lawns and groves, winding roads and pellucid pools. In the centre of this large area is Wooded Island, surrounded by clear water from the lake, and on the banks of its opposite shores rise the stately edifices of half a dozen of the principal structures.

When Mr. Burnham was chosen Chief of Construction he wisely decided that the work of erecting buildings, which it was intended should surpass all previous structures of the kind, ought not to be thrown open to competitive bidding. His arguments against the adoption of such a system prevailed with the committee, and ten of the most celebrated architects, or firms of architects, were chosen from

different cities of the United States to co-operate in designing and erecting the buildings. Selecting then thirteen of the most famous, he assigned to each the construction of one of the great edifices. The members of this staff worked in perfect harmony, meeting weekly, as the great enterprise progressed, to consult over their plans, and the result has been the production of a group of buildings hitherto unparalleled as regards beauty and utility for the purposes for which they have been designed. The following are some of the assignments made:

MONTANA BUILDING.

Administration Building to Robert H. Hunt, of New York; Machinery Hall to Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, of Boston; Agricultural Hall to Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, of New York; Mining Hall to S. S. Beman, of Chicago; Electrical Building to Messrs. Van Brunt and Howe, of Kansas City; Transportation Building to Messrs. Adler and Sullivan, of Chicago; Horticultural Building to W. L. B. Jenney and W. B. Mundie, of Chicago; the design of the Woman's Building was thrown open to competition among women of the United States, the successful competitor being Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston, who is a graduate of the architectural school of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in that city; Fisheries Building to Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, of Chicago; W. J. Edbrook, supervising architect of the Treasury Department, designed the United States Government Building, and Charles B. Atwood, of New York, that of the Fine Arts. Of the great building assigned for Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, Mr. George Post, of New York, was the architect.

Space will not admit of going into much detail, and only a general idea of the principal buildings and the class of exhibition to which they are devoted can be given. Facility of admission for great crowds was a consideration that occupied the serious attention of the promoters, and Jackson Park offered unusual opportunities of accessibility by both land and water. For the extent of a mile and a half or more, the shore of Lake Michigan was bounded by a fine sloping wall of stone, surmounted by an esplanade of white concrete, and a long, broad pier was projected into the lake, terminating in a lengthy landing at right angles with it, on which has been erected a casino.

EAST ENTRANCE TO HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

BUILDING OF ELECTRICITY.

On land at the western end of the great court quadrangle, which is 700 by 2,000 feet in dimension, is the railroad terminus, with its eight wide arched gateways of exit and entrance. Fronting the terminus stands the Administration Building, the most monumental of all the group, the vestibule of the Exposition, rising to a height of 275 feet, and surmounted with a dome second only to that of St. Peter's at Rome. Passing through the broad archways of this beautiful building, decorated with sculpture and works in bronze, the visitor will enter the court, the centre of which is occupied by a large artificial basin, and on right and left of which lie the buildings of Machinery, Agriculture, Mines, Electricity and Manufactures. These five buildings are of pure classic designs, relieved by conventional ornamentation.

The largest building in the group is that assigned to Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, and its magnitude is such that it covers an area of forty-four acres. The domical portion of the roof of this greatest of Exposition buildings has a span of 388 feet, the largest ever yet attempted. To speculate upon the number and value of the exhibits that will be displayed in this immense and magnificent receptacle would be vain, for the handiwork of all known nations of the globe will be therein represented. The great arches in this building will be regarded as one of the wonders of the Fair.

Next in size to the Manufactures Building is the Transportation Building, which has a ground floor of eighteen and two-third acres. This structure and that of the Fisheries are not classic in form; but the former at least will contain exhibits of universal interest in this age of hurry and rapid transit. All modes of travel and traffic will be presented. The goat-cart, ox-cart, and railroad; the Indian canoe and models of the ocean greyhounds that skim across the Atlantic in less than six days. The monster war-vessels of the day will be also represented by models, and the development of the method of transportation by the appliance of steam on railroad and ships will be illustrated.

TEXAS BUILDING.

Almost equal in dimension to the Transportation Building is the Ma-

FISHERIES BUILDING.

chinery Hall, occupying an area of seventeen and one-half acres; then follows Agricultural Building with a ground plan of fifteen acres. These two imposing structures are connected by a colonnade running round the southern end of a canal which separates them.

To the west of the southern portion of the Manufactures Building, and separated therefrom by a broad canal, are situated the Electricity and Mining Buildings, covering respectively nine and three-fourth and eight and three-fourth acres. These edifices are marvels of construction, and display in their appropriateness for the purposes for which they were designed, the skill of the architects who erected them. The great porch or entranceway of the Electricity Building is raised high above the rest of the edifice, while dome-capped towers on the sides and ends elevate still higher their pointed summits. In this department all the wonders of electric force that man's intellect has so far been able to utilize will be exhibited, and the progress made in the science during late years shown in striking contrast with the string raised by Franklin to the cloud-battery, and the rude dynamo he employed in knocking down country boors with electric shocks at a shilling a head. One-seventh of the space in this building will be occupied by the electrical exhibits of Edison, who will show in operation his latest discoveries. No less instructive will be the collection in the Mines and Mining Building. Said Dr. David T. Day of the United

MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

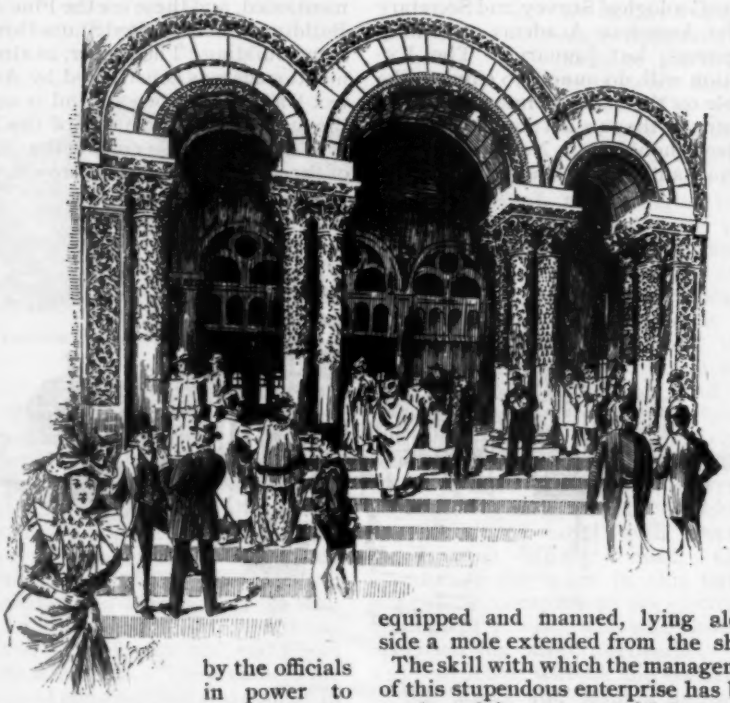
States Geological Survey, and Secretary of the American Academy of Mining Engineers, last January, "The Exposition will do much to educate the people on the mining interests of the country, as they are not now appreciated as they should be. New discoveries are constantly being made by engineers of which the people have little knowledge, but a large and approximately complete exhibit at the fair will go far to supplement their information."

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

Adequate with regard to space, and perfect in design as to structural composition for their respective purposes, are the Horticultural Hall and the Fisheries Pavilion, each being built with characteristic treatment. The conservatory type was necessarily followed in the construction of the former, and its huge central dome of glass and long glazed galleries afford all the light and sunshine that the most ardent floral sun-worshipper or the most gluttonous plant may desire.

To the north of Horticultural Hall is situated one of the most notable features of the exposition—the Womans Building—which will be described more fully in a future article.

Two other buildings remain to be mentioned, and these are the Fine Arts' Building and the United States Government Building. The former, as already mentioned, was constructed by Architect Charles B. Atwood, and is one of the most beautiful edifices of the kind ever designed. To ensure the safety of the valuable, and if destroyed, irreplaceable exhibits of art that will be deposited therein, the building is of fire-proof construction, and an isolated site for it, about the middle of the northern division of Jackson Park, and on the northern margin of the lake therein, was selected. Speaking of this structure, Mr. Henry Van Brunt, of the firm of architects which constructed the Electricity Building, says, in the October number of the Century Magazine, 1892. "There is no building on the grounds which we should more regret to see destroyed at the conclusion of the Exposition than this beautiful monument. Its essential structure is, as we have seen, fireproof; only its porticos, its peristyles and its exterior decorative details are temporary. These could be so readily replaced by permanent construction in the same form, that the architects of all the buildings hope it may be permitted



ENTRANCE TO FISHERIES BUILDING.

by the officials in power to remain as the most appropriate and worthy memorial of the Exposition of 1893."

In the Government Building the exhibit will be very fine, the various departments being under the charge of officers appointed by the President. The Departments of War, Agriculture, the Interior, the National Museum, National Fisheries Commission, the Post Office, of State, Justice, and the Treasury, etc., occupy in the aggregate 148,000 square feet of floor space. The Post Office Department exhibit will show the progress of the postal system and the method of transmitting and delivering mail, and will include an illustrated history of the United States postage stamps. The naval display will be shown in a separate structure built in the lake east of the building, on the exact model of a first-class modern armored battle-ship, fully equipped and manned, lying alongside a mole extended from the shore.

The skill with which the management of this stupendous enterprise has been conducted is on a par with its magnitude. The whole undertaking has been generaled with consummate ability. Director-General George R. Davis divided the work of management into fifteen branches or departments, viz.: Those of Agriculture, Ethnology, Fish and Fisheries, Mines and Mining, Liberal Arts, Machinery, Publicity and Promotion (the first of its kind, although there have been press bureaus; the press work of this exposition is simply a branch of the work of promotion which is carried on at home and abroad), Fine Arts, Manufactures, Electricity, Horticulture, Floriculture, Post Office Department, Transportation, Foreign Affairs, and the Woman's Department. To take charge of these divisions the most competent men in the country, famous for their ability in their particular lines, were selected and appointed the managing heads.

RUIN.

BY GEORGE MARTIN.

Thou smouldering ruin, child of grim decay,
O speak, thou saddest seed of destiny—
Thy word is law to ocean's pondrous might,
Thou wills't, and time's slow pace and silent flight
Blights youthful joys and bows the hoary head,
Turns living realms to tombs of ghastly dead—
The stately capitals that nations rear,
The sacred shrines that people hold most dear,
And all of glory that mankind can boast
To sombre dust; and, all their glory lost,
Thou sittest like a gnome; in ghastly glee
Thy moral speaketh —"Thou who seest me
Remember that, when few more years are gone
Thy stately courts will have one, only one
Who, at the rise of all his country's power
Was present there; even in that great hour
When triumph loudest sang her song of praise
To human wisdom, lightest pride did raise
In human hearts—I stood beside the throne
Where all did worship. Now I sit alone
And count the relics; now when wrong and right
And poverty and weakness, wealth and might,
The vanities that wreck the lives of men
Are naught, in ghastly solitude I reign."

"THERE IN ITS SANCTUARY STOOD THE GREAT CAT OF THE SIERRAS."

ON THE TRAIL OF A MOUNTAIN LION.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

THERE was great excitement around Las Cacitas. From early morning horsemen had been arriving: ranchers on sturdy ponies and richly chased Mexican saddles, tourists on pigskin, and boys afoot, all armed with rifle or shot-gun, and presenting in the aggregate a formidable force. The sun was rising over the Eastern Sierras, sending its warm rays into the deep cañons, filling them with radiance and turning the dew or fog drops upon every leaf and branch into gleaming gems. The silvery fog bank that had taken possession of the San Gabriel Valley during the night, demoralized by the sun, was stealing away, its compact body broken and disconnected, and forming attenuated lines of silvery sheen that moved along the mountain sides towards the sea. Myriads of birds gave song as the sun rose; insects came to life after a night of chilly sleep. The inshore wind caught the maze of web with which dett spiders had covered the upland slopes, lifting it high in air to bear it away like flecks of cloud. The atmosphere was tempered by a delicious warmth, and redolent with the odor of a thousand flowers, while all about and away from the horseman on this March morning extended a mass of color reaching up to the very base of the Sierras. The yellow of the violet, the white and pink of the larkspur, the delicate azure of the bluets forming a crazy quilt of color, through which blazing masses of the poppy wound away, as far as the eye could reach—a river of gold.

Through this California snowbank the horses had literally waded, and now the band of hunters stood in the ranch yard listening to Don Felipe, who was the master of ceremonies, by virtue of long experience.

"It was like this, gentlemen," he said. "Last evening at about midnight I was sitting on the veranda of the ranch-house, smoking, when I heard a singular cry as of some one in mortal agony, unlike anything I had ever experienced before. It worried me so that I slipped out into the corral, tossed the saddle on my horse, and taking my rifle, stole out without waking anyone, and made my way down the trail which leads over yonder to the arroyo-bottom. It was a fine night; the fog was away over the San Rafael hills in a mass of silver, while our valley was flooded with the light of the moon, so that I could see objects almost as plainly as I could in the day-time. The trail down the side of the arroyo is just wide enough for a carriage, and a fairly good road. My horse had been down it many times, but before he had gone fifty yards in the darkness of the trail, I saw something was wrong, and for the first time in my experience the horse acted strangely; he stopped suddenly and shook like an aspen leaf, and you may be sure I listened intently. You all know, gentlemen, the strange sounds one hears at night, and this was no exception. At first I heard nothing but the quivering of my horse and the faint breath of the mountain air on my cheek; then I gradually began to feel the presence of something or somebody, but what or where I could not tell. For a few moments I hesitated, then put spurs into my horse and dashed down the trail, distinctly hearing a crash through the bush as of some heavy body, and sounds as though I was being followed. Pulling up, the sounds ceased, but upon starting they began again, and

were repeated rapidly half a dozen times.

"You can imagine, gentlemen, that it might make me a little nervous, and I confess that it did. Giving my horse the spur again, I dashed down into the arroyo and pulled up on a small clearing surrounded by live oaks; you can see it from here. It did not seem half a minute that I sat listening for the cry that had attracted my attention at first, when suddenly I heard a crash, and a second later a heavy, lithe body struck my horse at the neck like a thunderbolt. The animal reared, fell backward upon his haunches, and I slipped off to see a big mountain lion, beaten down by the horse's hoofs, bounding away into the darkness. My horse is in the corral badly cut, and two of my yearling calves are dead. And if you, gentlemen, can kill the lion I shall be obliged."

This, then, was the cause of the excitement at Las Cacitas. A big, hungry mountain lion had come down from the Sierras and was making havoc all along the foothills, as several ranchmen testified, and the assembled party were determined to avenge the losses and have some sport as well.

Las Cacitas stands at the entrance of one of the largest cañons that came down from the Sierra Madres—a deep river of verdure that winds away for many miles through some of the grandest scenery of the Southern county, and abounds in many picturesque side or lateral cañons. Down this natural artery the lion had come, Don Felipe having traced it by the imprint of its big paws, and the brute was supposed to be lurking in ambush awaiting the cover of night to make another onslaught on man or beast. At a word the cavalcade turned down the arroyo trail, it having been decided to move up the arroyo, divide into parties, and work the various cañons with the hounds that were impatient to be off.

The quick transition from the open valley to the mountains is one of the great surprises here. There were no intervening foothills; the granite portals of the arroyo were open, and passing through the great gates the hunters struck at once on the ascent of the Sierra Madre. The trail for the first few miles led under alders, live oaks, spruce, and the fragrant bay-tree, crossing and recrossing the stream at least forty times, the rise being so gradual that it was noticeable only in the change of foliage.

The cañon deepened as they moved on, and soon they were in a channel or gorge—the work of untold centuries. Every step developed new wonders. A sudden turn, and they crossed a miniature sandy beach and stood on a lofty rotunda of rock, whose walls rose for nearly a thousand feet—a precipice draped with mosses and ferns. A veritable forest of the latter greeted them here; not the delicate fern of the East, but gigantic allies, with fronds five feet in length, and the tints of surpassing delicacy. Again, they were under an ancient oak, its roots grasping the precipitous sides of the cañon one hundred feet above, while beneath and all about were strewn acorns of extraordinary size.

Along this cañon path, with its ever-changing moods, the cavalcade passed for several hours, rising higher and higher, until finally, at about 3200 feet above the sea, a huge rock almost barred the way. Here, leaving the arroyo, the actual climb began. The true beauties of the mountains were now apparent, while the difficulties that must have beset the path-makers became equally evident. They had been following the stream-bed for some distance, but now left it to cross a "razor-back"—a narrow ridge leading down from a peak, and environed on each side by deep cañons. To attain this vantage-ground, as the crow flies, one would be compelled to ride directly up an almost perpendicular precipice; as it was, the trail extended to the east twenty paces, and then taking a turn that

the animals made in their own length, it deviated to the west an equal distance. It was a series of steps up the incline, so that Don Felipe, being in the rear, could see almost over his head a dozen or more horses, not one hundred feet away, yet headed in different directions. Twenty feet or so was gained by each one of these tacks, and by this means the summit was reached —the jaded and winded animals resting on a narrow ledge that seemed like the ridgepole of a house, with a rollway of eight to ten hundred feet on either side. The borders of this elevation were covered with fine manzanita trees, their seemingly polished trunks knotted in fantastic shapes; and over them one looked down into the abyssal depths of the cañon.

If no game was forthcoming, the climb repaid the trouble — there was no doubt about that; the view was well worth traveling many hundred miles to see. The ridge led to other peaks with changing scenes, until finally, as a culmination, the little party walked out upon a mere shelf cut into the solid, white limerock, about three feet wide, with an almost perpendicular fall of several hundred feet. If one of the horses had been seized with vertigo, or had espied a rattlesnake, upon which they sometimes wheel about, a tragedy might have occurred; but nothing took place to interrupt enjoyment in the true grandeur of the scene. A sudden bend, a steep climb, and the great fall of the arroyo was beneath them—its roar rising in deep, muffled notes; while opposite descended another fall—a triple one—of still greater height.

To the imaginative stranger, the mountains might have appeared dotted with gigantic candles, as everywhere, on ridge and peak, in groups and singly, rose lofty columns of white yucca, resembling the flame of a candle. In fact, its Spanish name is "The Lord's Candlestick." The stalk was, in some cases, twenty feet in height, rising from a clump of bayonet-like leaves, and bearing proudly a mass of cream-white bell-shaped blossoms, in striking contrast to the green of the adjacent slopes.

From this point a sharp descent was made, and again fording the arroyo, here scarcely six feet wide, they entered the camp, above the Virginia Falls. A rude imitation of a Swiss chalet, with an old Virginia chimney, and a group of tents constituted the hamlet. Rifles, saddles, good-natured hounds, a pair of antlers and a string of trout told the story of life in the woods.

In the evening they gathered about the big fireplace, the counterpart of many to be seen between Norfolk and the Potomac; and from where Don Felipe sat one could glance up the log-chimney and see the stars and sparks seemingly mingling among the big trees of the cañon. The hooting of the owl, the rushing of the stream, and its fall over the rock a few rods away were the only sounds to break the stillness.

"Some folks think," said an old mountaineer, "that I was the first one into these mountains, and I reckon I was, over sartin trails; but there's been men in here a matter of a hundred years ago, accordin' to my thinkin'.

"How do I know? Well, it was this way: A few years ago, a friend of mine down in Los Angeles told me that about once a month a Chinaman came into one of the banks there and deposited raw gold. My friend, 'lowed that it was bein' salted down to be carried to China, and it bein' agin' his principles, he made out to follow the Chinaman; so he got on his trail and followed him up the cañon below here, but he always lost him at a sartin point. You, gentlemen," continued the speaker, looking around, "have all heard tell of the lost mine in the Sierras? Well, my pardner believed the Chinaman had struck it; so he put me on the track, and I spent about four months a-dodgin' him; then I give it up.

"On one of my trips into the range I got in about twenty miles below here, as near as I kin reckon, and I cut my way in mostly with an axe. One day, after I 'd had a pretty hard pull, I came out right on to a pile of lumber that kinder give me a start. There was logs two foot through, cut as neat as you could do it with a saw, piled one on another to a height of twenty foot. They was all sagged in the middle, and so far gone I could run my finger in 'em anywhere. Big trees had grown up all about, and the brush was as thick as bear-fur. I crept round, and in the bush I found —well, they had a report round Los Angeles that I found a lot of plunder; but, between you and me, I did n't."

The following evening the party started again on the quest for the mountain lion. A small cañon which had not been entered the day previous was selected and in dashed the refreshed hounds, their melodious voices echoing from side to side. Soon the cañon grew so narrow that the leader found himself in a trail that was a mere indication.

A few hairs on the brush, a huge track below, a sharply defined hoof on the sand-rock, told that this was the highway of the grizzly, deer and coyote. The dogs had gone whimpering down into the cañon some time before, and with heads close upon the horses' necks, the men plunged upward through the thicket at an angle so sharp that several times the faithful animals almost lost balance, and would have rolled down the slope but for skillful sliding off and grasping of bridles. Finally, by an extraordinary effort, a knob was reached, where, as the jaded animals stood trembling and panting from the exertion, they heard the melodious bay of the dogs rising from the deep cañon, followed by a sharp yelp that told of a hot scent. Then a Winchester below began to play, and a few moments later several rifles were brought into action. Off darted the deer fairly skirting the precipitous wall of rock on the opposite side of the cañon, and finally falling beneath a baytree, where it was found later.

While making the descent to secure the game, the hunters came suddenly to a huge rock that projected from the mountain, extending toward a like mass on the opposite side of the chasm. On reaching it, Don Felipe uttered a cry of precaution, and pointed across the cañon. There, in its sanctuary, stood, in strong relief against the rock, the great cat of the Sierras—the mountain lion—its head raised in a listening attitude. The whole position was so noble and impressive that it was some seconds before the rifles cracked and the fierce yell of the wounded animal broke the stillness. It turned quickly and savagely, snarling and biting at the wound in its flank; then, being struck again, whirled, and blinded by pain and fury, sprang or rolled over the precipice, and went thundering down the side of the cañon, lodging dead in the chaparral far below.

"That chap was a-lying for the doe," said the old mountaineer, as later he came up the mountain, with the skin of the lion over his back. "They kill more deer in and out of season than all the hunters in California put together; and when your folks say a mountain lion ain 't up to the mark, don 't you take any stock in it. No, I never knew one to kill a man; but they will tackle a grizzly, and I 've seen 'em tear a horse so that the owner did n't know him when he saw him. I 've killed the mountain lion from the Rockies down to San Bernardino, and when they 're cornered they are as bad as a regular lion, from all I have read.

"In the north country, some years ago," continued the old hunter, who was trimming up the skin with his knife, and evidently gaining inspiration from the work, "I rode on a ranch with a lot of as wild boys as you ever laid you eyes on; that is, there was n't anything vicious about them, but they

was n't afraid of anything, and the greater chances there was, the more fun they saw in it. Our ranch lay in a little valley between the foothills of the range, and in them days it was nip and tuck between the mountain lions and sheep. Every few days the boys would go out with all the dogs of the ranches around, and have a mountain lion round-up. One morning we was following along the foothills, when, all at once, so sudden that the horses all settled back, two big lions jumped out of the bush not ten feet off, and made for the hills. There was a stretch of about fifty yards clearing, and before they had got over half of it we was on them. One rolled over, full of bullets, and the other turned on the crowd with a broken leg. Then the fun commenced. The boys wanted to give it a show, so they rode round, and when it started again they went for it with lariats, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the big cat was so tied up you could n't tell where it was. It would roll over and over, winding up the ropes, snarling and yelling enough to lift your hair; then it would make a rush for the horses, and it was big enough to give a mustang a good rustle. In this way, they fooled around; it a-rushing at them, and they dodging away, until they got it clear to the ranch. It weighed a matter of 270 pounds.

"The way they get deer," continued the old man, "is a caution. Sometimes they lay for them along the runs, or on a high rock, and in a bound or two land right on them, at times making jumps that no mortal man would believe. I'm sticking to facts when I tell you that I have measured a fifty-foot jump of a mountain lion, and I've heard tell of bigger ones yet. I was up in one of the cañons last winter, where there is a fall of fifty feet, when the dogs started a lion and chased her down to the fall. It was sheer rock on each side and she went over it and landed in a bush at the pool—a leap that would have killed any other animal. I've found deer at the bottom, that made the same jump and never knew what hurt them."

This great cat has a wide geographical range, being found in various parts of this continent, even out on the Florida Keys, and its swimming powers have been observed among the islands in the Straits of Magellan. In the East it is known as the panther, in South America, the puma, and upon the Pacific Slope, where it attains a weight of 300 pounds and has a maximum length of eleven feet from head to tip of the tail, it is popularly called the mountain lion.

In many parts of the West this animal is looked upon as a public enemy, and is always killed when seen. In the San Bernardino country, Southern California, it is followed with hounds, treed and shot; often giving fight and maiming the smaller animals. But, nevertheless, it is a coward, and can, as a rule, be alarmed and even demoralized by the slightest show of opposition. In the hills and mountains of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, it is found in great numbers, and so mischievous is it that a price is put upon its head, and every cowboy who kills one receives eight dollars from the Territorial government. Last year Montana paid $1,288 for this purpose alone, which means the death of 161 lions.

In the Sierra Madre the lion preys chiefly upon deer, lying in wait for them in the various runs or on the lofty slopes, where these animals are exceedingly common, though rarely, if ever, seen in the lowlands. When the time comes in future years, that Eastern enterprise shall put a mountain railroad, like that of Mount Washington, up the face of the Sierras, this little known country cannot fail to become a famous summer resort, abounding as it does in game, and ever-changing picturesque scenery.

There is a mystery about the great gorges. The discovery of stone implements and ancient landmarks, as has been previously mentioned, tell of an occupancy, pre-Columbian perhaps,

about which little or nothing is known; and there is the constant feeling of expectation. If nothing else, one may find a gold mine ; and prospectors are ever prowling about, hoping to "strike it rich," forgetting how great would be the expense of packing the mineral out.

The cañon immediately adjacent to Virginia Falls is, perhaps, the most attractive of all, its grandeur and abrupt precipitous walls calling to mind the Royal Gorge of Colorado. Whipping the little stream for the mountain trout, one looks aloft and sees the walls of the cañon almost meeting overhead, worn out and polished by the winter rains in an astonishing manner ; while elsewhere, marks show that the little stream in the winter will rise twenty feet or more, and it has been known to do so in as many minutes.

The cañon below the falls is only reached by a precipitous trail, too steep for even the temerity of the burro, but it abounds in nooks and corners of surpassing loveliness. The walls are draped with hanging ferns and delicate mosses. Here is a cave delved out of the solid rock by nature's hand, the entrance partially concealed by a tapestry of thick, peculiar grass that depends from high above. Near by, the silvery thread of an unnamed fall finds its way down from the land of the yucca above ; and this natural harp gives out a rich, resonant sound that rises from the dark cañon and is borne away long distances by the wind.

In the deep cañons one is soon overtaken by night ; indeed, in some of these intricate pathways, (the work of aqueous erosion,) the sunlight, if it enters at all, stays but a few moments. As the sun goes down, the changes that are marshalled on are singularly beautiful. The vivid green tints of the chaparral, so brilliant at midday, begin to fade and assume a deep purple, over which a delicate, silvery mist imperceptibly draws its veil. On it creeps, the royal tint becoming more intense, until suddenly it takes on a fiery glow, and over all the slopes there plays a roseate light—the warm good-night of the upper range.

THE ZUÑI MAIDS.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

DOWN where Nutria's slender thread of steel
Winds trembling on through sandstone red and gray,
Upon the sun-kiss'd cliffs at close of day
As suppliant saints these dusky virgins kneel—
Mute, statuesque; their flowing robes reveal
The untold graces which the poets say
The witching Aphrodite did display,
And many a nut-brown venus doth conceal.
Then, as the purple twilight fades to gloom,
Still speechless do they wend their hillward way
Along the path for countless decades trod,
To where the white smoke-spirals fling perfume
Like incense, while a distant bell's deep bray
Calls them to vespers with their unknown God.

SHASTA AND THE POPPY.

BY CORA E. CHASE.

Have you not seen a little child
Smile sweetly in the face of Age;
Whose hopeful trust in all mankind,
Found naught forbidding in the sage?

So Shasta stands, in purple state,
Snow-crowned and wisely old;
While straight in Shasta's awful face,
Smiles up this flower of gold.

JAPANESE FOLK-LORE.

BY HELEN GREGORY-FLESHER, M. A.

STORIES of the nursery, fables and folk-lore, always form a most attractive department in the literature of a nation. Not only because of the play of fancy shown therein, but as a faithful mirror of the manners and customs of the people themselves; for every race has its own characteristic collection, handed down from parent to child from time immemorial. Wonderful stories are they—fresh and interesting to each successive generation who, in turn, as old age creeps on, gather the children and grandchildren round the fire and tell once more to eager young hearers, tales that are ever new.

No known author ever claims as the children of his brain these brilliant waifs that, like Topsy, seem to have "jest growed." They are usually of considerable antiquity, and are not merely the fashion of a day, for while the works of many writers appear, dazzle, and sink into oblivion, the household fable is immortal and outlives them all.

Like most Eastern people, the Japanese are great lovers of the art of story-telling. Professionals sit at the street corners to amuse and entertain all who are willing to pay them a trifling sum, and it is seldom indeed that these men are not surrounded by an interested circle of hearers, while they recount facts and fancies more or less skilfully woven according to the ability of the narrator, and the incentive offered. The fables they recite concern principally such animals as foxes, badgers, cats and mythical creatures that are neither man nor beast, and who live only in the land of imagination.

The stories are rarely new, though fresh incidents and personages may be added; generally they are of a similar class and occupy the same position in Japanese literature as "Beauty and the Beast," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Puss in Boots," and such tales do in our literature. Many of these stories have been translated into various languages—English, French, German, and more particularly, Russian; and nearly all of them point a moral more or less sharply defined. The favorite characters are the fox and the badger, who are represented as playing various tricks upon the human race. These creatures delude young knights by assuming the forms of beautiful girls, or occasionally even playing the rôle of a pious Buddhist, or Shinto priest.

A most amusing superstition prevails concerning the badger. The country people assert that on bright moonlight nights, he lies in wait for some belated traveler, and so soon as one is perceived, the badger sits on his haunches, takes a deep breath, and then expands his stomach upon which he drums delicately with one of his forepaws. This music (?) is so entrancing that the bewitched man follows the badger, who meanwhile approaches and recedes like a will o' the wisp, content only when he has lured the innocent traveler to his death.

Foxes also plot against man. Let the wayfarer in an unguarded moment,

put down his lantern, and the *kitsuné* (foxes) will almost surely extinguish the light and devour the candle, of which it is said they are very fond. If a fox has the good fortune to attain to the age of fifty without being chased by a dog, power is given it to assume the form of a middle-aged woman; at the age of a hundred, it becomes a beautiful young girl, while with a thousand years of life and immunity from troublesome canines, the lucky animal is transformed into a celestial fox with nine tails, and becomes the messenger of Inari Sama, the god of the rice fields. In its celestial character the fox has certain honors paid it, and here and there, in the country, on elevated spots, little shrines may be seen, with stone images of foxes lining the entrances, which are dedicated to Inari Sama and the celestial foxes.

In art objects the fox is frequently connected with the chrysanthemum, and this is due to a curious and very ancient legend. A fox once succeeded in bewitching a prince of noble birth by assuming the form of a lovely girl. Day by day the young man grew weaker and paler, and his troubled retainers in despair saw him fading away without apparent cause. One day the fair charmer fell asleep upon

FOXES EXTINGUISHING LANTERNS.

a bed of chrysanthemums, and accidentally resumed her own shape. The prince, happening to pass that way, and perceiving a fox asleep in his garden, shot at and wounded it in the head, but not mortally. Afterward he discovered a wound on the forehead of his sweetheart, and recognizing her true character, unhesitatingly slew her.

Though the fox is generally represented as deceitful and wicked, a popular story known as "The Grateful Fox," shows him in a more favorable light.

One day, so the story goes, a kind-hearted man saved the life of a fox cub and returned it to the old ones. Shortly afterward the man's little son fell ill, and as he was an only child and much beloved, the most eminent physicians were secured. These learned men declared that in order to save the boy's life it was necessary to procure the heart of a fox, torn from its living body. The father said that rather than kill any creature deliberately for such a purpose, he would let the child die; but he sent to a noted hunter, who would be sure to know when any one went fox-hunting, and asked him to let him have the heart of the first one that happened to be slain. The following evening a fox heart was brought the anxious parent by a messenger. Meeting the hunter the next day, the gentleman thanked him for his kind promptitude, only to learn that the former knew nothing of the matter and was even then on his way to express his regret at not being able to supply his friend's urgent need. That night in a dream a middle-aged woman, weeping bitterly, appeared to the gentleman and told him that she was the fox whose cub he had saved, and that in gratitude she had killed her own offspring and sent the heart to her benefactor that his son might live. The boy recovered, erected a fine shrine to the old foxes and secured for them high rank at the court of the Mikado.

This is but the skeleton of a tale that every nurse and mother dresses to suit the understanding of her little charges. The principal lesson being, of course, kindness to animals. The remedy here prescribed may appear strange to Western ideas, but the liver of foxes, dried and pounded, is almost

a specific in the Japanese pharmacopœia, and every old woman can tell of some friend's friend whose recovery was entirely due to this potent remedy.

When foxes, cats or badgers are depicted as friendly, they are always represented as being very powerful and influential. A tale entitled "The Badger's Money," is a good example of this sort of fable. A poor priest allows an old badger to warm itself at his hearth during the long winter evenings. For this favor the badger feels very grateful and inquires of the religious man if there is no way in which he can repay him, at the same time asking him to express the "dearest wish of his heart." "I wish to have a little money, that when I die Buddhist masses may be said for the repose of my soul," he answers. After that the badger comes no more, and the poor old priest feels distressed, for he imagines that the badger does not like to come without the money; or perhaps it may be dead, so every night he prays for his humble friend. At the end of three years, one evening some one calls to him to open the door, and he joyfully recognizes the voice of his old acquaintance, the badger. The priest invites it to enter, and after the animal has warmed itself as of yore, it draws out of its purse the sum for which the priest had wished. The grateful badger had gone to the mines, and by working over the sand and stuff thrown away by the miners had, with great toil, collected the money. The priest, struck by this mark of feeling on the part of a beast of such poor repute, bows deeply and expresses his sorrow that the badger has taken so much trouble on account of a foolish speech, but adds that he feels very thankful, and that now the greatest wish of his life is attained. Ever after the priest and the badger spend the long winter evenings together.

When the sun shines during a rainfall, English people call it a "sun shower," and they say "the devil is beating his wife." But the Japanese call it a "fox's wedding," a name based on the following pretty legend.

Many years ago there lived a handsome little fox named Fukuyemon. When this fine young fox grew up he heard so much of the charms of a certain beautiful young female fox that he determined to marry her. A meeting was arranged between the lady and her suitor, and both were deeply smitten with each other. So the groom sent magnificent wedding presents, and those who bore them received a good round sum from the prospective father-in-law. After the marriage ceremony a lucky day was chosen, and the lovely bride was carried to her husband's home "through a shower of rain, the sun shining all the while." In course of time a litter of little foxes was born, much to the delight of the grandsire who treated them as tenderly as though they were "butterflies or flowers." The comments put into his mouth are quaint and charming touches of human nature: "They are the very image of their old grand dad," said he, as proud as possible. "As for medicine, bless them, they are so healthy they will never need a copper coin's worth." And every day the happy grandparents prayed to Inari Sama to keep away dogs and all other ills.

One of the strangest features connected with these fox superstitions is *kitsune-tsuki* or "fox possession"—the word "possession" here being used in the Biblical sense. It is undoubtedly a form of hysteria and is more prevalent among the ignorant than the educated classes, and among those of weak, emotional natures rather than the vigorous minded.

The fox is supposed to enter the human body through the breast, or under the finger nails. Inside the body of the person "possessed" the fox lives its own life and the patient his, so that it is as though there were two spirits within one body. The patient usually has violent paroxysms, during which the fox speaks in a high falsetto voice and the person in his

own natural tones. If the seizure is severe, an angry dispute frequently rages between the two voices until the patient sinks exhausted,

High medical authorities have observed that "possession" never occurs to those who have not heard of it before, and it often follows a debilitating illness, such as the typhoid fever. The only successful treatment is first to make the "possessed" person fully believe that a cure is about to take place, and then, after having obtained the patient's entire confidence, any ceremony, however empty, will produce the desired effect. Sometimes "possession" takes another form. Dr. Baelz says that at the temple of Minobu, the people sit hour after hour praying to the hideous and enormous statues of Ino. The devotees swing backward and forward like Dervishes, until their overstrung nerves give way and they seem to feel a snake or tiger writhing within them, when with a wild cry they fall fainting to the ground.

Of the cat legends, the most noted is that of the "Vampire Cat of Nabeshima." Japanese felines resemble those of the Isle of Man in having no tails, or rather mere stumps of that member. In order to render this particular monster more dreadful in the eyes of the Japanese children who are accustomed to seeing this animal without any caudal appendage, the Vampire Cat is represented with two tails. This blood-curdling legend, if told at night, makes the hair on the Japanese child's head stand on end, and his slanting eyes assume a most unnatural roundness. Like his lighter-skinned brothers, his bravery is apt to be dependent upon the brilliancy of the night lamp. It may be well to state that the Nabeshima family referred to in the legend given below, is one of the noblest in Japan, since they belong to the eighteen chief *daimyo*, and are of the house of the Prince of Hizen.

Many hundred years ago in the castle of Nabeshima, there lived a lovely lady called O Toyo. Of all the beauties the castle boasted, she was the handsomest, and the prince's favorite. One day as the prince and the charming O Toyo come in from the garden a large cat follows them, and unperceived, conceals itself in O Toyo's room. In the middle of the night the treacherous brute flies at the fair girl's throat and kills her. Then the cat drags the body into the garden and buries it. Assuming the form of the dead woman, she begins to bewitch the prince, who soon becomes dangerously ill and is troubled with fearful dreams.

A guard of a hundred men is set to watch in his room, but every night about ten o'clock a most unnatural sleep overcomes them, and try as they may they cannot resist it. A faithful retainer, Ito Soda by name, who obtains permission to watch by his lord, conquers this strange and irresistible drowsiness by wounding himself with a dagger.

He is rewarded by seeing the pretended O Toyo, whom he does not know, steal into the room and approach the prince, and though he suspects her to be a goblin wearing the form of one of the castle ladies, he does nothing but watch her while she, disconcerted to find one of the watch awake, retires after a few minutes.

This happens three nights in succession, and then the goblin finding its visits fruitless and the prince recovering, comes no more, but concludes to bide its time. Ito Soda perceiving that since O Toyo has ceased coming, the guard are no longer troubled with the mysterious drowsiness, denounces the beautiful girl as a goblin to the family and announces his intention of killing her, to which they agree. So going to her apartments one evening just at dusk he offers her a letter, and at the same time endeavors to stab her; but resuming the shape of the two-tailed monster the Vampire Cat escapes through the window into the mountains, where it commits many ravages among the wood-cutters until the Prince of Hizen

organizes a great hunt and the villainous creature is killed.

This is the bare outline; but to hear it told just before going to bed, by a Japanese *ama*, or nurse, who dwells almost lovingly upon its horrors, makes even European flesh feel creepy. In skillful hands it becomes a delightfully terrible story. Ito Soda, of course, is richly rewarded, and promoted to high rank. Such stories were intended to foster and encourage faithfulness to duty and devotion to the feudal lord.

Another well known tale shows a cat in a more amiable light, for this faithful animal protected a daughter of the house from the wicked machinations of a rat, who had fallen in love with the young girl. The family cat enlists the services of a neighboring feline warrior, and together they fight and conquer the rat, but are so terribly wounded in the encounter that in a few days both die. The owners of the devoted cats bury them with honors and erect a beautiful temple to their memory.

Notwithstanding their lack of tail, cats are much esteemed and petted in the "Land of Great Peace." The Japanese are not by any means alone in believing the cat to be an uncanny animal. In Great Britain, and in Europe, the favorite attendant of the witch is a black cat, three hairs from whose tail was a most potent charm. The cat myth, like that of "the hare in the moon," is probably world wide —one of those light touches that reveal to us that the whole world is kin, and human imagination much the same everywhere.

All these stories possess that subtle quality of immortality that eludes definition. Perhaps it is that the foundation lends itself so readily to the reciter's skill, and he can easily enlarge, decorate, or shorten it to suit himself and his audience. The tale may be long or short; elegant and refined when told in the castle, sweet and homely when recounted round the family brazier, or coarse and broad as told by the professional at the street corner; but it always remains a picture of the mind and manners of speaker and hearer. Perhaps in its very adaptibility lies some of its charm, for in all surroundings, with numerous additions and variations it is but the gem in another setting.

"Lu-wen," the native form of Rip Van Winkle, is another instance of the power granted the fox, to mislead and betray poor human mortals. The story is of Chinese origin, but long possession and many improvements have made it Japanese.

Lu-wen was a poor but pious woodcutter, who lived in the Nanlin mountain range in China. One day he lost his way in the woods, a not unusual accident with him for he was a lover of nature, and much sky-gazing had accustomed him to this slight inconvenience. As he wandered on, a fox suddenly ran across his path. Lu-wen pursued it eagerly, but had only gone a short distance when he came to an open space in the woods where two beautiful ladies sat playing "go." The astonished woodcutter gazed at their wondrous beauty in open-mouthed amazement, while the apparently unconscious women went on undisturbed with their game.

After what seems to Lu-wen but a few moments, he concludes that he had better go on, but when he tries to move he is alarmed to find himself almost rigid, and to notice that the handle of his ax is worm-eaten and rotten. In perplexity he puts his hand to his face, and discovers that instead of being clean shaven he has a long white beard, and that his hair has become scanty and silvery. The poor man, bewildered at these changes, makes his way to his native village, but his perplexity only increases, for though the houses are the same, he cannot find one familiar face. In vain the old man asks for his wife, his children or his relatives, but the people only think him in his dotage. At last an old woman hobbles up who says she belongs to the seventh generation of Lu-wen. Grief stricken, the unhappy

man returns to the mountains and joins one of the bands of immortal hermits.

Another legend known as the "Boy of Urashima" has sometimes been called the Japanese Rip Van Winkle. The oldest version of this legend dates from the sixth century.

There once lived a poor fisherman and his wife who, the story goes, though barely able to obtain the necessaries of life yet always burned incense to Rogu, the seagod. After a time a boy was born to them, who grew up to be a good son and by catching fish and working hard managed to support them all. One day, Taro, for that was his name, goes out to fish, but it is so stormy that after praying to Rogu he turns homeward. In answer to his prayer the god, riding upon a tortoise, rises in front of the astonished Taro. Mounting the tortoise the boy and his guide ride for three days through scenes of mysterious splendor, until they arrive at a beautiful palace in which magnificent apartments are assigned to the fisherman. Some of the charming creatures he meets have heads of shell, coral or amber. After Taro has passed what seems to him as seven days, he begins to feel uneasy and tells the king he cannot be happy while he does not know how his parents are faring. Rogu permits him to depart and gives him a box as a souvenir, exacting a promise from the fisherboy that he will never open it or show it to any one. Taro then bids adieu to all and the tortoise takes him to where his boat had been left. But though he recognizes the place he cannot find his parents' hut. An old gray-haired fisherman tells him that they have been so long dead that to read their names on the tombstones the moss must first be scraped away. The boy finds all as described and a feeling of sorrow overpowers him, and with his emotion comes an irresistible longing to open the forbidden box. He yields to it and a purple vapor issues therefrom and suffuses his head, while a cold shiver runs through him; his limbs stiffen and his face drops into wrinkles—he becomes an old man burdened with four centuries of age, and in a few days succumbs to his infirmities and dies. The "Boy of Urashima" is generally depicted with the magic box in his hand and a tortoise at his feet. This creature is always an emblem of longevity, as it is supposed to live ten thousand years.

SHOJI DANCING.

THE BOY OF URASHIMA.

Rip Van Winkle belongs to that class called by Gœthe "world stories." No nation can claim exclusive right to it, for the same myth appears in many languages and in the most remote parts of the world.

The "Lucky Teakettle" is a very original and ingenius story in which that useful article of domestic economy plays the principal rôle. A priest who finds an old kettle in the temple fills it with water and hangs it over the fire, when, to his great amazement, it suddenly turns into a badger and begins jumping about the room. A teakettle of such curious disposition does not recommend itself to the man of religion, so the next day when a tinker chances to call, the priest, thinking to turn an honest penny, sells the kettle without telling of its uncanny accomplishment. That night the tinker hears a strange noise, and getting up from his bed perceives the kettle walking about upon

four legs, and covered with a fine coat of fur; the kettle then proceeds to turn from a badger to a kettle and back again with bewildering rapidity. The next morning the tinker shows it to an acquaintance, who surely must have had a drop of shrewd Yankee blood in his veins, for he suggests that here is most excellent material for a splendid show. "Take it about with songs and music," says his friend, "and make it dance on a rope." The tinker adopts the idea, and acquires a comfortable fortune exhibiting the Lucky Teakettle.

A pretty little fairy story called "Little Peachling," I may perhaps be allowed to describe as the Japanese Tom Thumb. A poor woodcutter and his wife have long wished for a child, but Heaven did not seem likely to grant their desire. One morning the man starts out to cut wood in the mountains, while his wife goes down to the stream to wash clothes. Floating in the water she finds a beautiful peach which she carries home for the good man's dinner. Just as the husband is about to cut it in two, the peach bursts open and out steps a beautiful little boy whom, on account of his birth, the delighted couple name Momotaro—"Little Peachling." One fine day after he has grown up, Momotaro sets out for the ogres' castle, determined to vanquish the monsters and bring their treasures to his foster parents. The success that follows his mission is entirely owing to his kind treatment of the various animals he meets on the route. Thus the moral of this little story is also kindness to animals—a very favorite precept with the Japanese, and probably rendered more important owing to the doctrine of transmigration of souls. The lazy, half savage, yellow dogs which overrun the streets of Tokyo lie in the middle of the streets, and chickens stray leisurely across the road, but no one molests them. The coolies instead of giving them a hint to move, simply go out of their own way to avoid hurting what might be the temporary dwelling of the souls of their great grandparents.

Two very noticeable points of difference between Japanese tales and fables of foxes, badgers, etc., and European stories of the same sort, are, that in the former the human race are the butts upon which the animals exercise their wit and ingenuity, while in European tales the fox plays his tricks upon the bear, or lion, or some other animal, seldom upon men: and the drama is acted out in *propria personæ*, whereas here the aim is to deceive beings of a presumably higher plane of intelligence than themselves, and that by assuming the forms of beautiful women. It naturally follows that these pranks are seldom played upon women or old men. Virtue is always triumphant, and vice defeated in the long run. Good, true, young men, properly brought up, are nearly always represented as seeing through the deception and killing the goblin, and though it can scarcely be said that to be deceived shows a sort of obliquity of moral vision, yet the inference is plain that ability to fathom the deception is a proof of an unusually pure and upright nature and a discerning mind.

"The Tongue Cut Sparrow" is an exception to the remarks made above concerning women, for in this little story it is an old woman who is the victim. Here the old man obtains from the sparrows, to whom he has been kind, a rich treasure, as a reward of his tender-hearted and unselfish conduct, while the cruel wife, who visits the birds, too, hoping to get a handsome present, receives and with difficulty carries home a heavy basket. When the basket is opened it proves to be full of hobgoblins, who fly out at her and frighten her to death.

"The Old Man Who Made Withered Trees Bloom" also conveys the lesson that disinterested kindness receives an unexpected reward. In this story an old man and his wife treat a favorite dog very kindly, and in return the animal shows them where a large sum

1—THE VAMPIRE CAT OF NABESHIMA. 2, 2—THE LUCKY TEAKETTLE. 3—THE BIRD'S GIFT. 4—THE AVARICIOUS NEIGHBOR. 5—THE OLD MAN WHO MADE WITHERED TREES BLOOM.

of money is buried. A greedy neighbor who hears of the occurrence borrows the dog, and, taking him into the garden, beats him until in desperation the poor beast begins to snuff about and scratch up the ground. Full of delightful anticipations the cruel man begins to dig, only to find to his great chagrin a lot of carrion and offal. Enraged, he and his wife kill the unlucky dog and bury him under a cherry tree. In a dream the ghost of the animal appears to his former owner and informing him of all that has happened, tells him to make a mortar of wood of the cherry tree. So, feeling very mournful over the death of their favorite, the good old man and his wife go to the wicked neighbors and ask for the dog; but these false friends weeping crocodile tears say that he died of a fever and is buried under a tree. Following the directions he received in the dream, the master begs to be permitted to carry away the tree and his request is granted readily.

The mortar made from this wood turns everything put into it to gold, and the avaricious neighbor, learning of its wonderful properties, has the audacity to borrow it; but in his hands it loses all supernatural power and is nothing but a common mortar and a poor one at that. The disappointment and anger of the grasping old man knows no bounds and he throws it into the fire. Again the dog comes to the master, and, telling him of all that has passed, bids him go and get the ashes, saying at the same time, that when the good old man sprinkles them upon dead trees they will immediately bloom again in all their pristine beauty. The old man does as the spirit of the dog bids him, and makes not only a fortune, but reaps great honor, for the prince upon hearing of this marvel sends for him, and the old man makes all the trees in the prince's garden put out blossoms, though it is the winter season. When his neighbor learns of this last piece of good fortune, he gathers up a basketful of ashes, and, going to the prince, claims that he is the "Old Man Who Makes Withered Trees to Bloom." He is commanded to give a trial of his skill, but the ashes only blow about and fly into the prince's face, and the silly man, instead of being rewarded, is severely punished for his pains.

"The Battle of the Ape and the Crab" inculcates the doctrine that if a man thinks only of his own profit and tries to benefit himself at others' expense, he will incur heaven's hatred. A crab, a simple-minded creature, is induced by a scheming ape to make a certain exchange vastly in the latter's favor, and then, adding insult to injury, the ape mischievously deprives the crab of the fruits of even this poor bargain. An egg, a bee, a mortar and a piece of seaweed combine with the kindly natured crab, and assist him to successfully punish his mean, hard-hearted enemy—after which happy consummation this very promiscuous assortment of creatures live together in brotherly love and affection.

"The Bogie Man," with which Western children not so long ago were frightened into good behavior and sometimes convulsions, is replaced in the Japanese nursery by the "Tengu," who stands ready to make away with the tongues of boys and girls who do not speak the truth; and it is to be feared that a firm belief in the existence of these mythical creatures has made more young people adhere to strict veracity than an abstract love of truth itself. The "Tengu" are a species of wood sprite, caricatures of men, with wings like birds. Sometimes they have extraordinary long noses, or arms, or bird-like claws. Their principal occupation seems to be to torment evil doers.

"Shoji," wild creatures with red hair, are held up to children as terrible illustrations of the evils of strong drink. Tubs of *sake* are set out on the seashore, and these unhappy creatures, who cannot resist the

temptation to indulge their depraved appetites, drink until they are reduced to a state of helpless intoxication when they are easily killed; a dye being made of the juice squeezed from their fiery locks.

Other well known tales are the "Elves and the Envious Neighbor," "The History of Sakata Kintoki," and "How Tajima Shume was Tormented by the Ghost of His Own Creation."

"The Elves and the Envious Neighbor," sometimes called "The Envious Neighbor and the Devils," is a story showing how an ill tempered man, instead of ridding himself of an affliction only succeeded in making it doubly severe. A good tempered, jovial, old man afflicted with a large wen on the side of his face, was once coming home from the mountains late at night when he fell in with a merry party of elves. They invited him to join them, and, after entertaining him with a variety of funny antics, asked him, as an exchange of courtesies, to dance for them. Entering into the spirit of the fun he does so to their great amusement and delight, and they invite him to come back the next fine moonlight night. This he promises readily enough, but the elves to make sure resolve to take some pledge from him. After a little consultation they decide that the wen must be some concealed treasure, and to the secret pleasure and surprise of the old man they remove and keep it as surety.

When he goes home he chances to mention these curious facts before a neighbor who is afflicted as the old man was. The neighbor, who is a cross-grained fellow, immediately sets out for the mountains and is lucky enough to fall in with the same elves, but he is so surly, and dances so badly, that the disgusted sprites throw back to him the wen they retained as a pledge, not knowing that this is not the same man. So the bad tempered man returns worse off than before.

"Sakata Kintoki" is a ghost story in which a wicked lord orders Sakata his wife and family to be crucified, because they presented a petition to the Shogun protesting against the *daimyo's* merciless taxation of the peasants. The lord is haunted by the ghosts of his victims until they cause his death.

If the Japanese nursery has no Santa Claus, yet the delights of this season are not unknown, for does not the treasure ship come home every New Year's Eve laden with *Takara-bune*—The Precious Things—the cap which confers invisibility, the key which unlocks all hearts, the hammer that opens all doors, the purse which never grows empty, the clove, the jewel, the weight and the lucky rain-coat? As crew and passengers the ship carries the seven household gods, namely: Bishamon, Benten, Daikoku, Hotei, Ebisu, Fuku-roku-jin and Juro-Jin. A most auspicious crew, for Bishamon is the God of Wealth, Ebisu the God of Daily Food—a fisherman with rod and creel and a good large *tai* (a Japanese fish) which is his emblem. Then there is Daikoku, the God of Prosperity, and the most cherished of the seven. Little figures of him are to be found in every household, sometimes as a well-to-do merchant, but more often with a miner's mallet in his hand, and seated upon rice bales. The moral that wealth disappears unless carefully watched is indicated by the rats that gnaw the rice bales. Then comes the God of Longevity who carries a staff and a roll of manuscript; the God of Wisdom, Fuku-roku-jin, who may be recognized by the great length of his head; the special God of Children, both before and after birth—Hotei—a great, fat old man carrying a cloth bag which he uses to catch children, or occasionally to bring the "Precious Things" with which he surprises phenomenally good children. This

JURO-JIN.

favor, however, is only won by earnest endeavor and an extraordinarily good behavior, to which, it is to be regretted few attain—except in story books.

An article on Japanese Folk-lore would hardly be complete without some reference to the dragon, of which there are several kinds. First the Celestial Dragon whose duty it is to guard the dwelling of deities; the Spiritual Dragon, who has the elements in his keeping; the World Dragon who keeps the rivers in their proper courses and the dragon who guards all concealed wealth and protects it from men. The dragon is always a sign of majesty and dominion.

Then there is the fire fiend, who when unrestrained devastates cities and towns alike, but makes a good servant. He is usually represented as a terrible monster, all head, horns and flame. The Earthquake Fish, whose movements cause the inhabitants of the land of "Great Peace" so much anxiety, is a solemn and frightful reality to many Japanese children of larger growth.

"Namayu" as it is called, resembles a dolphin, but from the mouth hang great feelers. The giant, "Kashuma," is its guardian, and when it becomes too unruly, he mounts upon it with the rock "Kansame," which holds the world together like a rivet in a fan handle.

The other deities of nature are Futen, the Wind God, with the bag from which he squeezes out mild zephyrs, or roaring hurricanes, and which serves to support him like a balloon, and Raiden, God of Thunder with a whole row of kettle-drums swung over his head, upon which he rattles as he flies through the air.

Reference has already been made to the "Hare in the Full Moon," who attained this exalted position as the reward of an act of self-sacrifice. Once when Shaka (the Japanese Buddha) was suffering from starvation this devoted animal threw itself into the fire to provide food for the "divine one" who, as a reward, had the faithful *Usagi*, or Hare, translated to the moon where ever since it grinds in a mortar the elixir of youth.

Japanese Folk-lore and household fancies show us a stage crowded with a dazzling array of fairies, elves, wood sprites, ghosts, gods, devils and fabulously endowed creatures such as cats, dogs, foxes and badgers, who speak and act like human beings.

A full collection of these tales would make as entertaining reading as the Arabian Nights and would exhibit fully as great an oriental splendor of imagination.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY GUADALUPE VALLEJO.

MANY curious traditions existed among those Indians, who, in the days of ultra-civilization, dwelt in that section of California now known as Alameda County.

One of these relating to Warm Springs I have often heard from the lips of the old Indians, and stripped of the vernacular it is as follows :

The Warm Springs, which were formerly of a much higher temperature, were guarded night and day by an enormous rattlesnake, who was wedded to a raven. The latter sat on the branches of a neighboring tree while daylight lasted and cawed dismally at anyone's approach. Few dared go near the Springs, and if, perchance, some stranger found his way thither, he was invariably frightened off by the huge reptile.

Only those who knew the secret power of the rattlesnake and made use of it, could drink the waters unmolested. This herb, according to the Indians, was not only a perfect antidote against the bite of venomous reptiles and insects, but was also a powerful narcotic, and when the snake faced its unwelcome visitors, their defense consisted in projecting a handful of the herb toward its hissing head, at which the animal would immediately become stupefied, and of course, for the time being, perfectly harmless. No one had ever dared, or in fact desired to injure the snake, and the spot this gruesome creature had chosen for its home, became to the aborigines a center of weird fascination.

One summer day at noon two horsemen, belonging to the first families of San Jose, found themselves in the vicinity of the Springs and dismounted to drink of the salubrious waters. Upon nearing the spot they were startled by the rustling of leaves and the loud hissing of a serpent, at which one of the men immediately drew his sword while the other armed himself with a heavy stick, and between the two the ugly monster was soon dispatched. The men now drank of the water, which proved to be of a blood-warm temperature, strongly impregnated with sulphur, and then throwing the dead snake over the branch of a live oak tree they proceeded on their journey.

When the raven, which had flown away at the appearance of the strangers, returned to find his faithful consort no more, he was stricken with grief and despondency. One of the most trusted of the Mission Indians—Fabian, by name—saw the poor bird flutter awhile about the body of its beloved companion and then dart toward one of the springs into which it suddenly plunged and forever disappeared.

A few days later some old men of the tribe visited the spot. Great was their consternation upon discovering the dead body of their usual host, hanging from the limb of a tree, and when search for the raven proved unavailing, the old men looked at one another and shook their gray heads ominously. Then they threw away the bunches of rattlesnake herb they had gathered and walked slowly toward the smoking springs.

Another surprise and disappointment awaited them here. They found the water many degrees colder, and never since that time has it regained its former high temperature.

THE MISADVENTURES OF LIEUT. VON LENDHEIM.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

LIEUTENANT von Lendheim was an Austrian officer of hussars. That he was a handsome fellow goes without saying, for all Austrian hussars are handsome. He was, moreover, about thirty-two, clever, well-educated, and a good deal of a man of the world in a German sort of way.

With all these charms of mind and manner united in a single individual, it was not a cause for the slightest wonderment among his friends that Miss Mary White—the daughter of Colonel White, a New York broker—who, with her mother, was spending the winter in Vienna, should fall a captive to the manifest court that he paid her from the first. The wonder really was that she held out as long as she did, for it was quite two months after she had first met him before she agreed, at the expiration of a certain time, to become his wife.

The Lieutenant, who was not only an ardent lover but used to having things his own way, cut this period of probation as short as possible, and it was mutually agreed among the three—the mother, the Lieutenant and the daughter (the father was not consulted)—that the wedding should take place in New York, the following June. The Lieutenant rather wanted it in Vienna, but they drew the line at that for several reasons; one of the most cogent being a social one, namely, that both mother and daughter desired to show the handsome young officer in all his glory to their admiring and presumably envious friends.

It was accordingly settled that the Lieutenant should procure a leave of absence as long as possible, and appear in New York at the appointed time to claim his bride at the hands of her father, although up to this time that particular functionary was wholly in the dark as to what was to be required of him. These incidental preliminaries having been thus satisfactorily arranged, the bride-to-be and her mother—whom the Lieutenant in his unaffected way already called "mama"—set out for Paris to undertake the real serious business of the affair; and for the next few months they were absorbed by the shops and dressmakers.

History does not chronicle the doings of the Lieutenant in Vienna during these weeks of waiting, but love-born letters on pink paper with a crest came regularly to Miss Mary White—she hated the pink paper but adored the crest—and were answered by her in good time.

Like all protracted seasons of longing and waiting, this, too, at last went by, and not only had the dresses and other paraphernalia been sent home from Paris, but the Lieutenant at last found himself on a Bremen steamer half way to New York, whither Miss White and her mother had already preceded him.

He arrived early one stifling morning in the pleasant suburb of Hoboken. By a series of contretemps, although the vessel had been reported the evening before, neither Miss White nor any member of the family, nor even the coachman met him at the pier. He was forced to drive alone as best he might, to the apartments of an old athletic friend in Fifty-ninth street, with whom, as had been arranged, he was to lodge while in New York. He finally reached the metropolis in a very mixed frame of mind. Such a little matter as this, however, although it wounded the Lieutenant's vanity, even in his present state of submissiveness, was easily

and satisfactorily smoothed over and soon forgotten, and the few days intervening before the wedding were spent in a round of gaiety. So much did he see in such a short time—so many persons and places—that to this day he does not know whether Delmonico's is a street or a theater, or that Riverside Drive is not a part of the Battery. One thing, however, he does remember and that is the exact location of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which he vows he could find in the dark—but that is anticipating the story.

When the day of the wedding came —the ceremony had been fixed for the evening—the Lieutenant drew a sigh of relief. Somehow or other the New York visit had not been quite satisfactory to him. He had been whisked about so that it had not only confused him, but had begun to tell upon him physically. Worse than all this, although he had been constantly in Miss White's company, somebody or other had always been there, too, and they had not even had an opportunity, as he reflected somewhat bitterly, with an old-world conception of the part he was playing, for a single comfortable tete-a-tete, or an exchange of confidences. This particular day he had been denied — heartlessly he thought, though they told him that it was a necessary preliminary—the first sight of the beloved object until he should meet her at the altar, and he had rather a wretched time, which he spent variously in retrospection, polishing his cartouch and vigorously rubbing up other metal parts of his equipment. Upon one thing he certainly congratulated himself, and that was that the end was near and that his troubles were almost over.

The wedding was to be a military one to a certain extent. The groomsman was to be the Austrian Consul in uniform, and with that minute attention to detail that characterized all the wedding preparations, it had been arranged that out of compliment to the diplomat, and the nationality of the groom himself, the Austrian national hymn should be played during the service. The ceremony was to take place at eight o'clock at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Now it must be borne in mind that there are in New York no less than three churches of the Protestant Episcopal denomination having "Trinity" as a constituent part of their names. First of all there is Trinity Church proper, or Old Trinity, which as everybody knows is on Broadway, opposite Wall street; then there is its immediate offshoot, Trinity Chapel, extending from West Twenty-fifth to West Twenty-sixth street, near Broadway; and finally, there is the Church of the Holy Trinity, already mentioned, which stands at the corner of Madison avenue and Forty-second street. The three churches bear no sort of resemblance to each other in shape or size, and as has been stated, they are block after block of city streets apart.

The first of Lieutenant von Lendheim's misadventures, and be it said, the moving cause of them all, was, in a certain sense not his own fault. They had so many things to attend to around at the Whites' that he had been left rather neglectfully to arrange for his own carriage to take him to the church. It only occurred to him late in the afternoon that it was necessary to have a carriage at all, and he at once rang for a messenger, and when he came gave him a verbal order to the livery-man in the next street. The Lieutenant had always maintained, and even now, when he can view the matter to a certain extent dispassionately, still maintains that he gave the order correctly to the messenger boy. However that may be, the boy unquestionably told the livery-man that the carriage was to go from Fifty-ninth street with its fare to Trinity Church, and in that form the order was passed on to the coachman.

The carriage drove up to the door, and the Lieutenant in all his gorgeousness of apparel, came clanking down the front steps and entered.

"You know where to go?" he said.

"I do, sir! Trinity!" was the reply, and the Lieutenant was soon bowling along down town over the New York pavements.

His mind, when he first got into the carriage, was almost in a whirl at the imminence of the event that was about to transform his life, and it now had plenty of time to resume its normal condition of tranquillity. The journey seemed long to him, much longer than he had supposed, but any distance, he reflected, would appear great at such a time, and he held his peace. His endurance, however, at last gave out, and he was just on the point of appealing to the driver, when that unsuspecting individual drew up with a flourish, and in a trice had descended and opened the door with the cheerful remark, "Here you are, sir!"

The Lieutenant hastily arranged his accoutrements, for he knew that he was late, and hurriedly dismounted. He had already taken a step toward the church when he looked up and saw to his unutterable dismay that the edifice was closed and unlighted. It came to him like a flash that he had been brought to the wrong place, and that the cabman was personally responsible for the blunder. That worthy had again mounted the box and was gathering up the reins preparatory to a start when the Lieutenant, keeping in check for a moment a rage that was bloodthirsty in its vehemence, wheeled where he stood and called out, "What church is this?"

"Trinity, sir!" said the cabman with a shade of injury in his voice.

Then the Lieutenant sprang forward as if he meant to commit murder, but he relented in time, and stood still at the curb shaking his fist at the man, while he objurgated and reviled him in German and English. Long before he had ceased anathematizing the cabman, the latter, with a look of alarm such as one might bestow upon a dangerous lunatic, whipped up his horse, and with a look behind to see whether he was being followed, vanished incontinently up the street.

The hopelessness of the Lieutenant's predicament became intensified as he saw the object of his wrath disappear in the distance. It was late; long past the time set for the wedding and he was alone in a remote quarter of an unknown city. Something must be done and done quickly. He looked about him in search of a cab, but not one was visible. Just at that moment, however, a street-car came slowly up from Bowling Green, and, when it finally reached him, the Lieutenant hailed it and got in, amid the admiring gaze of the few passengers it had as yet picked up. The conductor was just then engaged in his first collection of fares, and the Lieutenant had only time to settle himself in the furthest corner of the car, when he in his turn was addressed politely but firmly with "Your fare, sir!"

Now, the Lieutenant had not really expected to be called upon to expend any money that evening, but in view of some possible emergency he had provided himself with two bright, twenty-dollar gold pieces. One of these he now produced. The conductor took it, examined it on both sides, and, regarding the Lieutenant quizzically, said, "You can't try that on here; it won't work."

"But it is all I have," said the Lieutenant.

"Then walk," was the suggestion as the conductor pulled the bell. The Lieutenant, burning with indignation, alighted, and once more stood alone on the curb. Then he sauntered on up the street in the direction taken by the car. At the Astor House he discovered a hansom that had just deposited a passenger on the sidewalk, and he hurriedly hailed the driver.

"Where is the church of the Holy Trinity?" he shouted.

"Down there," said the cabman, pointing in the direction from which the Lieutenant had come.

"No," said the Lieutenant, epigrammatically, "I do not mean there—uptown?"

"Oh!" said the cabman, "will ye be after goin' up?"

'I will," returned the Lieutenant, "and I have the utmost haste."

"All right," said the cabman, "I'll git ye up in good shape," at which the Lieutenant entered and they started off.

This time it must be conceded that the Lieutenant was really at fault and that, too, in spite of his previous experience with an insufficiently instructed driver. It ought to have been apparent to him with half an eye that this particular cabman hadn't the slightest idea where he was going, and had started out with the hope and intention of picking up his information on the way. Had his fare been listening for that sort of thing he might have heard the following conversation carried on a little later between his own cabman and a colleague whom he had overtaken:

"Say, Bill, where's Trinity?"

"Down?" asked the colleague.

"No; up."

"West twenty-five—off Broadway."

They were going there now the nearest way, and it really was not very long before they came out into the blaze of light at Madison Square, and soon pulled up in a throng of carriages at the door of the church. The Lieutenant rose to his feet and leaped out upon the sidewalk. Without a word he recklessly handed one of his twenty-doliar gold pieces to the driver, and almost ran up the steps of the church.

Once inside the edifice the Lieutenant found himself in the midst of an assembled multitude. Brilliant lights flashed in all directions, the organ was playing softly, and there was the general air of expectancy which always prevails just before the entrance of the bridal party. The Lieutenant's one thought was that he was still on time. The beatitude of the idea so possessed him that he did not heed the usher who politely stepped forward as he started down the center aisle, nor did he notice the hum of curiosity that ran over the church when he had advanced to the steps of the altar and turned and stood there erect and alone with an air that was sublime in its imperturbability. He had not arrived a moment too soon, for scarcely had he turned and faced the entrance when the buzz of expectation grew louder; the introspective murmurings of the organ turned into the triumphant joy of a wedding march, and the bride—the end and brief epitome of all—with her retinue of men and maids entered and had already begun her progress toward the altar. Without a shade of self-consciousness, but if possible more erect and martial than ever, the Lieutenant stood there and awaited her approach. Behind him the officiating clergyman had silently taken his place at the head of the chancel steps, and two men in unexceptional black, one of them with the air of an actor who was to play a principal part, had arranged themselves near him. The Lieutenant, whose senses were absorbed by the spectacle in front of h'm, had seen nothing of all this, although the men in black immediately noticed him, and had exchanged significant glances of inquiry.

The procession slowly advanced. It was close upon him when his eyes for some inexplicable reason strayed for a moment from the bride, and intelligently fastened themselves upon her escort upon whose arm she leaned. He started, for it was not Mr. White. Something must unexpectedly have happened to him, he thought, some sudden illness, to keep him away. His glance quickly went back to the bride, but this time he did not start—for an instant his heart stood still and he ceased to breathe. He could not believe the evidence of his eyes, but thought he had suddenly gone mad. Even though the veil covered and in part concealed her, the approaching figure was not Miss White. For one awful moment, that sometimes comes

back to him in dreams, he stood there without sense or volition. Then he turned round and saw the two men in evening dress in the chancel behind him, and at once the horror of it all flashed through his mind.

How the Lieutenant got out of the church he never knew, but it was not until he found himself on the sidewalk that he came once more into full possession of his faculties. Then he ambled up to a policeman and inquired, falteringly:

"What church is this?"

"Trinity Chapel," was the reply.

He did not groan—he was made of sterner stuff—but his heart sank like lead within him. He had to go to the corner of Fifth avenue before he found a cab that was disengaged. He did n't care, however, he was in no hurry now. He recognized the futility of even trying to hasten where haste could no longer avail. When at last a man from the opposite side of the street signalled his readiness for a fare, he motioned him across, and asked in a voice in whose appealing note of despair there was an infinite pathos, "Do you know where the Church of the Holy Trinity is?"

"I do, sir!" said the cabman.

"Where is it?"

"Corner Madison avenue and Forty-second," was the reply.

"There," said the other wearily, "is where I desire to go."

When the Lieutenant arrived, crushed and discouraged, at the church for which he had started out in such high spirits earlier in the evening, he found it closed and deserted. He had known that this would be the case, and when the cab drew up in front of the building, he did n't even dismount.

"The Dakota," he said hopelessly to the cabman, and then wondered at himself for having said it.

It is a long drive from the Church of the Holy Trinity to the great apartment house in West Seventy-second street where the Whites lived. The Lieutenant, however, did not mind it this time, for it gave him the needed opportunity to think over what course to pursue. Of one thing he was certain—and he accepted the fact grimly—he had lost Miss White. Then there came to him the realization of that loss. He thought bitterly of the lonely years that stretched out before him; how his family and friends in Vienna, particularly his fellow officers would regard the affair, and he resolved to see her once more and learn whether he had forever forfeited all claim to her affection. The particulars of that interview have never been divulged, but Lieutenant and Mrs. von Lendheim certainly started the same evening on their wedding journey. Mrs. White also left town immediately which, considering the predicament in which the public was placed by the marriage notice that had duly appeared in the morning papers, was an unfair thing to do, but she had certainly produced a social effect, though not exactly in the way intended.

The Lieutenant, in his far-away Vienna home, is a happy man except when he thinks of that night in New York, when a cold, hard look comes over his face. Once in a while a letter is received from Mrs. White in which she expresses the hope that the two will soon come to America to make her a visit, but when it is read aloud by his wife, the Lieutenant says never a word—he merely shrugs his shoulders.

Questions Of the Day

RECENT DECISIONS ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE recent decisions of the United States Courts in Ohio and Louisiana present new phases of the law in its bearing upon the labor question. They were all made under the act of Congress approved July 2d, 1890, which is commonly known as the Anti-trust Act. It declares every contract, combination in form of trust, or otherwise, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states, or with foreign nations, to be illegal, and every person who shall monopolize or attempt to monopolize, or conspire, or combine with any other person or persons to monopolize such trade or commerce shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Further it declares every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of such trade to be void. Jurisdiction of cases arising under the act is conferred upon the United States Circuit Courts, and it provides that any person injured by such combination or conspiracy may institute suit in said courts, and recover threefold damages, costs, and reasonable attorney fees. Any property owned by guilty parties and in transit is forfeitable to the United States.

The general impression has been that this act had no application to labor organizations or combinations, and that it related solely to the producers and distributers of merchandise. And as it provides for the forfeiture of property owned by those guilty of combination or conspiracy, there is a good deal of reason to hold that it is limited in its operation to trade or commerce proper, and does not extend to those who are engaged merely in transportation, and who are without interest in the property itself. The construction given to the act by Judges Taft, Billings and Ricks is certainly not strict, but it is latitudinous. The questions they have passed upon will undoubtedly go to the court of last resort, where the exact scope of the statute will be defined. There will be a condition of uncertainty and unrest until a final interpretation is given to the statute. It is very doubtful whether Congress had the labor question in mind when it enacted that law. The country, with a good deal of vehemence, demanded the suppression of trusts and combinations to control production and distribution of commodities that enter into general consumption. There had been formed, and they were in actual and formidable operation, such trusts as that in sugar, salt, cotton-seed oil, petroleum oil, and many others which attempted to control, and to a certain extent did control trade in the leading articles of commerce. It was this evil that Congress intended and attempted to reach and suppress.

There is no doubt that if Judge Taft is right in his premises, all who participate in, or advise a strike which injures through interruption of interstate or international commerce are liable to be mulcted in damages; and Judge Billings, if the law extends to labor organizations or to single persons engaged in the mere handling of freight and passengers, is correct in granting a restraining order, for the law expressly confers such power. Judge Ricks restrained the engineers on the Lake Shore Road from boycotting the Ann Arbor freight. Everything, therefore, depends upon the question of the applicability of the statute to the cases they have passed upon.

Congress has plenary power to regulate

interstate traffic and to compel interstate lines to handle the passengers and freights of connecting lines. Under the law the Lake Shore was bound to receive the business of the Ann Arbor, and whatever interpretation may be given to the Anti-Trust Act, the engineer in charge of an engine had no right to take a step that would prevent the Lake Shore doing its duty under other statutes, or under the common law. He must either do what his employer directs, or he must get off from the engine and let some one take his place who will obey such directions as will enable the employer to execute the obligations imposed by law. The decisions do not go to the extent of holding that strikes are necessarily unlawful. For no courts will hold, and no legislative body will enact that a man cannot cease work when he pleases, provided he is not under contract to labor for a specified term.

As a rule, on the railroads and in the large manufacturing establishments, there are no contracts binding an employer or employee for a fixed term of service, and the practice is for the former to discharge and the latter to resign at will. This right cannot be interfered with, and strikes that amount to mere cessations of work are not and cannot be made unlawful. There should, however, be a condition in all such contracts that discharge or resignation shall not take place except on reasonable notice to be specifically stated as to time, that business may not be embarrassed, and those who live by their labor may make preparations to go into other employment. Labor organizations have alienated public sympathy by indulging in the destruction of property, in forcibly preventing others taking the places of strikers, and in some instances in committing acts most heinously criminal. They have also been in the habit of striking at times when it would not only do employers most harm, but inflict serious damage on the public. The common feeling is that if men do not want to work on the terms offered let them quit, and that that shall be the end of it. Trusts and combinations and the exactions of capital will never be prevented by indefensible acts on the part of labor. Legislative bodies and courts will go to the extent of protecting property, in assuring stability to business, and in securing to all the undisturbed privilege of working on terms that suits them. If labor organizations stand in the way of this, they will be suppressed by an aroused public. The sentiment that demands the suppression of trusts, and prevents the exactions of capital, will also grapple with all other agencies that unjustly retard public prosperity.

MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.

Some years ago while in conversation with a well-known man of wealth, he remarked to the writer that while he had abundant means and a promising outlook, he was educating his three daughters with a view to their supporting themselves if occasion required. The young ladies were prominent in society, yet one was taking lessons in dressmaking, another was preparing herself to teach music, while the third was fitting herself to fill the position of a book-keeper. By a singular turn of the wheel of fortune in five years this very sensible man was completely ruined, and for several years lived in Europe in a manner only known to himself. His daughters found themselves thrown upon the world without a dollar, but thanks to their training they were all enabled to support themselves. This is but one of scores of instances that are occurring in this and every country every day. Children are brought up without any aim and thrown upon the world to make the fight against an armed foe, poorly equipped. The education of women especially is a question that deserves the consideration of our thinkers, educators, and those who give money for educational purposes. It is a healthy sign that manual training-schools are appearing all over the land, and it is to be hoped that the day is near at hand when every town and city will have such a school where young men and women can be taught accomplishments which, if necessary, can be used in the great struggle for life, California has several such schools, and in the city of Pasadena a wealthy citizen has founded a school that embodies the idea of manual training—an institution that pretends to equip students for the actual struggle for life. Here are found the daughters of wealthy men studying the art of cooking or perfecting

themselves in the various departments of housekeeping. Certain days are devoted to dressmaking, lace-making and many other studies that can be used, if occasion comes, later on. Machine shops, electrical plants, and carpenter shops are here fully equipped, all filled with students eager to learn and suggestive of great good to be accomplished. At present there seems to be an impression that young women can only fill the positions of saleswomen or typewriters, but there are scores of fields not yet touched upon by women, that are open to them with the proper training, and these manual training schools springing up all over the country will, in all probability, solve one of the greatest questions in which women are interested.

"THE GOOD GRAY POET."

Apropos of the biographical sketch of Walt Whitman by De Witt C. Lockwood in the last number of this magazine, C. W. Eldridge of San Francisco writes as follows:

"I have read with interest the article on Walt Whitman in the April CALIFORNIAN. In the opening paragraph the writer says that it is a matter of conjecture how the name of the "Good Gray Poet," was first applied. I am able to give definite information on that point. The epithet was first used by William D. O'Connor in his pamphlet with that title, published in 1865, as a vindication of the poet and an excoriation of Harlan, the Secretary, who had dismissed him for his book. This pamphlet is undoubtedly the most brilliant monograph in American literature. I am a life-long friend of Walt Whitman and his champion, William D. O'Connor. I was considerably surprised that a somewhat extended sketch of the former should be given without mentioning the latter, who was Walt's earliest and ablest defender. I was in Washington when this remarkable pamphlet was written, and held frequent conferences with O'Connor about it. The title was also a subject of conference, and Mr. O'Connor has the sole honor of inventing it. It was suggested to him, as he told me, by a line in Tennyson's 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington':

O good gray head which all men knew * *"

"DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'."

In the April CALIFORNIAN we published a poem with the above title which has appeared anonymously for a number of years in various publications. We are now in receipt of several communications from subscribers who have kindly supplied the author's name. The following letter in regard to the subject is from Dr. J. A. Crane, of Santa Ana, Cal.:

"De Massa ob de Sheepfol'," which appears in your April number, has for many years had an honored place in my old scrap book. It is to be regretted that such gems are so often given a place in the columns of newspapers, and the names of the authors omitted. Very soon they become waifs and hence their origin difficult to trace.

"Many years since Chas. A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, pronounced this poem 'without regard to dialect, one of the most beautiful in the English language.' Upon investigation, I think you will discover that its author is Sally Pratt Mc Lean. If there be other claimants for this distinguished honor, for so it must be regarded, I am not aware of the fact."

[Sarah Pratt Mc Lean (now Mrs. Greene) was born at Simsbury, Conn., and is the author of the well-known novels, "Cape Cod Folks," "Last Chance Junction," "Towhead," etc.—THE EDITOR.]

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.—*Tennyson.*

LITERATURE is in its transition period. Many poets, philosophers and other deep thinkers believe that the following century will witness the development of a distinctly higher and purer standard than has ever before existed, and that it will attain an advancement previously undreamed of save by a few prophetic souls; philosophies will be unfolded and realized, unthought of save by the most acute reasoners of the age, and hitherto unknown truths will be evolved.

Literary abilities seem to become more widely distributed as the years progress, and the result is that there are now more writers of every class and description than at any previous time. Books unnumbered are being written and published, and our country alone supports a surprising number of magazines, besides innumerable periodicals and pamphlets of minor importance. Between one and two hundred manuscripts are accepted annually by many of the magazines, and an estimate can scarcely be made of the amount of rejected matter that passes through their hands. It is, perhaps, on account of this competition, more difficult, and requires more persistent effort to attain success in serious literary pursuits than in almost any other profession, for "Of making books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

The inexorable judgment of the editor and publisher is focused upon every piece of literature offered for publication, and this literature must come within certain limits of popularity prescribed by public taste, thoroughly understood by those whose duty it is to pass judgment upon it, and decide as to its fitness for publication. He who occupies such a position bears the weight of a great responsibility, for while understanding his limitations and exercising some conservativeness, he must select matter for publication which is characterized by sufficient originality of thought to surprise without shocking the average reader. He must sink his personal ideas and opinions in his judgment, and become a composite expression of the opinions of many. The young writer must, therefore, shape his thoughts so that they may pass through this rigorous channel, after which they may reasonably be supposed acceptable to the general public.

He who has attempted to live by the products of his pen alone well knows the difficulties under which the young author labors. He also knows that he must undergo very exhaustive exertion for proportionately little compensation. There are few authors to-day, even those of established fame, who are able to live upon the incomes derived from their writings alone, many of them occupying editorial positions or other remunerative literary situations. For some reasons it is well that this occupation is so beset with difficulties, for, while in some cases the sufferings undergone by a young author wear away the keen sensitiveness of his intrinsic powers and higher nature, in others they but serve to broaden his experience, develop his character and strengthen his talents. There is another advantage accruing from the lack of immediate personal benefit in a literary career. If it were to offer too many inducements, that class of writers whose lack of earnestness and definiteness of purpose would by no means be an ornament to the profession, would be increased immeasurably and the present conditions render it an unprofitable occupation for any one who is not willing to make many sacrifices for its sake, and those who would write for financial benefits alone are not likely to pursue it. In the future let us hope that this class will have been relegated entirely to oblivion, or that those still remaining in the literary field will have undergone development that will place within the grasp of their comprehension the great purposes that actuate true creation in

any profession. To the poets we must accredit a high understanding and true conception of these purposes. Their utterances are the result of the realization of truth, and the capability of prophesy. Ryan says of them,

> As seers see a star
> Beyond the brow of night,
> So poets scan the far
> Prophetic when they write
> * * * *
> It is not all a dream,
> A poet's thought is truth,
> The things that are—and seem
> From age far back to youth.

Robert Grinshaw in a volume entitled *Fifty Years Hence*[1] makes a prediction of what may be in 1943, "a prophesy, supposed to be based on scientific deductions by an improved graphical method." He quotes Byron, who says, "The best of prophets of the future is the past," and upon this hypothesis bases a system by which he promises to figure out mathematically, the different conditions of life, geographical divisions, scientific discoveries, atmospheric conditions, the evolution of recorded speech, etc., in a series of charts marked in different colors to represent them. "Given a mode of expressing social conditions, legal enactments, human emotions," he says, "extending through a sufficient period, and known with sufficient accuracy to be properly chartered, the present may be made to throw light upon a past too dim, and past and present point with unerring finger to the future, be it near or distant." Unfortunately, when the expectations of the appreciative mathematician are at their height, he discontinues his explanations and simply sets forth the results of the investigations. But perhaps since such wonderful results are obtained in storing and utilizing all the electrical forces and motive powers of nature, and attaining an undreamed of development in the mechanical and fine arts, we should be satisfied to forego the pleasure of an analysis of the means.

The *Cause and Cure of the Irrepressible Conflict Between Capital and Labor*,[2] is intelligently discussed by Hiram Orcutt, LL.D. "Relations between employer and employee," he says, "are regulated by the inevitable law of demand and supply." He defines their relations as neither that of master and slave, nor that of partners, but contracting parties, "each having in view his own interests." He dwells at some length on the evils arising from strikes, giving actual facts and figures concerning the misfortunes and losses suffered by both contracting parties. Profit sharing by employers with employees, he seems to think inadvisable and even unjust, as the employer has assumed all the risk and expense of investment, while the employee is free of this responsibility, and his wages are guaranteed. If an employee, he says, must share a percentage of the profits he must also share a percentage of loss, if the firm should sustain losses. Mr. Orcutt states some of the rates at which the wage earners are paid, saying that if they were struggling for mere existence their present complaints would be justifiable, but that they are receiving exceptionally high wages, better pay than the workingmen of any other country. He says finally, "Let them recognize the laws which regulate the commercial world, and devote themselves faithfully to the interests of their employers, satisfied with fair compensation, and striving to make their services more valuable by self-culture. This will not only put an end to the existing war, but will subserve their own greatest pecuniary interest, comfort and welfare—a result greatly to be desired."

A Mere Cipher,[3] by Mary Angela Dickens, was published in serial form under the title, "A Modern Judith," but is now republished in book form under the original title given it by the author. It is the story of a man who had almost ruined himself with drink before fully realizing its demoralizing effect. The degradation of an inebriate's condition, in which all dignity and manliness is undermined, is graphically but delicately brought to the reader's observation. The young man, after conquering his appetite, devotes his time and attention to aiding an enthusiastic priest in perfecting his plans for forming colonies of the poor of London in Manitoba. He says, "I have come to the conclusion that all that can be urged in favor of emigration sinks into utter insignificance before the advantages of colonization. Where emigration breaks up and divides, colonization consolidates, where emigration means exile and loneliness, colonization means another and a larger home."

The character from which the novel takes its name is one of that type of women who has been from earliest youth thoroughly inculcated with the exactions of duty, and never has entertained the possibility of asserting her own individuality against the authority of either parent or husband. In her own humble, timid way she manages to be of much service and benefit to those about

[1] Practical Publishing Co., 21 Park Row, N. Y.
[2] New England Publishing Co., Boston.
[3] Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

her, and finally sacrifices her life to save the life and honor of the man she loves from the unscrupulous injustice of her husband. This man, unconscious of the noble sacrifice that has been made for him, marries his sweetheart, and the woman who has died for him remains as she always has seemed to be, "A Mere Cipher."

A new edition of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier's *Marriage*[1] has lately been published in more complete form than in any previous edition. Miss Ferrier was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott, and her works were very highly commended by him. Her book is full of brightness and interest, while an undercurrent of serious philosophy gives the story stability. She faithfully depicts the characters of the Scotch, displaying familiarity with their customs, manners and speech, and her descriptions of their home life is intensely amusing. She also portrays in some of her characters the many abnormal fallacies of conventional society, and their demoralizing effect upon its advocates. Several good object lessons are given concerning the mistakes that are made in marrying without due consideration. The marriage of one of her principal characters is that of the undeveloped girl under the influence of unsophisticated romanticism, of another, a union for wealth and position, and of still another the commonplace wedding that occurs every day, in which all the grand faculties or brilliant capabilities are sunk in hopeless contentment and insipidity. The first two often culminate in tragedies, but the last has not even that redeeming feature—it is a gradual paralysis of the strongest and noblest qualifications, 'until life becomes a mere duty, incapable even of despair. Marriage, that holiest and purest of bonds, is a much abused and much desecrated word. Marriage, which was instituted to perfect the great inevitable law of sympathy or duality in nature, and bring two component parts into the purest, most sanctified relations, is used as a commodity in which the best desires, the most ethereal conditions of the human soul are stifled and deadened, or so degraded that they are unworthy of their name.

A Roman Singer[2], by F. Marion Crawford, has been lately issued in a new edition. This author in his word-painting of the Italian life and character is true and original, even though he often portrays those individualities that are unique, and rarely met with or recognized in the ordinary paths of life. "A Roman Singer" is written in a style that at once invites you warmly into the writer's confidence and carries you to the depth of his conceptions. Nino, the singer, is a peasant child, brought up by a professor of languages, not wealthy in this world's goods, who educates the child to follow his own profession. The child, at an early age, displaying remarkable musical genius, concentrates his attention upon its development and persistently follows the profession for which nature has fitted him. He becomes so engrossed in his pursuit that he pays no attention to those things that usually become part of a young man's life, and arrives at manhood, his character unsullied and concentrated. He finally meets and loves a woman whom he pursues with his characteristic intensity and determination, and after many trials and difficulties, finally marries her. The beauty of the love existing between these two young people is ideal, and what the mutual love of man and woman was originally intended to be. They come to each other in virginal purity, their affections innocent of the faintest breath of the warping, disfiguring touch of contamination which robs the true grand passion, when it does come, of half its worth.

One of our poets, whose work would impress the reader with the purity and grandeur of the writer's character, is the late Abram Joseph Ryan, commonly known as "Father Ryan." He entered the Catholic priesthood at an early age, devoting himself to a religious life, though he also gave much attention to literary work. In his epic poem, "Their Story Runneth Thus," there is such pathos and depth of feeling that we cannot fail to detect its autobiographical character, and our appreciation and sympathies are wrapped more closely about the man for coming in such close touch with his private life and thoughts. Some of his work is mediocre, but he often breaks forth into flashes of song that startle the reader by their depth and grandeur, and bear sufficient testimony to his genius. His thoughts are much greater than his expression, and he shows his appreciation of this fact in the lines:

Yet far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley like Virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

G. L. B.

[1] Roberts Bros., Boston.
[2] Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

ONE OF OUR BUSINESS COLLEGES.

BY C. I. P.

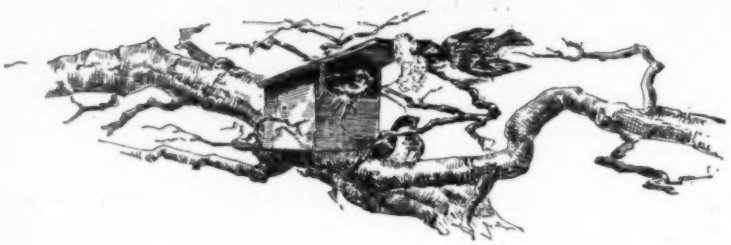
WE take pleasure in introducing to our readers Prof. J. H. Aydelotte, one of California's progressive educators. He is well known in

Oakland and San Francisco, where he enjoys an enviable reputation as an instructor. He is a college-bred man, having graduated at two institutions in the East, in one of which he was called into the faculty, being assigned to one of the mathematical chairs. In the special department of commercial education he is widely known on the Coast, and is one of the most energetic and successful men in the field. He was several years ago a popular member of the faculty of Heald's Business College of San Francisco, where he proved his efficiency in many branches. He is sole proprietor of Aydelotte's Business College, located in the handsome and substantial Y. M. C. A. Building of Oakland, Cal. This college is a model institution of the kind. Few institutions of the country have such beautiful rooms, so spacious and airy and well lighted. The rooms were designed for the college at the time the building was erected, and thus every requirement of the school was provided for. The rooms are situated on the second and third floors of the building, and will accommodate several hundred pupils. The courses are thorough and practical. The various offices in the practical department give the schoolroom the appearance of a representative business house.

The advantages of Oakland as a city of schools are heralded throughout the length and breadth of the State, and the number of families that take up their residence there for the school advantages is annually increasing. It is a well known fact that young people are in much better surroundings in Oakland than in San Francisco, where the evil enticements are greater.

Mr. Aydelotte is not only an earnest instructor, but a practical man of business, and his knowledge gained by experience is cheerfully imparted

to those who will find in him not only the head and proprietor of a superior business college, but a genial and sympathetic friend whose advice will be an aid to advancement and success.



A CHRISTMAS IN PRISON.

BY CLARE CARLYLE.

In its broad white shroud lay the dead old earth,
And the bells chimed loud, chimed low;
They sang, "'Tis the day of the Holy Birth,"
In their swinging to and fro.
As the last sweet note of their silver tongues
Had died into silent prayer,
A clanging of heavy prison gates
Smote harsh on the frosty air.

And through the grim portals there passed to save,
With mission of peace and love,
A band who had knelt on the prison pave
Though the felons frowned above.
There were faces blanched with a white despair,
Betraying all hope had fled;
There were eyes that had looked with a cruel glare
On a victim stricken dead.

Low brows, where the murderer's brand was set,
All marked by the hand of time,
And the trembling, close-cropped, snowy head,
Bowed down by the years of crime,
That spoke of a harvest reaped as sown,
In the long, dark sin-fraught years,
And of those who had watched their garnering
Through a storm of heart-wrung tears.

There were youthful faces with eyes of blue
Who were still to boyhood near,
Who had once a heart both warm and true,
Who were touched by a pleading tear;
And the smile that parted their boyish lips
Brought visions of childhood sweet,
Of the tender clasping of finger tips
In prayer at their mother's feet.

And they listened, trembling, as softly fell
The words of the sister's prayer.
And their voices rose, for they knew full well
Each line of that chanted air.
That tender prayer to the great All-Friend
Was heeded, and from each face
The frown had faded, the brows unbend;
Of the sneer there is left no trace.

For they heard no word of their damning sin,
No hint of their prison dress,
No stern decree, "If Heaven they'd win,
Their guilt they must confess."
No talk of a fiery punishment
Recounting their past misdeeds,
No mention of those who to sinners were sent
With their formal, man-made creeds.

They were told, alone, of the tender child
Who lay in the manger bed,
While the stars of an Eastern heaven smiled,
In beauty, above his head;
Of the soul divine in the mortal frame,
Descending to earth that morn;
Of the gift in their keeping, the hallowed name,
To teach of a heavenly dawn.

Of peace, that should reign over all the earth,
That the only bonds be love—
The love of a Christ-bought brotherhood
Linked firm to the Heart above.
Then for a moment all sin seemed swept
By a hand divine away,
And the hardened sinners sighed or wept,
Some kneeling as if to pray.

Then down there fell from the frowning height
Of the gloomy prison wall
A shadow, as wings of snowy white
Waved softly over all;
And they gaze with awe on each upturned face
As the prayer and chanting cease,
And they whisper low, "We have seen at last
The blessed spirit, Peace."

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE,

Located on Powell St., near Market, opp. Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

The following detailed description will furnish an excellent idea of the general contour of this magnificent Theatre.

THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

The grand entrance to the Theatre is in the center of the facade, and the approach is a massive stone arch sixteen feet wide and thirty feet in depth. Passing through to the right, and near to the entrance of the foyer are located the ticket offices.

The foyer is separated from the auditorium proper by a succession of arches, hung with handsome portieres.

ACOUSTICS AND DECORATIONS.

One of the peculiar features of the construction and arrangement of the auditorium are a succession of curves in the ceiling and sounding board. These were adopted in various theatres in America, and have proven such a decided success in the improvement of the acoustics that the architect has produced the same effects here. The architecture, decorations and furnishings of the interior of the Theatre are of purely Ivory and Gold. The architect has made a thorough study of these decorations, and has embodied in this house some of the choicest features of this style of architecture obtainable.

L. R. STOCKWELL,
Lessee and Prop'r.

ALF. ELLINGHOUSE,
Business Manager.

There are twelve Proscenium Boxes, and seven loges in the center of the auditorium, separating the Orchestra and Dress Circle seats. The arrangement of these boxes and the sittings of the auditorium are such that an artist cannot get out of view of any sitting in the house.

LIGHT, VENTILATION AND HEAT.

The house is lighted entirely by the incandescent electric light. The auditorium is heated by the under-floor system, which guarantees a uniform distribution of heat, and a system of ventilation has been adopted which guarantees a change of temperature accordingly.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

The Theatre is built independent of the apartment building. This, like the front building, is made as near absolutely fireproof as it is possible to make a theatre; all stairways, corridors, dressing-rooms, etc., being built entirely of incombustible material. The auditorium is separated from the stage by a solid brick wall, with a brick arch above the proscenium, and with a fireproof curtain run in steel grooves and hung with steel wire ropes. All drops, borders and lifting scenes will be operated by the "lowering system." The stage is built with every modern improvement in stage machinery, and supplied with as complete an outfit of scenery as any theatre possesses in this country.

The house has a seating capacity of 1,600, divided about 500 to each floor. It has been the aim both of the architect and proprietor to give the community of San Francisco a theatre not only attractive in appearance, but comfortable in every respect, giving room between the seats and aisles of ample width. The Theatre is being operated as a strictly first-class one, and no attractions will be seen upon its stage except those that are recognized as such.

Many special features have been introduced in the foyer and retiring-rooms which add to its attractiveness, and which can hardly be detailed in an article of this kind; but it is plain that San Francisco has in "Stockwell's" a theatre second to none on the American Continent.

LITERATURE, to-day, seems to be in a state of progression. The general standard has reached a greater height, and the competition is much greater than it has ever been before. There may be no more leading lights or wonderful geniuses than there has been for years past, not as many, some think, forgetting that genius is seldom appreciated until its light begins to wane, and that the genius of to-day will not be recognized and appreciated until the following generation.

Hamlin Garland in a late article in the *Arena* speaks of the growth of Literature in the West, saying of the young and promising talent which he has observed:

"If I were starting a magazine in the West I should aim to develop the art resources of my locality. I should fill it with local color—not by means of dry chronicles of native industries, or histories of local celebrities or various townships, but by calling forth the a texpression of the young writers of the section. It cannot be but that there are undeveloped young writers in every leading city of the West—men and women full of fresh native energy, needing only encouragement and direction to become powerful writers of short stories. I am in receipt of scores of letters from such young people."

What a desirable and admirable editor he would be! He would surely never send the unhappy contributor whose manuscript has been rejected, but whose work is promising, one of those type-written or printed papers of declination, which are so discouraging, often destructive to budding talent, but would allow them to feel his sympathetic personality through his own handwriting and kind advice.

His lately published book, "A Member of the Third House," * teems with warmth and a true conception of human nature, and his delineation of the character of a rascally, merry young fellow, who bribes, corrupts and ruins men without a pang of conscience, yet is apparently a gentlemen and a good fellow, and succeeds in making his way into good society, is so familiar that one cannot fail to recognize the truth with which it is represented.

How happy should the writer be, gifted with that ability to draw his characters and events from life, and yet give them such interesting coloring, that, while violating none of the laws of naturalness and truth, they gratify the most exacting imagination. Walter Besant has displayed this ability in his new book called "London." * It is a series of descriptions of the city as it was, successively after the Roman occupation, the supremacy of the Saxons and Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, and in the time of Charles II. and that of George II. Mr. Besant has made good use of a large amount of material which had not previously been utilized, and has produced a happy combination of fiction and history which renders the book interesting to almost any class of readers. It is admirably illustrated, and would be a happy addition to any library.

Well known and appreciated among lovers of the classics is Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose wonderfully methodical and comprehensive ideas and conceptions of the poetic are well displayed in "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America." He has lately presented another book to the public, "The Nature and Elements of Poetry." † Mr. Stedman understands the art and principles of versification as thoroughly as anyone in America, and this book will be a rare treasure for the student and poet.

There are so many admirable books written in a serious vein that, while we may thoroughly enjoy them, we are glad at times to turn to something light and overflowing with humor and merriment. We have a volume possessing these qualifications in Robert

* Shulte & Co., Chicago.

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
† Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

Grant's "Reflections of a Married Man."* Its humor is alternated with good ideas and rare common sense, the latter giving it an element of stability.

"The West from a Car Window,"† by Richard Harding Davis, is one of the capital American sketch-books to which the Harpers seem to be giving special attention. Everything is presented in an entirely novel and charming way, and the text is illustrated by about fifty pictures, all by good artists. It is valuable for its fund of information, and treats of portions of the West still unfamiliar to the tourist. The West seems to be an inexhaustible source of interest, furnishing a great fund of material for literary structures, and also many of their builders.

In Thomas Nelson Page we have one of the best dialect writers in the country, his "Marse Chan,"‡ of which a new illustrated edition has been lately published, attracting great attention and interest. A contributor of the CALIFORNIAN, Mrs. Julia H. S. Bugeia, handles dialects very cleverly, especially Canadian French, her "M'sieu Lafontaine of Californie," in a late issue of the CALIFORNIAN, being a delightful bit of character study.

Charles Warren Stoddard, an old Californian, has lately brought out a new edition of his "South Sea Idyls,"§ a collection of delightful stories, overflowing with exuberance of spirits and sympathetic feeling. He writes of the people of the South Sea Islands, not as an outside observer, but with comprehensive familiarity of their inner lives. The book is interesting, and should find a wide circle of readers.

Among the best Californian writers is Chas. F. Lummis, whose "City of the Sky," in the CALIFORNIAN, will be remembered, and who has lately published a book called "Some Strange Corners of our Country,"‖ which, while apparently written for boys, will prove a source of fascination and astonishment to almost any one who may open it. It treats of Western scenes and people in a novel and pleasing way. Mr. Lummis is a charming writer; his style is fresh and clear. He is now in Peru accumulating material for the Century Magazine for a series of articles on the archæology of that wonderful country.

A recently published volume,¶ "Around the World through Arctic and Tropics," by Harry W. French, is an interesting and instructive account of travel and adventure, interwoven with a narrative that leads up to definite purpose in the end. It might be said that the good luck and indomitable courage of his young heroes are somewhat overdrawn, but this, perhaps, is a good fault in a book of this nature, as it has a tendency to healthfully stimulate youthful imagination and ambition.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, one of the contributors of the CALIFORNIAN, has lately issued a most artistic little book, containing a single poem, "Atlina,"* which, while narrative, could scarcely be called an epic, but it might be considered, both on account of the manner in which it is written and made up, a literary symphony. It is delicately and artistically bound, and beautifully illustrated, and it is hoped that the little volume will meet with every success, especially as the proceeds are to aid a most deserving object—the cause of art education.

"Nestlings,"† a collection of poems by Ella Fraser Weller, will be a very attractive and interesting Christmas gift for the little ones. It is illustrated by K. A. Fraser from photographs of children in the author's immediate circle of friends. There is a very sweet little face at the bottom of the frontispiece, that will appeal to hearts of all lovers of children. It is issued by the San Francisco Printing Co., and is a good example of what can be done on the Pacific Coast in the way of artistic publication.

We are too apt to discourage creation and execution in those who have not as yet accomplished very much in the literary world. This should not be done. It is easy for literature, which is not the product of true talent or genius, but which circumstances have forced into the field of competition, to be relegated to oblivion, but it is not so easy to mould the true talent and genius into a living entity. The germ is too often crushed and killed before it has sprung into life, by force of circumstances and environment. We are constantly in need of new thought—new light. We cannot exist on the ideas, however true or prophetic, that were given us ages ago. The world is progressing. We must have new advancers of truth, new prophets continuously, and each germ and plant should be carefully examined until it is ascertained whether they possess the true elements of strength, truth, prophesy and artistry.

G. L. B.

* Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.
† Harper & Bros., New York.
‡ Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.
§ Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.
‖ Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.
¶ D. Lathrop Co., Boston.

* J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.
† San Francisco Printing Co.

FOUND ON HIS BODY.

BY BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

THERE seems to be some subtle sense of dream about you when I am near; some unreal veil that hides your inmost self from me; that self, a gleam of which I used to see when, pale with passion, we gazed into each other's eyes. I remember, by all the hopes I have of thee, I do remember that then (as when in some depth of sea one looks and sees an instant's mystery) I saw beneath the swelling of your eyes your soul, and knew its history since time began, and that soul was part and parcel of my own. You cannot call it up again, you said. And yet I live—and hope. I leave this dead paper whereon the words look so dull and senseless, and I go out into the night just to pass where you are, and to breathe the same air you breathe; not to disturb you, dear; not to cause those eyes to flutter an instant, but just to pass near where you are.

I have been gone three hours. It is now 9 o'clock. I stood on the hill behind your house, but I made no noise, nothing heard me. I only staid there and wrung my hands and cried, I never cried before I knew you. Oh, my God, do you know what it is that a man should cry and wring his hands and choke in throat and yet have to keep quiet and silent?

* * * * * *

I went to those trees I love so much to-night, where once you sat with me, and there came upon me a savage hunger for you beside which starvation for food is nothing. It seems somehow as if you were slipping away from me. Oh, for dear Christ's sake, don't, don't! What can I write to make you feel what I feel—words are dead indeed. Dear love, don't you remember, you told me you loved me once, you told me you were mine, that I had but to order and you would obey, that when I was away you felt lost, and that only when I was near did you feel content? You used to say to me that little phrase of yours with that quaint delicious air; you used to laugh like sunshine set to melody. Do you not remember, sweet love? It is impossible that you can forget. You cannot. You cannot. Alas, I cannot put my grief into words!

As an exhausted swimmer facing death, yet despairingly struggles and struggles, stretches out his hand grasping a bough which slips, slips through his fingers; only a hoarse sob welling up in his throat, just one instant before the death rattle, so I too, try to cry, hold hard my breath and clench fast on these memories, fingers so desperate, so strong, that it seems to me now for an instant that my spirit stops sinking, that it lingers again softly safe where thy love made it float. Is it true? Is this death? Or have I won the battle? To die so young and yet so old.

I have come back once more from your window. The house was alight and I looked in through the pane. You did not know it, but I saw you there with him. One look, I marked, and that was all. Your eyes wandered, as he sat there idly tuning his instrument, wandered slowly and lingeringly from his head to his feet; a kiss so tender and so sweet in every touch of the light of those happy eyes that it tore hope forever from me. And so farewell.

I did not disturb you then, did I? I tried not to. I only went in the old way and took something out; that picture of my mother that I had given you. You did not need it any more, dear, did you? And I wanted to see her grey and wrinkled face once more, just her old face once more.

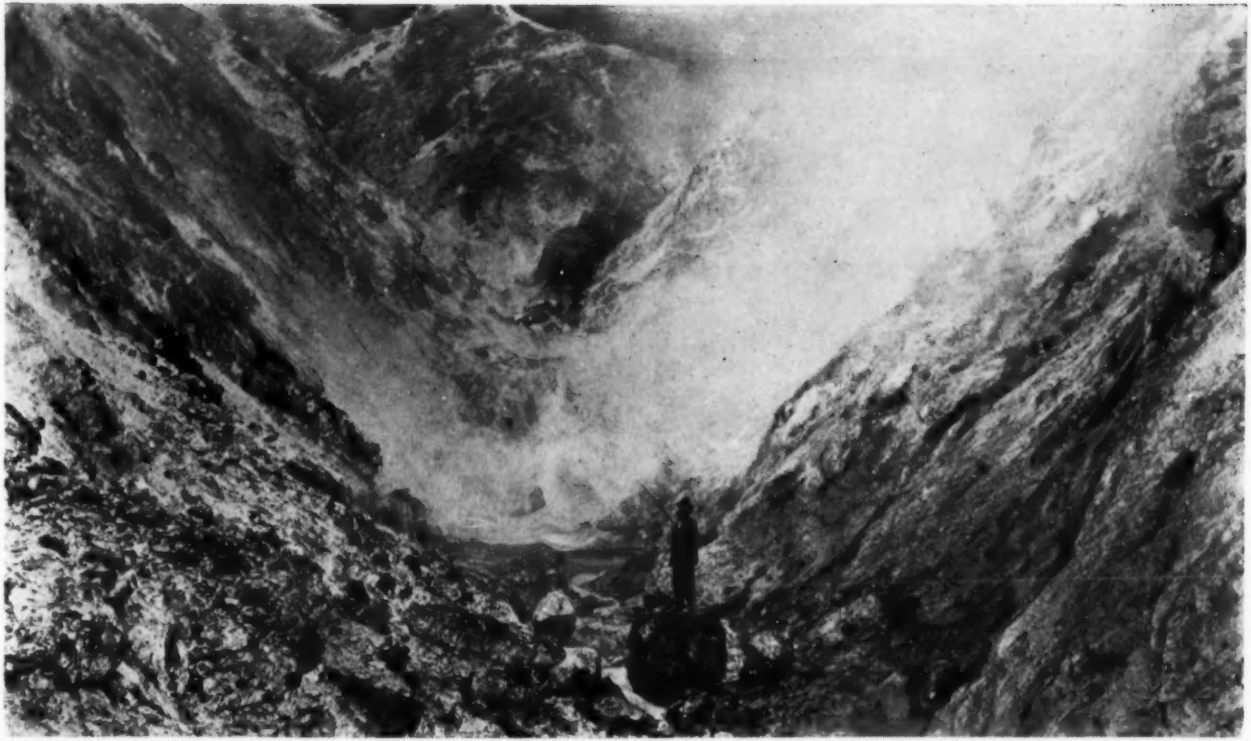
FRONT VIEW OF GEYSER HOTEL.

THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

F THE many Americans who crowd the trans-continental trains and trans-Atlantic steamboats each year for the purpose of visiting "the most aristocratic watering place in Europe," with the hope of deriving some benefit from the famous Carlsbad springs, how many are aware that here in their own country, in this golden western State are to be found springs, if not superior, certainly by no means inferior to those of the great European resort?

This was the question which suggested itself to the writer recently, when, through the kindness of Messrs. H. A. and David Powell, M. D., I stood for the first time at the head of the steaming Geysers of California. It seemed impossible to find a satisfactory answer to the question. If Americans do not visit this most beautiful spot, and if they cannot find sufficient food here for justifiable curiosity and pride, is it because they really do not know of the existence of the Californian Geysers? If so, what can we offer but pity to those who have never heard of this one of the seven wonders of the world, and who have never been privileged to make a tour to a place surpassing in grandeur, in beauty and in climate anything upon the face of the globe. If it is because people, in these days, when travel is made easy, prefer to go "over the hills and far away" with the hope of finding grander wonders and of revelling in richer sights, we can assure them that the journey into a far country will never compensate them for having turned their backs upon one of their own most enchanting and most interesting resorts.

Not the least delightful part of the trip, as we made it, consists in the magnificent drive from Cloverdale to the welcome resting-place at the Geysers, which seems more of a home than a hotel, under the genial man-



GEYSER CAÑON FROM THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

agement of that prince among hotel-keepers, Col. I. R. Bowler. The word "magnificent" scarcely describes this drive; indeed, it baffles description. We have been ravished by Eastern scenery, but we have never been so bewildered with the grandeur of a place as we were upon driving up that rugged mountain. Scene after scene bursts upon one in such rapid and inspiring succession that there is absolutely no time there for meditation. The immense mountain cliff descends with an awful proclivity down many hundred feet to the Pluton River, which now flows peacefully along its pebbled bed, and anon dashes with surprising fury like some wild cascade. The traveler holds firmly to the rail of the stage, like the American on an Irish jaunting car, as the monstrous wagon doubles the sharp curves, and glides swiftly over places where the road seems almost "too narrow."

The courteous driver will keep you well posted in the various legends attaching to each dangerous spot, and suitable names have been found to convey some idea of the various points of interest. It needed but the eagle to suggest the *raison d'etre* of the gigantic bowlder known as "Eagle Rock," after passing which the run is short and swift until an elaborate white archway announces to you the fact that it is the entrance to "Geyser Springs' Hotel." The exterior of this picturesque retreat makes the weary traveler wish he had come to stay; and when, with an appetite little short of ravenous, after that sixteen-mile drive, you enter the house to find all creature comforts awaiting you, the wish becomes a resolve. As we inscribed our names on the register, we could not help looking back to see the names of others who had been favored with a like fortune, and we were not surprised to find that many countries had had their representatives here, and that many a poet, philosopher, statesman and ecclesiastic had resorted thither that his body might be refreshed and invigorated, and that his brain might receive some new inspiration. At this hotel we shall rest for the present, and in a subsequent issue we hope to have something more definite to say concerning these marvelous springs, and to suggest a few facts which even yet may be foreign to the readers of the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. D. H. I.

WHERE ARE THE WICKED FOLKS BURIED?

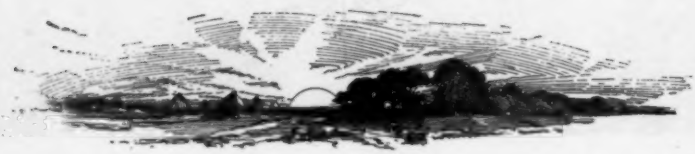
"Tell me, gray-headed sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?
I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on his spade;
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge—when the soul takes its flight—
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?

"In the journey through life the further we speed,
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of mankind.

"So commendable deeds we record on these stones:
The evil men do—let it die with their bones.
I have labored as sexton this many a year,
But I never have buried a bad man here."



VOL. I. No. 1. DECEMBER 1892. PRICE 25 CENTS

THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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THE JANUARY CALIFORNIAN.

The January CALIFORNIAN will contain a wide selection of extremely interesting articles. "Barbara Freitchie" is an illustrated paper by Mrs. Eyster, a relative of Whittier's supposed creation. "A Home in the Pacific" describes life in the Southern islands. Mr. Arthur K. Woodbury contributes a paper on Tennyson, which is quite an extensive survey of the literary growth and product of the poet laureate from one of his most earnest and thorough students. Suggestive pen and ink sketches will accompany the article. "The Black Fellows" tells of life in Australia. Other illustrated papers will be "The California Academy of Sciences," a description of the magnificent donation to science by James Lick, the work accomplished, etc. The "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," a paper in the series on woman's work in great reforms, which the CALIFORNIAN has been publishing. The city of San Diego will be described, while the article on popular science will be on the winter habits of Pacific Slope animals. An extremely interesting illustrated paper will be upon Edmund Russell and his great work as an expounder of the teachings of Delsarte. This with short stories and poems will make up a number of especial interest.

Address all communications

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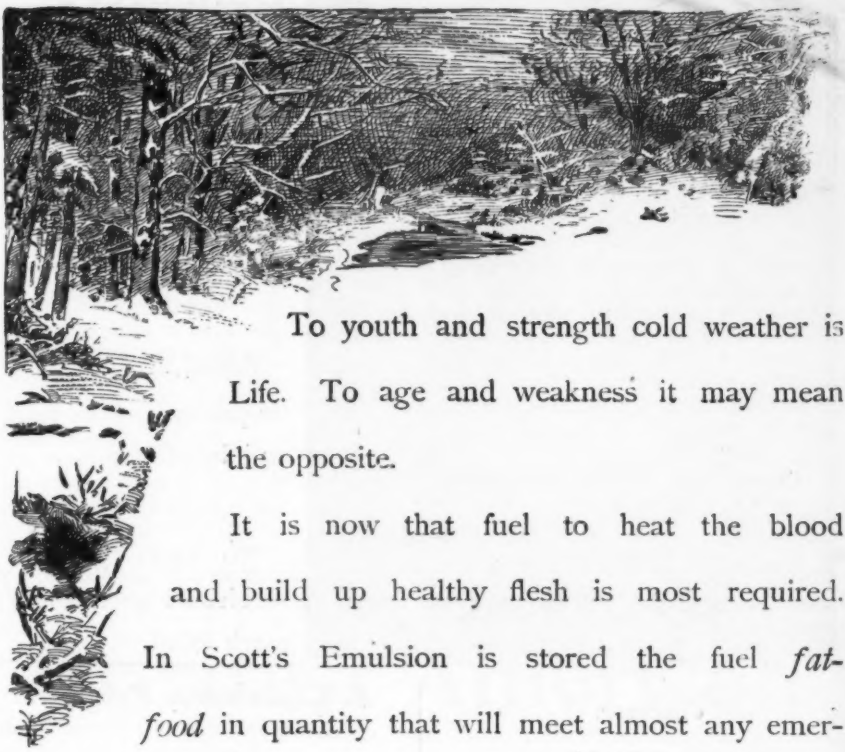

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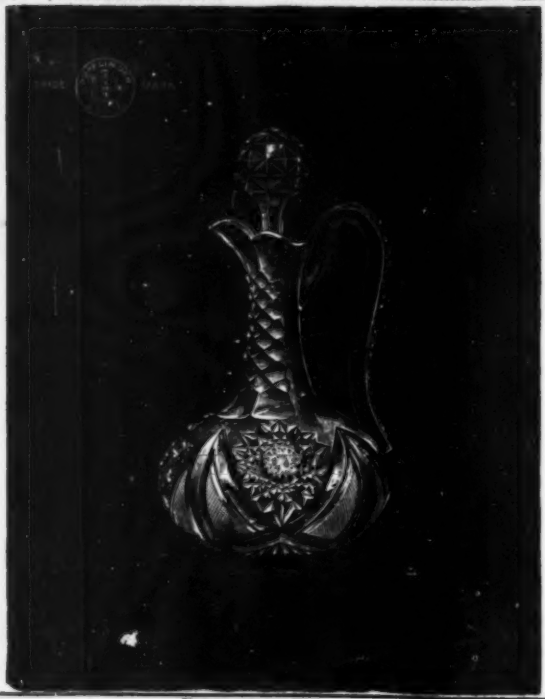

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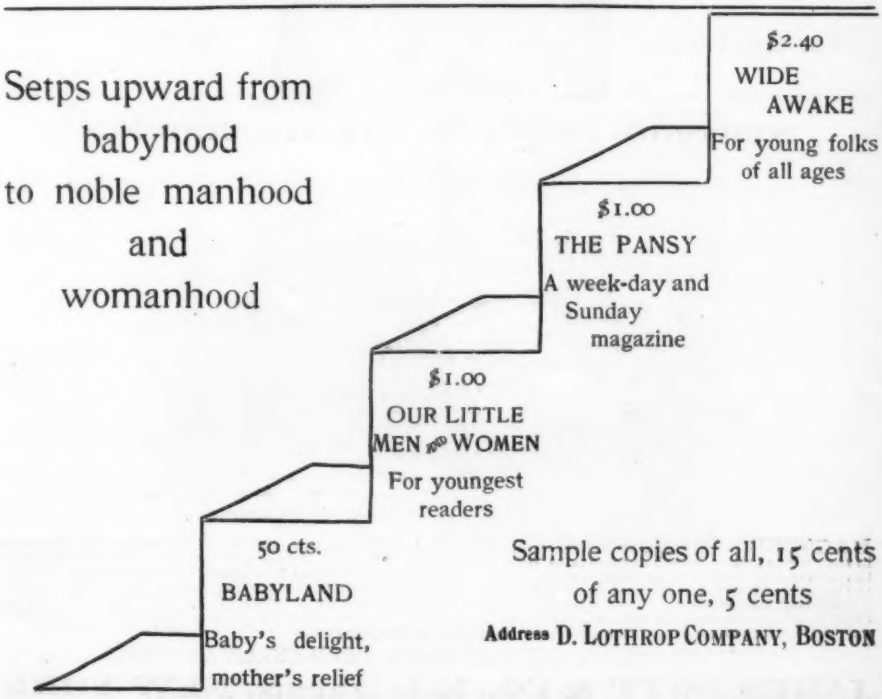

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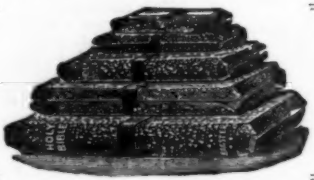

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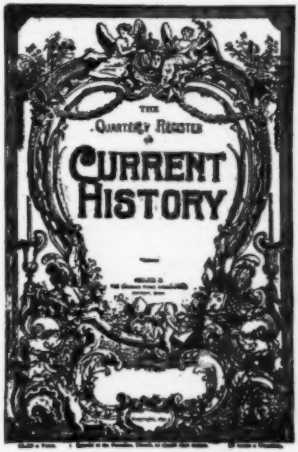

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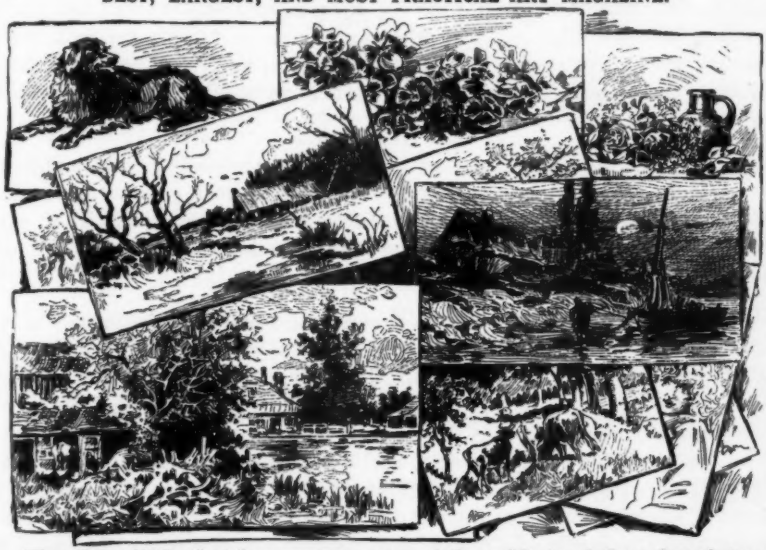

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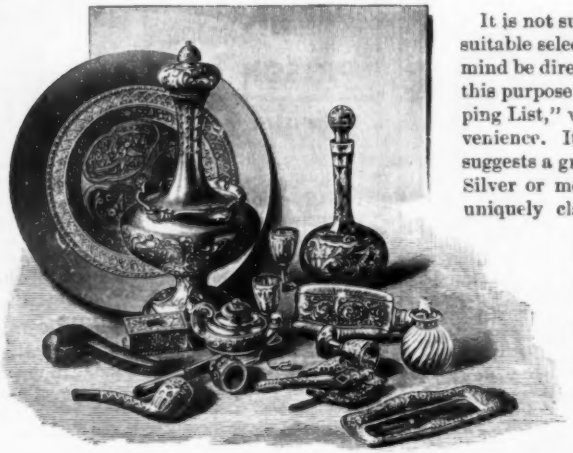

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I know a house, a noisy house,
Where no one is at ease,
Because the place is overrun
By four rude little he's.

They stop the clock, they ring the bell,
They do just what they please;
They mark the walls, they howl and yell—
Those wild, cantankerous he's.

Whene'er I walk about the house
I wade up to my knees
In toys and litter scattered round
By those confounded he's.

They throw my slippers at the cat,
They fill my bed with fleas;
They ride my cane, they hide my hat,
Those four unbridled he's.

They make my papers into kites
They lose my specs and keys,
They get into outrageous fights,
Those disputatious he's.

They break the windows, playing ball,
With knives they bark the trees,
They kick and wrestle, pull and haul,
Those four belligerent he's.

They lift up wails and sounds of woe
No mortal can appease;
Then in my pockets diving go
Four avaricious he's.

From morning until late at night
They work like busy bees,
Their words and tones most impolite,
Those rude, untutored he's.

And worse than all, their shocking deeds
Their mother never sees;
She sits and sews, or yawns, or reads,
And never minds those he's.

If I forbid them anything—
"He only means to tease,"
She'll say, "I'm sure he can't refuse
My darling little he's."

I shall be forced to suicide,
Or else to cross the seas
That I forevermore may hide
From those tormenting he's.

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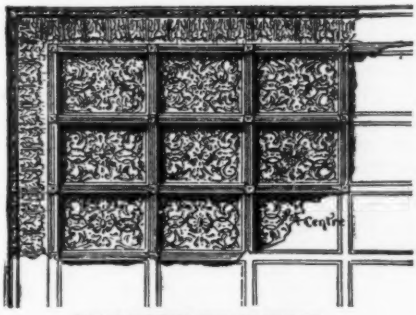

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WIFE: What 's that white stuff on your shoulder?

HUSBAND: Chalk from a billiard cue, you know.

WIFE (sniffing): Hereafter I wish you to use chalk that does n't smell like toilet powder.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"WHAT do you think of my new hat, John?"

"Oh, I don't know. What did the thing cost?"

"Nothing. I made it myself."

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WIFE.—My goodness! How did you lose your eye? Was it one of those horrid boys with an air-gun? There is a law against—

HUSBAND.—No; this was all right and legal. It was a woman with an umbrella.

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OLD GENTLEMAN.—Fudge! I have n't heard you sing to him once.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"WHY do you shave yourself?" asked the barber.

"Because," said the tired customer, "it keeps me from loading up on hair wash; it enables me to avoid being talked to death; and I am the only man who ever did shave me who didn 't expect a tip when the thing was finished. —*Harper's Bazar.*

AT THE SEASIDE.

HEROIC GIRL.—What has become of that handsome man who cheered so loudly when I rescued the little boy from drowning?

FRIEND.—He is over there on the veranda, proposing to the girl that screamed and fainted.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

LITTLE BOY.—May n't I be a preacher when I grow up?

MOTHER.—Of course you may, my pet, if you want to.

LITTLE BOY.—Yes, I do. I s'pose I 've got to go to church all my life, anyhow; an' it 's a good deal harder to sit still than to walk around and holler.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

A PERMANENT ADDRESS.

MR. STOKES (*meeting old friend*)—Ah! I 'm glad I met you; I wanted to ask you your brother's address.

MR. MALTBY.—Landscape Avenue, near Sycamore.

MR. STOKES.—Up in the annexed district, I suppose.

MR. MALTBY.—No; over in Greenwood.—*Puck.*

Geo. H. Fuller Desk Co.

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can be attached to any piano without affecting its appearance or in any way interfering with its use in the ordinary manner. It will play any piece of music that was ever written. For concerts, parties, hops, receptions, dinners and for the music lover who is constantly regretting his inability to play, it will prove invaluable. Call or write for particulars. . . Headquarters for

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what the finish of your silverware may be—from the plainest to the most skilful work of the silversmith—ELECTRO-SILICON will impart to it a beautiful, lasting brilliancy, without scratching or wearing in the least, even though its use be long continued. Nearly a quarter of a century's constant employment proves it absolutely harmless. It's sold everywhere.

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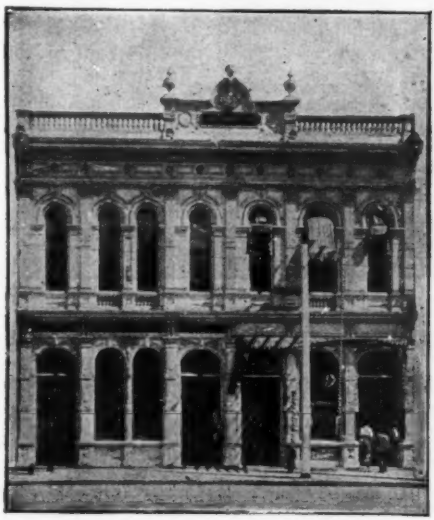
STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF LOS ANGELES, AUG. 20, 1892.



RESOURCES

Loans, Discounts and Warrants		$1,429,096 13
Banking House and other Real Estate		123,000 00
United States Bonds 4% par		50,000 00
Cash on hand	$306,886 04	
Due from Banks and U. S. Treasurer	359,527 65	666,413 69
Total		$2,279,439 82

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock		$200,000 00
Reserve Fund		50,000 00
Net undivided profits collected		256,412 13
Deposits Individual	$1,024,834 11	
Deposits Bank	104,093 58	1,728,927 69
National Bank Notes, outstanding		44,100 00
Total		$2,279,439 82

DIRECTORS

J. M. ELLIOTT	President
J. D. BICKNELL	Vice-President
J. H. BRALY	Cashier
G. B. SHAFFER	Asst. Cashier

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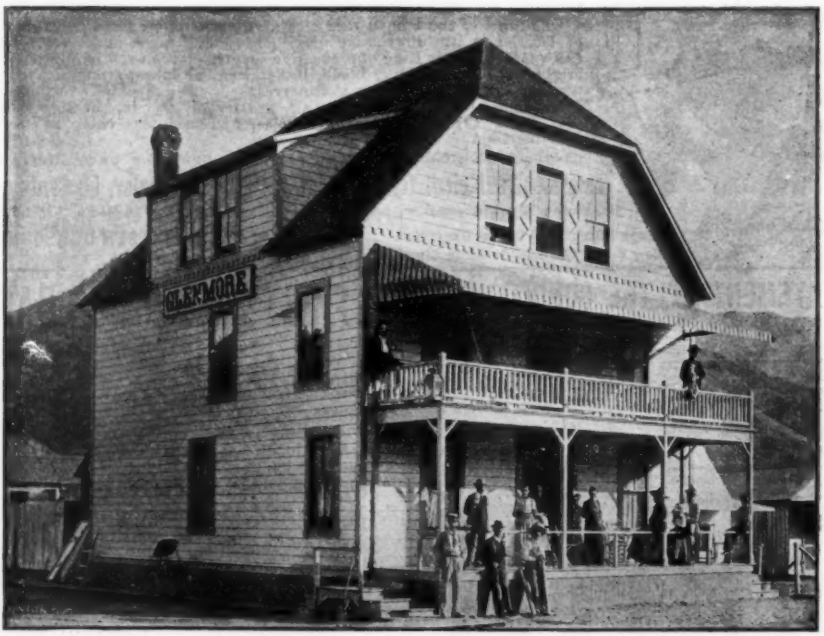
The Finest resort on the Pacific Coast; Good Fishing; an Incomparable Climate; the Land of Eternal Summer.

Read the article in the present issue on "An Isle of Summer."



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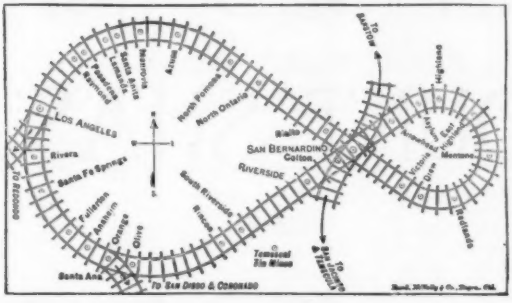
The Glenmore is the favorite Family Hotel on the Island. Its table is of the best, and the house has recently been entirely refitted. Guides, Horses and Boats, can be obtained.

SANTA CATALINA

THE KITE SHAPED TRACK


LOS ANGELES
Rivera
Santa Fe Springs
Fullerton
Anaheim
Orange
Olive
Santa Ana
To San Diego & Coronado
South Riverside
Riverside
North Ontario
Ontario
Pomona
San Bernardino
Colton
RIVERSIDE
Terminal Rio Mesa
To Redlands
To Yucaipa
Beaumont
Banning
Mentone
Redlands
Highland
Arrowhead Junction
Arrowhead Springs
Santa Fe
Monrovia
Duarte
Azusa
Glendora
San Dimas
Pomona
Claremont
Upland
Cucamonga
Etiwanda
Rancho
Alhambra
Pasadena
Los Angeles
Glendale
Burbank
Lankershim
San Fernando
Newhall
Saugus
Santa Susana
Chatsworth
Simi
Moorpark
Somis
Camarillo
Oxnard
Hueneme
Port Hueneme
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Saticoy
Montalvo
Santa Paula
Fillmore
Piru
Bardsdale
Fillmore
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Particular attention is called to the moderate charges for accommodations at this magnificent establishment. The extra cost of a trip to California is more than counterbalanced by the difference between rates of various Winter Resorts and those of the incomparable HOTEL DEL MONTE.

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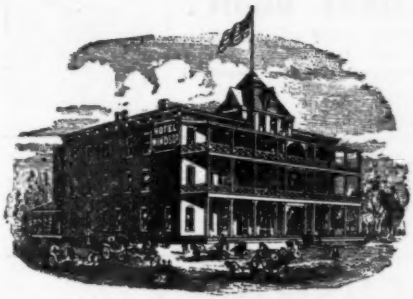

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First-Class Hotel, Moderate Prices, Central Location

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If you will send us the name and address of any baby born since 1885, and a postage stamp, we will mail that child a copy of "OUR LITTLE ONES and THE NURSERY," the most beautiful magazine in the world for young people.

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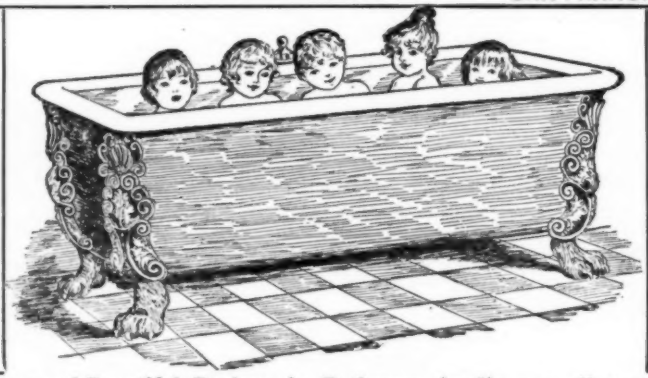
HEALTH IS PARAMOUNT

To Everything Else



A Well-Equipped Bath is a Great Item in the Household Health.

The New and Beautiful Designs in Bathroom Appliances, all tend to render this one of the most attractive and luxurious apartments in the house.

Everything that is novel, artistic and useful in this line, can always be found in our stock, such as Imperial Porcelain and Porcelain Lined Baths, Needle and Shower Baths, Fancy Lavatories, Pedestal Closets, Sanitary Earthenware, Porcelain Wash Trays, Imperial Sinks, Etc., Etc.

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Painted for JAMES VICK'S SEEDSMAN ROCHESTER N.Y.

VICK'S
Golden · Nugget Sweet · Corn.

JACK AT PLAY.

This sterling novelty, introduced for the first time last spring, received the highest kind of recommends from every section. Those who tried and proved it say it is *very tender*, *very sweet*, and the *flavor very rich*. Many claim it is so rich that it requires neither butter nor salt. One person said that Golden Nugget was to vegetables what Peaches are to fruit. ***Price 15 cents per packet.***

Vick's Floral Guide for 1893,

called the Poet's number, contains hundreds of beautiful quotations appropriate to the different flowers, thousands of illustrations from colored plates, long list of fine novelties. Full directions for planting, complete list of seeds of vegetables, flowers, plants, bulbs, etc. In fact, the Floral Guide comes

"Bringing Bulbs and Flowers and Seeds;
Everything the garden needs."

Elegantly printed on first quality book paper, fit to adorn a parlor table. Many surprises. Watch for it. Price 10 cents, or sent with packet of Golden Nugget Corn for 20 cents.

JACK ASHORE.

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MOHAWK CANAL AND IMPROVEMENT CO.

YUMA, ARIZONA

ORGANIZED 1885 REORGANIZED, 1890

This Canal and Improvement Company is located in one of the most fertile regions of the world, capable of producing all the tropical fruits. Takes water from the Gila River, about 50 miles above its junction with the Colorado River, at Yuma. Thirty Thousand acres of supposed dry land rendered as fertile as the Valley of the Nile.

The Climate of the Mohawk Valley is almost tropical, and will produce early fruits weeks in advance of any other Pacific Coast Valley.

The management is amply able to deal fairly and liberally with all actual locators.

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California Investment Company

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John Brown Colony

INCORPORATED

MADERA - CALIFORNIA

A. F. JOHNS	President and Manager
D. M. TOMBLIN	Vice-President
J. E. NEWMAN	Secretary
BANK OF MADERA	Treasurer
PAUL B. HAY	Assistant Manager

HOME OFFICE:

MADERA, FRESNO COUNTY, CAL.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

A Money Making Plan Based Upon Sound Principles

HISTORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessens the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides every one knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet), of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

List of colonists and references to our reliability furnished upon request. Address

The John Brown Colony, Madera, California

Bank of Madera

MADERA, FRESNO CO.

RETURN ROBERTS	President
A. J. ETTER	Vice-President
D. B. TOMBLIN	Cashier
J. A. NEWMAN	Secretary

Capital Stock = = = $100,000

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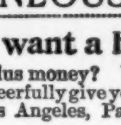

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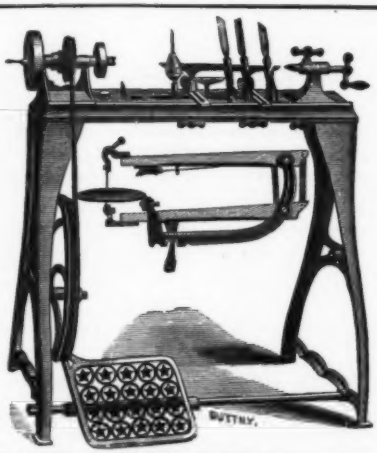

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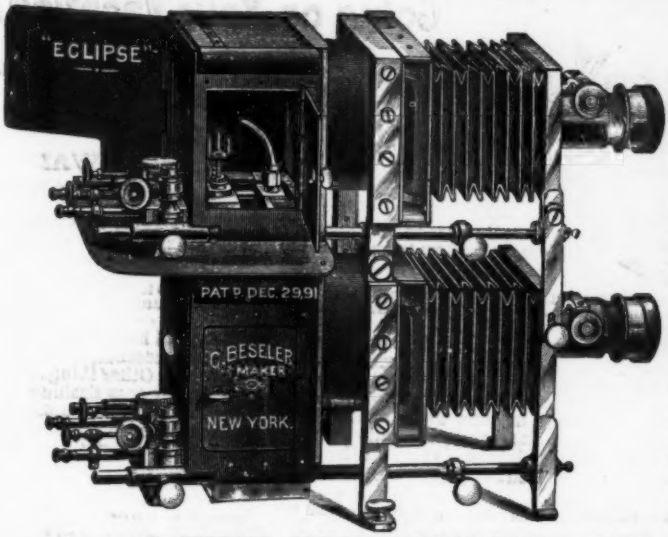

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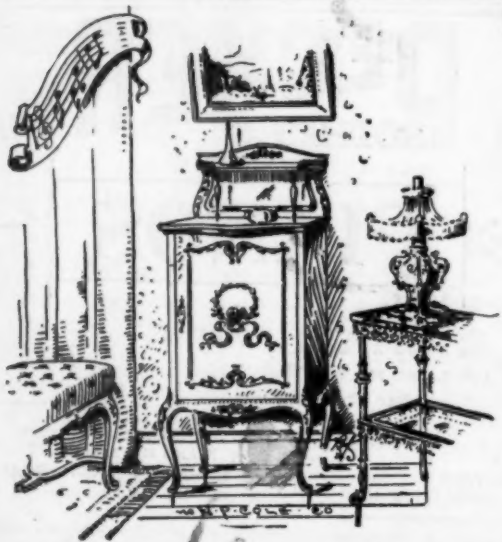

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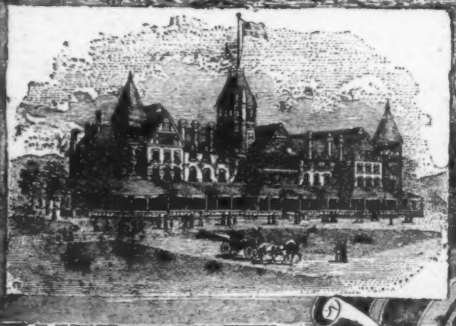

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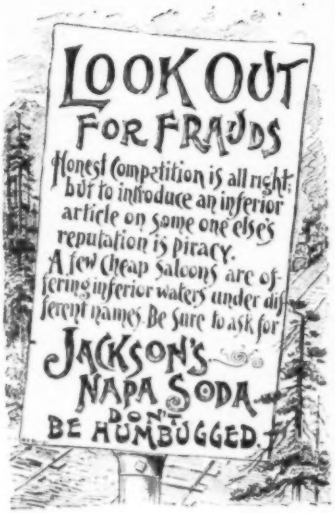
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